Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

MAY 1981 $2.50*

SPECIAL REPORT:
TERRORISM IN
AUSTRALIA

TRANSCENDENTAL
MEDITATION
& THE ART OF FLYING

BRYAN FERRY
INTERVIEW

INSIDE BILDERBERG–
THE MEN WHO
RULE THE WORLD

PLUS
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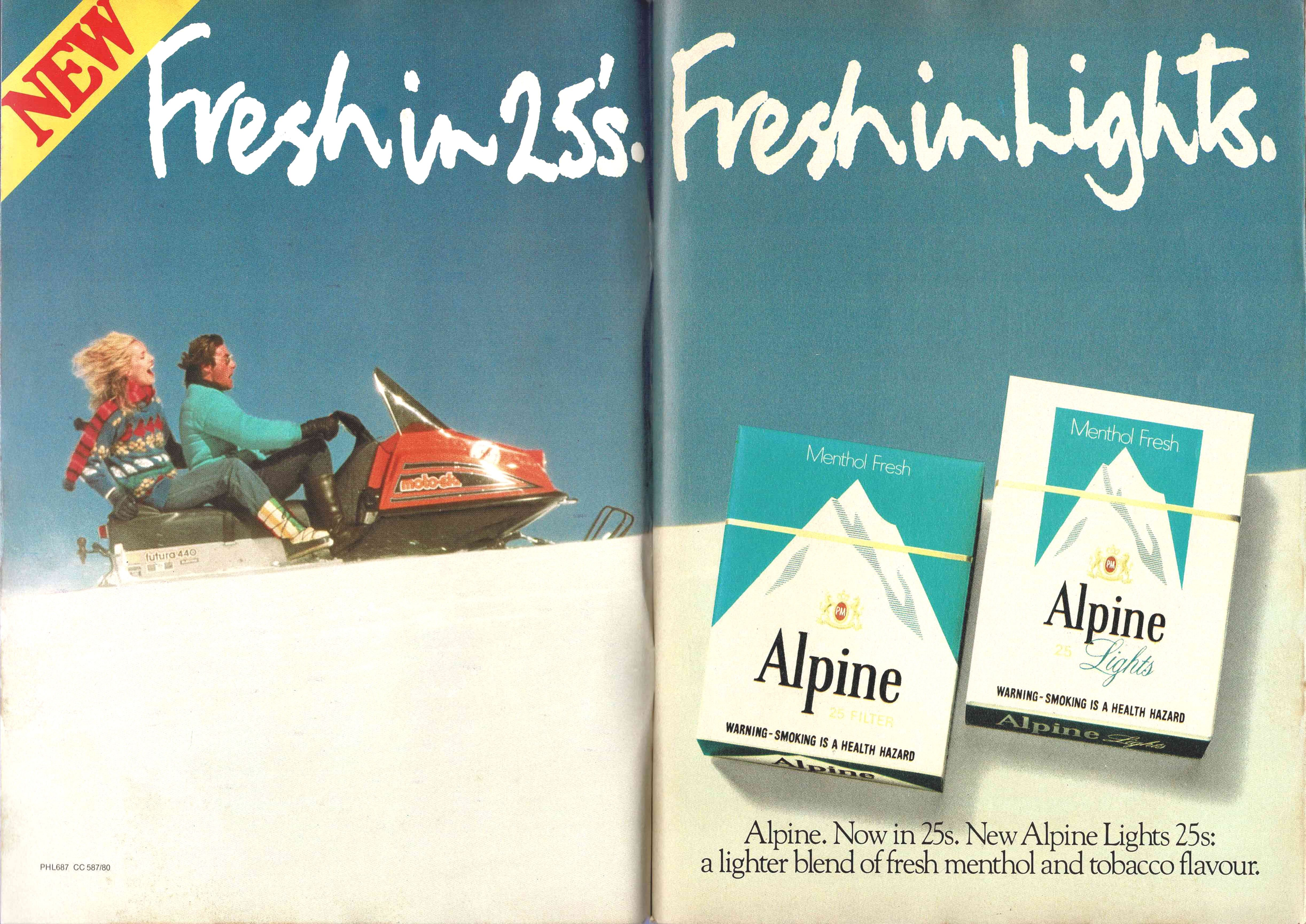
DISCO, BOOZE, BIKES,
CARS, FASHION,
TRAVEL & MORE
OF MARTINA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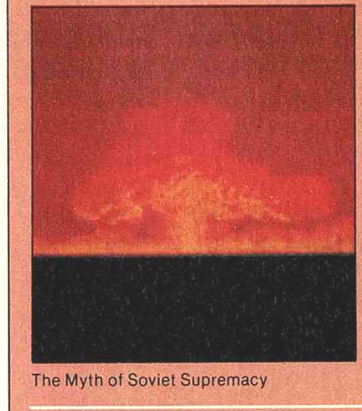
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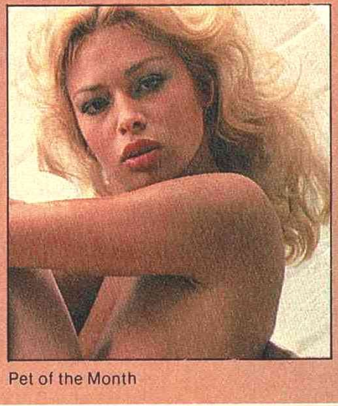
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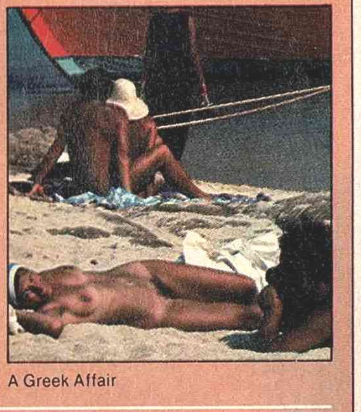
A Greek Affair

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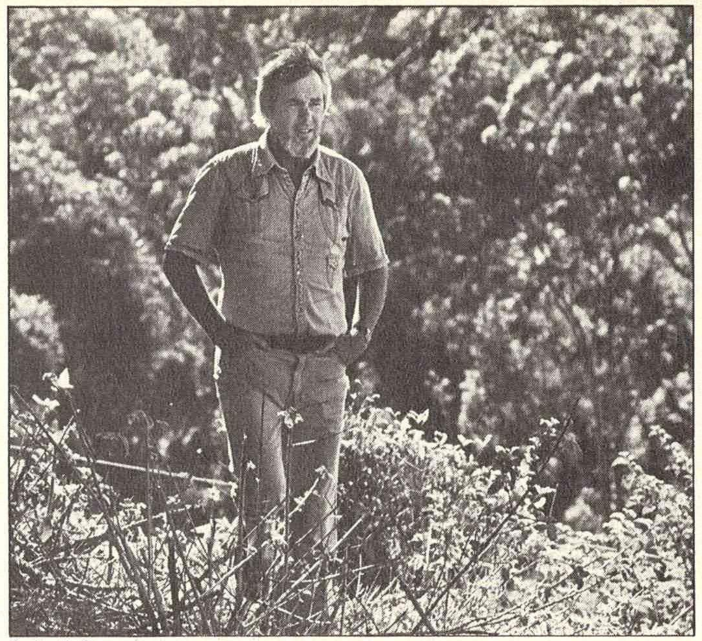
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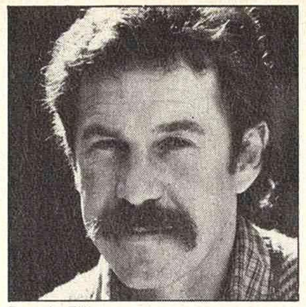
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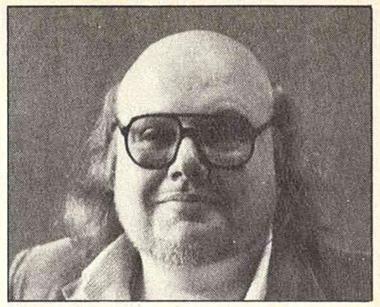
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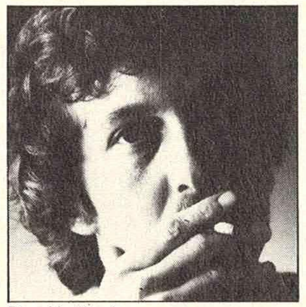

Rico Mettbach

Craig S. Karpel

HOUSECALL

Since the bombing of the Sydney Hilton during the Commonwealth Heads of Government meeting three years ago there has been new awareness of political terrorism in this country, reinforced by the Turkish assassinations and the recent Croatian outrages. Clearly Australia no longer enjoys the privilege of freedom from fear of political violence. But the Woolworths bomb extortion threats in Sydney last year highlighted an even more disturbing trend — terrorism for profit. In an important and timely article (the Commonwealth heads are about to return here) political analyst **Max Teichmann** this month examines terrorism in Australia; who we have to fear and why. It is the most comprehensive report on terrorism yet published, and it begins on page 42. The powerful illustration is by **John Byrne.**

The Beatles introduced the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi and the science of Transcendental Meditation to the world back in the summer of love, of 1967, and in less than a decade and a half the movement has progressed from cult following to international acceptability. Indeed, the perfect consciousness which is the aim of the movement has become the spiritual ambition of a generation. But the mysterious claims of the TM movement — flying, incredible strength and invisibility among them — have largely gone uninvestigated. In Australia at least 700 people have paid as much as $3000 to learn how to levitate (or rise up from the ground in contradiction to gravity) and yet no one outside the movement has ever seen proof of such a phenomenon beyond a series of black and white photographs of cross-legged individuals who have risen less than a metre from the soft bases upon which they have been meditating. Senior editor **Phil Abraham** lifts the veil of secrecy which surrounds the movement in Transcendental Flight, which begins on page 34. The painting is by **Tony Edwards.**

Prime Minister Fraser's adoption of a "get tough" policy with the Soviet Union puts this country directly in line with the Reagan Administration's commitment to "peace through strength". Already the actor-turned-President has threatened a naval blockade of Cuba and sent military advisers to prop up the regime in El Salvador. In the Asian front Fraser has given the United States permission to land B-52 bombers in the north. All of this, we are told, is necessary to combat the Soviet military threat. But is it? Author **Tom Gervasi** says it is not in The Myth of Soviet Supremacy, which begins on page 58. Since the end of World War II, says Gervasi, the US has spent hundreds of billions of dollars on a phony arms race with the Soviet Union. The only winner has been the defence industry. Gervasi's conclusions make fascinating reading.

Around this time of every year a group of the world's most influential and powerful men gather privately in Europe to ponder the Cold War and other related subjects. The mysterious conclave known as Bilderberg has among its membership David Rockefeller, Henry Kissinger, investment banker George Ball, West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt and British Labor leader Denis Healey. Conspiracy theorists argue that at this annual meeting the fate of the world is decided. Nonsense, say those in power, but what goes on at Bilderberg has never been reported At least not until now. Writer **Craig S. Karpel** attended the 1980 Bilderberg meeting and became the first journalist in history to discover the horrifying truth about the people who run the world. The Gnomes of Bilderberg begins on page 116. The striking art is by **Tony Pyrzakowski.**

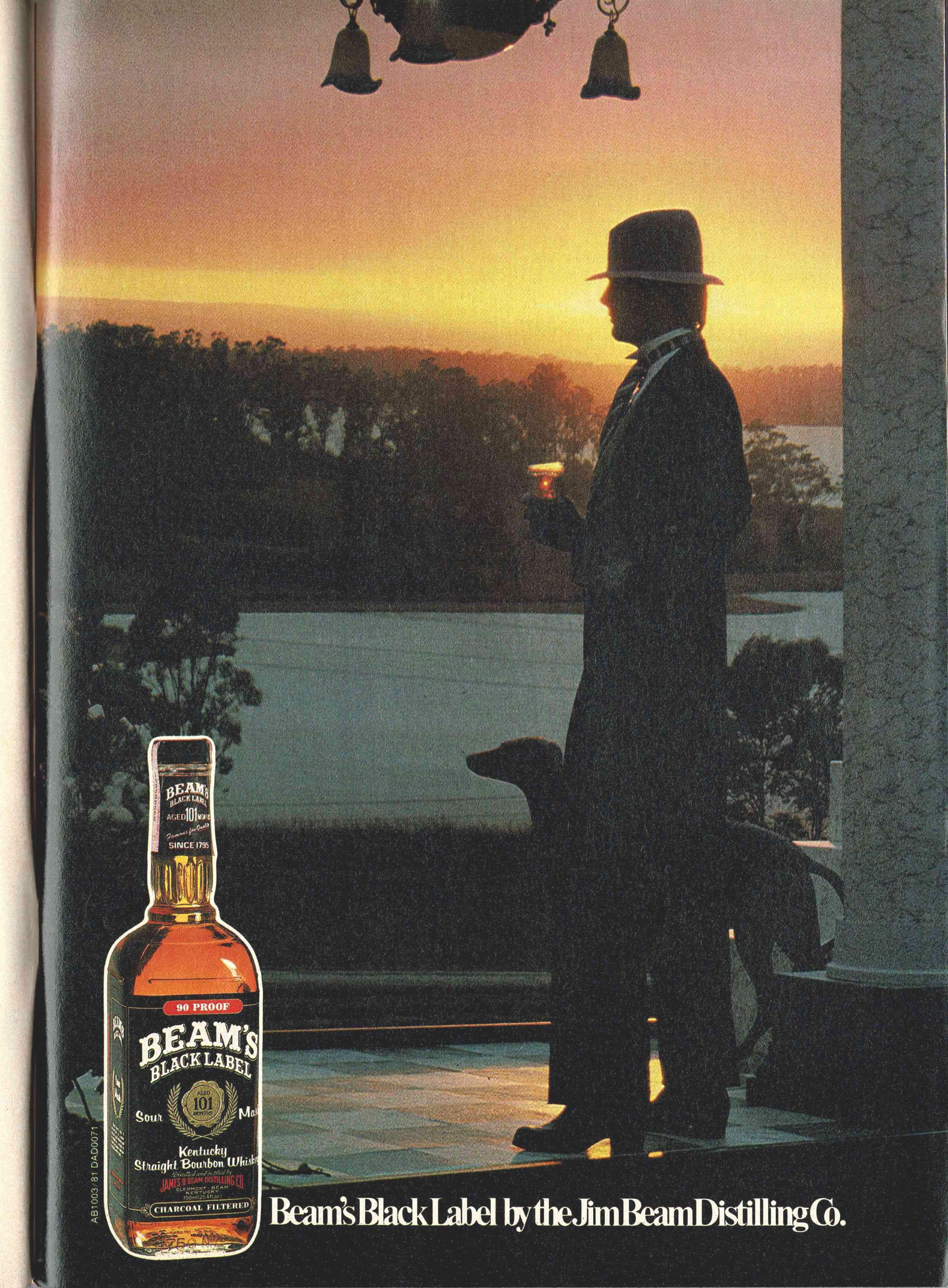
This month we present a three-part "kultcha" special in which we probe the rock concert industry, Australian popular theatre and the phenomenon of disco (it might be dead but it won't lie down). Rock promoters are licking their wounds and heading for the middle of the road, says **Chris Pritchard** in The Rock 'n' Roll Recession on page 96.

Is there an audience in the house? asks producer and theatre critic **Malcolm Frawley** on page 102. The answer is yes, but it's nodding off. Disco is not a dirty word, says former top rock jock **Keri Phillips,** now resident in the Big Apple, not far from Studio 54. Her story begins on page 64. And as a bonus, writer **Anthony O'Grady** interviewed art rocker Bryan Ferry about his life as the gentleman of popular music. It begins on page 138 with a tell-tale portrait photo by **Wendy Adnam.**

Some years back author and journalist **Craig McGregor** turned his back on city life and took up residence high on a ridgetop in Northern NSW. A lot of other people, whose range of interests were as diverse as their backgrounds, had the same idea at the same time and there now exists a strange subculture — a social laboratory perhaps — living in relative harmony with the old rural settlers. In Utopia (page 84) McGregor goes beyond the hippie stereotypes to look at the new settler movement from the inside. **Linda Bell** took the pictures.

Elsewhere this month our intrepid senior editor **P.D. "Scoop" Jack** investigates Sydney's thriving gay scene and discovers that there's money in machismo; cartoonist **Mary Leunig** looks at Women's Role in a fine selection of funny/touching illustrations; **Rennie Ellis** has a Greek island affair in words and pictures and we tell you all about the best in booze, bikes, fashion and cars.

And then, of course there are the Pets — Pet Of The Month **Martina,** who visited us from Vienna and was photographed by **Rico Mettbach;** and Pets **Janet** and **Brenda,** shot respectively by **Walter Glover** and **John Copeland.** What can we say? It's simply another great issue.



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MAY

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Bikie answer

I would like to answer the letter by P.T. of South Australia in the April Feedback. His last statement said the victims were a mob of idiots because they couldn't protect themselves against big odds.

Maybe he should re-read the article, or even find out some of the facts that I'm sure you couldn't print in the story.

I was living in Morwell, Victoria, when the Coffin Cheaters gave Morwell and Yallourn North a weekend of horror. It was the Coffin Cheaters who were the mob of idiots. — *B.D., Townsville, Queensland.*

Boiling blood

The article, Child Substitutes, by Emily Prager (*Australian Penthouse,* April 1981) made my blood boil, especially: "How many would rather die than be seen with someone breastfeeding in public?" I breastfeed my baby, but it is made difficult while we are out because of people with minds like Prager's. Where does she suggest to naturally feed a baby? Hiding as if commiting a deadly sin in a filthy toilet block, draughty bus shed, back corner of a quiet cafe or hot, stuffy car? You try enjoying a meal in those circumstances.

And *Penthouse* is just as bad for printing the article. One of the main topics of your magazine is breasts. I agree that breastfeeding mothers aren't as shapely in the right places as your Pets, but what are boobs for? To give a baby nourishment or to be ogled at and dribbled over by men satisfying their sexual fantasies? — *R.M., Queensland.*

Joanne Fan

Joanne Latham has been featured in quite a few magazines lately, and I know she's appeared in yours [*Australian Penthouse,* December 1979]. I have seen photographs of her that would drive a man up a wall. Could you please tell me her date of birth and her measurements? There is a little bet going on between a few friends and myself. — *Greg Johnson, address withheld.*

Like many girls, Joanne believes that her age is her secret, so we are sorry we can't supply her birth date, but the other figures you requested are, 40-23-36.

Great Import

Your March Pet, Xochitl, is beautiful. She is a great import into this country. It's a pity there are not more girls like her, because the world would be better for us blokes. Great body! — *Charles Johnson, Nelson Bay, New South Wales.*

Spoiled

Xochitl Quetzal, your March Pet, certainly does have a pleasantly trim figure, but why, oh why, didn't she have a shave (her underarms, of course) before your photographs were taken? This detracts from the gorgeous ladies you have spoiledus with over the past 18 months. — *R.J., Brisbane, Queensland.*

Strange Name

About that girl in your March issue with the strange name (Xochitl Quetzal). Wow! Many of us like them slim, you know. It's only what Hedy Lamarr called "the mama boys" who crave big, pendulous boobs. More slim ones, please. — *Don Eastman, Brisbane, Queensland.*

Hole In One

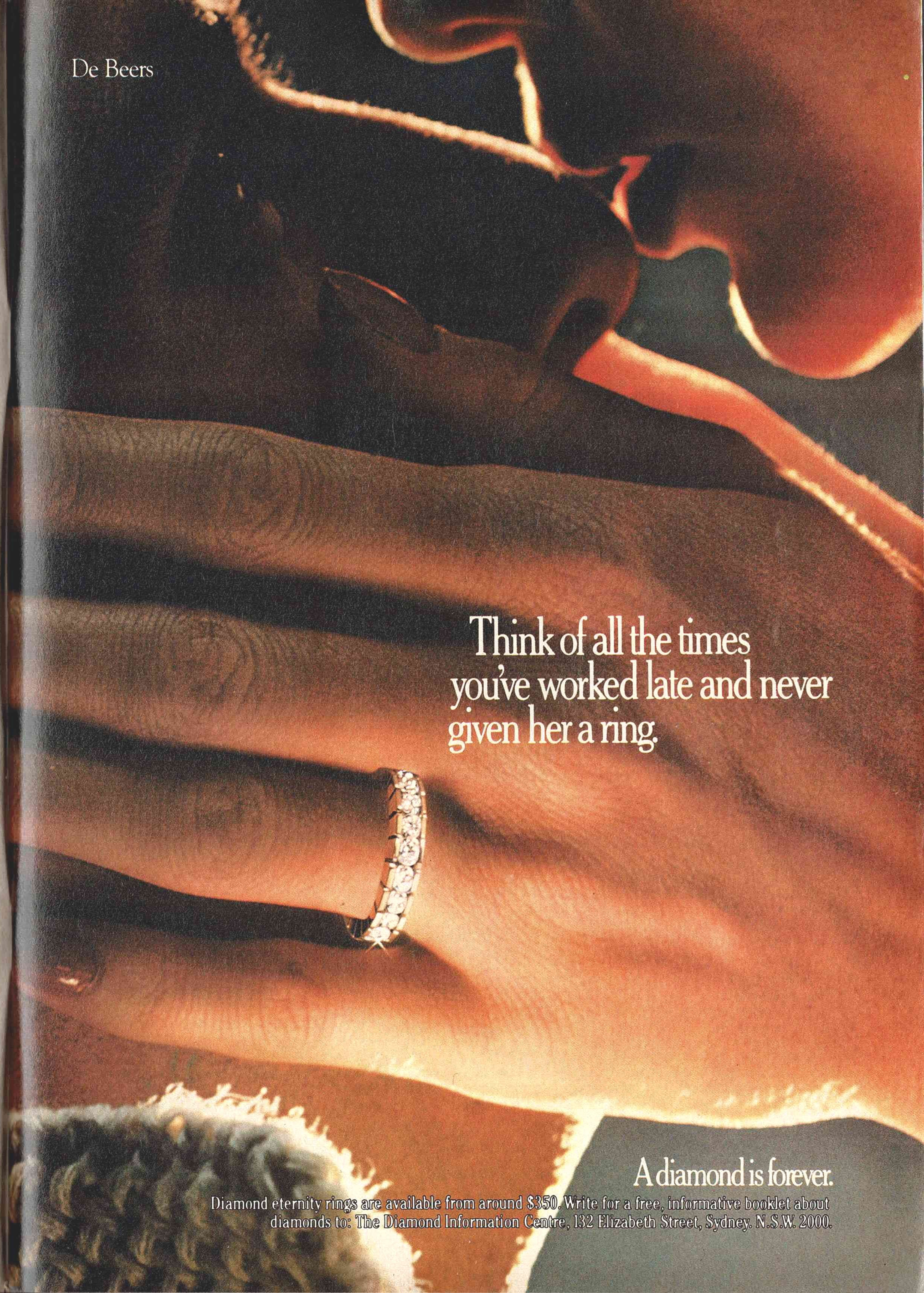
I'm over 35, a male, and a new subscriber to your magazine (my wife gave me a subscription for Christmas). One of my passions in life is golf, so you can imagine how delighted I was with your April issue. Not only did you feature an article on the great Jack Newton, but also you had an advertisement for golf clubs — the same sort that I've got. So now I've decided that *Penthouse* and I definitely have a lot in common . . . golf and birdies! — *S.C., New South Wales.*

Psychograph

I am surprised that no one has yet written to you to praise one of the finest points of *Australian Penthouse,* namelythe monthly Psychograph. My friends and I who do this exercise in each issue have found them to be not only startlingly accurate, but also "educational" in the sense that they provide no small share of constructive, useable advice.

I'd like to say that not since the appearance of Verity Hamilton in your first issue, have I been so lovingly and erotically moved as I was by "Donna Two" in the January 1981 issue. (This is not to cast any aspersions on the other ladies who appear in *Penthouse!*)

Donna's pictorial generated some beautifully warm, loving feelings from within. Lucky Lennart Osbeck! — *David W. Melbourne, Victoria.*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PENTHOUSE FORUM

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Straight sex

After reading *Australian Penthouse* since its inception, I still get upset by the weird letters in Forum. Doesn't anyone indulge in straight sex anymore?

The other night I was in the bath thinking of all the wierdos out there. I had my matchbox with me. It contained a fly with one wing pulled off. The top of my knob was sticking out of the bath-water with a small sprig of parsley protruding from the eye. It looked for all the world like a small desert island.

I took the fly out of the matchbox and placed him on the shore of the island where he fought the soapy breakers for some time. Pretty soon he began to circumnavigate the island. After about half an hour of high speed swimming the island began to erupt and white-hot lava started flowing from the eye of the volcano, dislodging the parsley palm tree and drowning the fly.

I hope this letter will prompt other people with normal sexual desires to write to Forum. I had intended to make this letter longer, but I have to go and find a gecko. — *Name withheld, Darwin.*

"In lust again"

Since reading Erica Jong's *Fear of Flying* a couple of years ago, I have occasionally entertained the fantasy of the ultimate "zipless fuck" — totally anonymous sex. This fantasy has produced many a self-inflicted orgasm in the dark confines of my bedroom. However, last year at the car races my fantasy became a reality and fulfilled my wildest dreams of what an encounter like this would be like.

It began late in the race as I was standing, camera in hand, at the low wall separating the pit area from the spectators and waiting patiently for a shot at one of the cars making a pit stop.

I was totally engrossed in the action on the track when I felt something soft brush against my arm. Glancing to the side, I was greeted by the sight of the back of an obviously feminine, blonde head. My eyes travelled further and traced the outline of her tight-fitting T-shirt and snug jeans. I estimated her figure to be about 35-22-37. I remember thinking something along the lines of "Good grief, I'm in lust again."

I'm pretty shy about first encounters, so I didn't pursue the matter further. Instead, I returned to leaning against the wall and watching for the photograph I had been waiting for. It wasn't long before I sensed the girl beside me shift position and then felt her bare arm come to rest against mine. I didn't think much of it, figuring that it must have been accidental, but that opinion soon changed when her arm did not move away. I could feel a subtle stirring in my crotch as my heart began to race and a little voice inside me urged me to take a chance.

Leaning slightly to my left, I increased the pressure between our arms and brought our hips into contact. By this time the subtle stirrings between my legs had become the beginnings of a full-blown erection. As if on cue, I looked over toward her as she turned her head to look at me and my eyes met the loveliest pair of blue eyes I had ever encountered.

She was a walking fantasy. She had the kind of face that portrait photographers dream about: large blue eyes, high cheekbones, a cute, turned-up nose, and perfectly proportioned sensual lips. I guessed her age to be about 19 or 20. I remember thinking that she was a perfect 11.

For a moment she remained expressionless, and then her soft lips parted into a slight, seductive smile. If I had had any doubts before about her intentions, they were gone at that point. My secret fantasy was going to become a reality. Someone had to take the initiative and make the commitment to carry this further, so I decided to make the move.

I broke eye contact with her and bent down to place my camera in the camera bag at my feet — my eyes travelling slowly down her body as I bent to the ground. She was not wearing a bra, which revealed the hint of small, upturned nipples through the tightly stretched material of her blue T-shirt. I lingered for a moment, taking in the sight of her covered tits, and then moved down to the tight-fitting jeans which were stretched into her crotch. I guess I must have been pretty obvious about looking her over, because when I finally stood up and shouldered the camera bag, her smile had widened into a knowing and approving grin. I smiled back in the most seductive way I could muster, and taking her hand, I led her down the footpath and into an underground parking area nearby.

The garage was deserted, much to my relief, and we quickly walked to the far corner amidst the parked cars, where it was unlikely that we would be disturbed. Placing my camera bag on the ground in front of a shiny, black car, I turned to her and she slipped into my arms, pressing her soft, pink lips against mine in a lingering, passionate kiss. The kisses rapidly increased in intensity as our tongues met and I pulled the tail of her T-shirt from the waist band of the jeans and slowly slid my hand up her firm waist to cup her soft, round tit.

She moaned deep in her throat and clutched the back of my head tightly as our lips separated and I bent to kiss and tongue the side of her neck and ear lobes. Her hot breath on the side of my neck aroused me even more, and I removed my hand from her breast and quickly removed her shirt and laid her back over the hood of the car.

Her legs spread and wrapped around my hips, our crotches pressed tightly together. I stood looking down at her perfectly formed naked breast as I removed my own shirt. I remembered thinking that the sight I beheld then would make a dynamite picture, even though photography should have been furthest from my mind at that point.

She whimpered and clutched at my hair as I bent forward and began kissing and sucking her nipples, which were now extremely hard. I am not that experienced a lover, but this girl was absolutely the most passionate woman I had ever encountered. As I gently allowed my teeth to play over her nipple, she began grinding her hips against mine, causing my erection to throb almost painfully. I couldn't take much more of this, I thought, and quickly stepped back and unfastened the snap and zipper of her pants, slipping them over her hips, down her smooth shapely legs, and dropping them to the floor.

I was kneeling at her feet at this point, so beginning at her ankle, I slowly kissed and tongued my way up her calf, past her knee, and pausing briefly at her inner thigh, playfully sank my teeth gently into the soft flesh there and proceeded upward to the object of my intense desire.

For the next 15 or 20 minutes, I worked my way around her pussy, kissing, sucking, and gently pulling at her downy bush with my lips until I had her writhing and moaning for more. When I finally felt that the time was right and that she was close to coming, I sank my tongue as far as I could into her. Her body stiffened.

As she orgasmed, she cried out so

loudly I thought sure that someone must have heard, but at that point I could not have cared less. I continued tonguing her as she twisted and writhed atop the car until she had come twice more and I had reached the point where I had to get relief or go crazy.

Stepping back and standing up swiftly, I doffed my shoes and then my jeans, freeing my throbbing manhood. As I stepped forward, ready to sink my cock into her pussy, she sat up and placed her hand on my chest, pushing me away from her as she slipped slowly off the hood of the car and knelt before me.

Taking my cock in her hand, she leaned forward and let her tongue play slowly around the head and across the tip. She managed to tongue her way to my balls and then take them both into the firey depths of her mouth.

At this I was sure that I wouldn't be able to hold back any longer and I strained to keep from coming. She knew what she was doing, however, and at the point where I felt that I couldn't possibly hold out any more, she released my balls and removed her hand from my swollen organ. Her hands then gripped my arse as she kissed slowly down the front of both my thighs and then up and across my stomach allowing me the chance to recover for a minute or two before she slipped the head of my cock into her mouth. Now, I've paid good money on occasion for professional blowjobs, but absolutely nothing I've ever experienced could compare with what this girl was doing to me. I actually felt disappointed when my orgasm began. It started at my toes and moved swiftly up until my whole body arched and spasmed in absolute ecstasy. When she felt me coming, she moved her hand from where it had been clutching my arse and tightly gripped my balls.

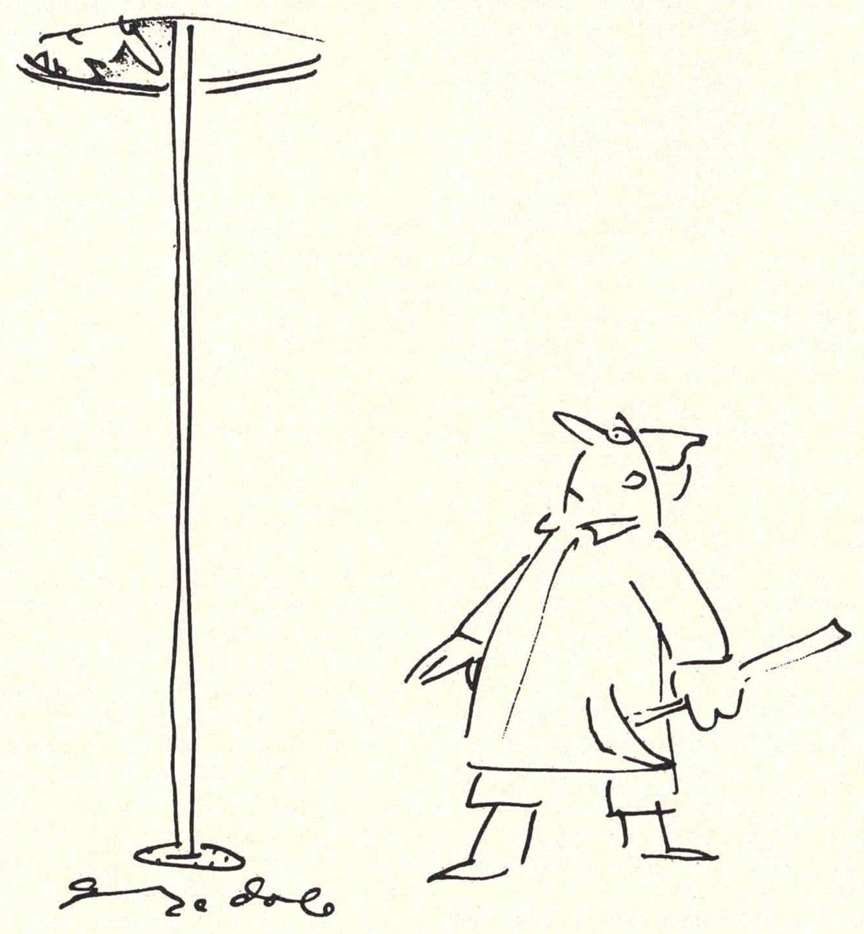
She wasn't through with me yet, however, as she continued sucking and tonguing my cock back to attention. She then stood up and stepped back, resuming her original position atop the hood of the car. It wasn't necessary for her to present me with an engraved invitation.

I moved forward, resting my knees on the bumper of the car, and with a little help from her soft, obliging hand, sank my prick into the snuggest pussy I'd ever imagined. She got into the spirit of things immediately and locked her ankles around my waist.

She and I and the car's suspension system set up a fantastic erotic-rhythm. This chick was unreal. Her writhing ecstasy was beyond anything I had ever fantasised.

I couldn't resist reaching carefully into my camera bag at this point and, withdrawing my Nikon with a wide-angle lens, raised it to my eye. I really don't think she was aware that I took that picture.

We screwed that way for at least 45 minutes before I had one more ball-busting orgasm. She had come four more times during our session, and both of us were physically exhausted.



"I can't slide down, Chief . . . I've got a hard-on."

I bent over her and kissed her breasts gently and gave her lips one more lingering kiss. Then, standing, I stepped back and let my eyes take in the beauty of her sensuous form. She then stood up, smiling sweetly into my eyes, and put on her jeans, shoes, and T-shirt. After she tucked in her shirt and fastened the snap at the top of her pants, she stepped toward me, placed her arms around my neck, and once more pressed her firm, sexy body against mine and gave me one, last, lingering kiss.

With that she turned quickly, half walking and half running across the garage floor and out the door. It wasn't until that moment that I realised that I was still standing there stark naked.

I dressed quickly and let my eyes survey the place where I had just experienced the most beautiful lovemaking of my life. The hood of the car was a mess. I smiled to myself wondering what the owner of the car would think when he discovered the mess. I still fantasise about my mystery lover sometimes. A 16-by-20-inch blowup of the photograph of a lovely, blonde young lady writhing in sexual passion on the gold-outlined black car as her bed has the place of honor on my bedroom wall. We never spoke a word, but I am so in love with my mystery lady that since then I haven't come anywhere near the joy of that afternoon in my subsequent sexual encounters. — *Name and address withheld.*

The Midnight Rodder

I have been in a relationship with my boyfriend for the past four years. Rod (not his real name of course) and I have always had a wild sex life. I never thought it could get any better, that is, until the mysterious Midnight Rodder entered our lives.

On the day the Midnight Rodder first appeared, I had agreed to meet Rod after work at his office. Entering his office, I saw him sitting behind his desk in his conservative yet well-cut business suit. The wetness spread between my thighs. I was prepared to act out one of my most exciting fantasies. I always wanted to sexually molest Rod in a lift. Many a night I have climaxed while thinking about licking and sucking his rod while the foyer filled with business men impatiently waiting for the lift.

When Rod started his new job, the opportunity finally arose for me to play out my role as the skilled lift operator. As we left his office, I kissed him on the lips and neck. I quickly led him toward the lift which would carry us to the underground parking garage. Although Rod had no idea of what was to come (him, of course), I was quivering with excitement.

As the doors opened, Rod gently led me inside. As the doors shut, I reached behind

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my back and pulled out the emergency stop button. Luckily no alarm sounded except for the one between my legs. Rod was busy reading the paper, but I had other things to occupy my mind. I slowly began to undo the buttons on my dress. My black lace bra barely covered my hardened nipples. I began to touch my clit through my crotchless black panties. My breathing increased as I pulsated on the verge of orgasm.

Needless to say, Rod dropped his paper and quickly turned to face me. My mind raced at the thought of my lips engorging his cock. I kneeled down in front of Rod and slowly unzipped his pants. Lifting up his shirt, I flicked my tongue around the top of his bulging briefs. My fingers softly outlined his prick. Rod moaned for me to suck him off. I eased down his briefs, exposing the reddened tip of his penis. I licked the top of it and moved my tongue around and around.

With this Rod braced himself against the lift wall and moved his hips toward me. He begged me to take him all the way. As I pulled down his pants to his thighs, his cock sprang toward me. Rod grabbed my head and began thrusting. Knowing that he was about to explode, I took him in and began sucking as my other hand gently played with his balls. Rod's breathing increased, and he yelled for me to suck him faster.

Before I could comply, Rod lifted me up and moved me so that I was facing the wall. While raising the back of my dress, he bent me over and spread my legs. He placed his throbbing penis between my legs and used the tip of it to massage my clit. After a few minutes of this neither of us could wait a second longer. Rod entered me through my crotchless panties and began to finger me. As I braced myself against the wall, I had an exciting view of my breasts swinging to the rhythm of his pounding cock. Our moans filled the lift shaft. As Rod rammed in his final strokes, we both exploded with orgasms.

After a moment of rest, we readied ourselves to leave. Rod pulled out the emergency stop button, and the lift doors opened. As we stepped into the foyer, we were greeted by the thunderous applause and whistles of four businessmen and a guard, who were gathered in front of a security television monitor. In our lust we have failed to notice the security camera in the elevator.

My embarrassment soon turned to pleasure as I spotted their bulging cocks. Rod and I bowed to our attentive audience and quickly headed for the garage.

When we arrived home that evening, we ate a quick dinner and decided to retire early, since both of us were feeling quite relaxed from our lift orgy. We instantly fell asleep in each other's arms. As we slept, both of us were no doubt thinking about our wicked evening. It was then that the Midnight Rodder made his spectacular premiere appearance.

Deep in my slumber I was suddenly aroused by gentle, passionate kisses on my face and neck. At first I thought I was dreaming, but when I opened my eyes Rod was straddling my body. Rod has always been a sensitive lover, but tonight he was giving me the most passionate experience of my life.

His tongue moved down my neck to my nipples. As he sucked them, he rubbed his erect prong against my legs. He then licked his way down to my favorite spot. He slowly licked around the tip of my clitoris. As he sucked, I had four of the most intense orgasms of my life.

Rod then pulled my legs up so that my knees were against my breasts. I came again as he slid his magnificent member inside me. He proceeded to softly make love to me for what must have been a half an hour. Each time one of us began to come, the Midnight Rodder pulled out at the last minute, leaving us both shaking with anticipation.

When I could take no more torture, I shoved Rod down on his back and sat on him. Moving my hips in circular motions, I gave both of us the fast hard screw we deserved. I collapsed on top of him, and we immediately fell asleep.

I awakened in the morning with a devilish smile on my face. As I saw Rod sitting at the breakfast table, I was overcome by lustful thoughts. Before I could compliment him on his late-night performance, Rod started describing the "wild sex dreams" that he had experienced in his sleep. He continued to vividly detail the Midnight Rodder's escapades. It suddenly dawned on me that Rod had no idea that his dream actually happened. Since then the Midnight Rodder has reappeared as my secret lover at least twice a week.

At times I feel like telling Rod that his dreams are true, but I'm no fool. I now have two fantastic lovers — Rod and the sensual Midnight Rodder. Sweet Dreams! — *Name and address withheld.*

Fantasy fulfilled

As an avid reader of the Forum column I thought I'd write in and share a sexual experience my wife and I had recently. We are both 27 and enjoy all forms of heterosexual sex. I have also had a fantasy to see her screwed by another man.

Well, we decided to advertise in a contact magazine and see what happened. We received about a dozen answers and my wife picked the one she wanted, and answered his letter. On the night he was due my wife was a little nervous, but she was also excited, too. He turned up, and proved to be a pleasant fellow.

We talked for a while and then my wife said, "Well, I'll see you two down in the bedroom," and walked out. I told our guest to go down to the bedroom, saying I'd soon follow. I gave them five minutes to get into bed and then joined them. When I walked into the bedroom I got an instant hard-on as I saw my wife, naked except for her high heels, and the man kissing on the bed. He had his hand on her pussy and she soon responded by grabbing his cock and stroking it. I took a seat in a near-by chair to enjoy the show.

Soon my wife was moaning and asking her lover to eat her. After she came this way she slid down and swallowed his cock, sucking for all she was worth. After what seemed like hours he mounted her and rammed his cock into her. After a time she rolled him over and mounted him. I could see they were going to come soon as my wife was going wild. They both came and then she got off him and told me to screw her.

As I entered her from behind she sucked his cock erect again. I could control myself no longer and shot my load. He immediately ate her again and she had a shuddering climax. When we had all had enough our new friend dressed and left. I can't wait until our next sexual encounter. — *Name withheld, Elizabeth, South Australia.*

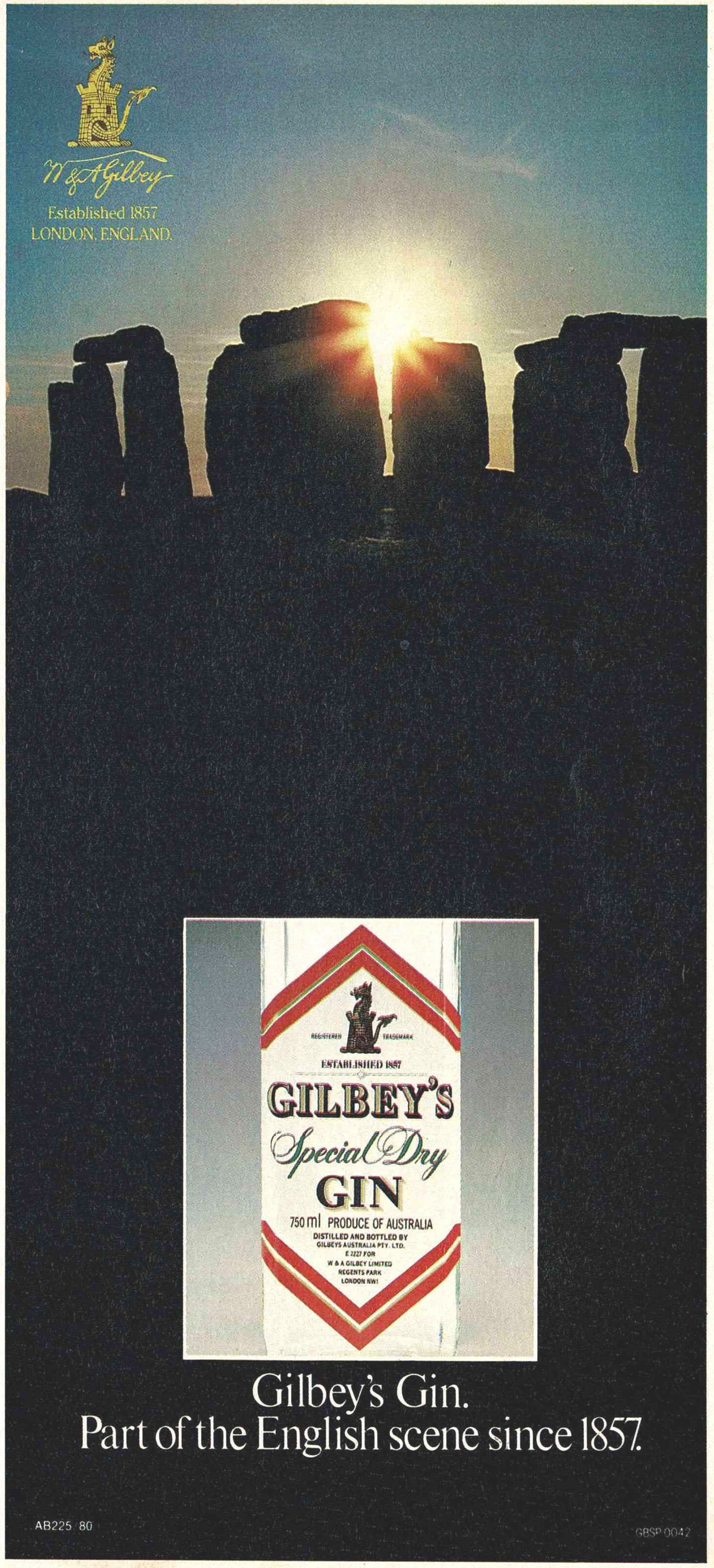
Wedding party

After years of reading your magazine I have finally experienced a sexual encounter worthy of your pages. I was home in Melbourne for a routine weekend when my fantasy-come-true began.

During my holiday I was able to hit on the wedding reception of the sister of one of my friends. I was especially enthused about going to this reception because all of his sisters are really hot. There are four unbelievable chicks in that family that always give me a huge hard-on every time I see one of them. The bride, whom I'll call Judy, is a knockout. Lisa and Linda, who are 20-year-old twin brunettes, both have small, rounded arses and the nicest 36-inch tits you ever laid eyes on. And the 23-year-old sister, Cathy, who was bridesmaid, is a stunner, too.

My episode begins about two hours into the reception when I finally got a dance with Cathy. After our dance the band took a break, so we got to talking. I mentioned that her boyfriend was really a lucky guy to have snatched up such a fantastic babe. With this comment, she leaned back and gave me a smile that would have melted an iceberg. After a few silent moments, I asked if it was cool to kiss the bridesmaid as well as the bride. As she leaned forward, I expected just a quick peck. But to my susprise, I felt her tongue press against my lips, so I obliged by making it into a long, wet, open mouth kiss. I thought that was it, but that was just the beginning. She said that she and her boyfriend were moving right after the wedding and that she wanted to give me something to remember her by, but that I'd have to come out to the camper to get it. I readily agreed.

As soon as we got into the camper, she



led me to the bed, turned around, and gave me a repeat performance of her last kiss. Realising that this would be my last chance, I seized the opportunity. The next thing I knew, her bridesmaid's dress was on the floor, and all that was left was her bra and panties.

We proceeded to caress each other's body as we fell on to the bed. I massaged her tits until she was moaning for more. I teasingly licked the inside of her thighs, but she kept trying to force my mouth on to her. When I had her on the edge of ecstasy, I dived in and sucked and tongued her pussy until she was practically screaming. While licking, I could feel her hands seaching for my already erect prick. She moved down and began to suck. She was an expert at the art of giving head, because I blew my wad in less than a minute.

By this point we were both begging for a good screw. I wasted no time in positioning my prick between her tanned thighs. I started with a slow, rhythmic motion and gradually picked up. I couldn't believe that no one could hear us, but I didn't really give a damn at this point. I was screwing the finest babe I'd ever laid eyes on. We both came together in one earth-shattering orgasm that the gods couldn't top.

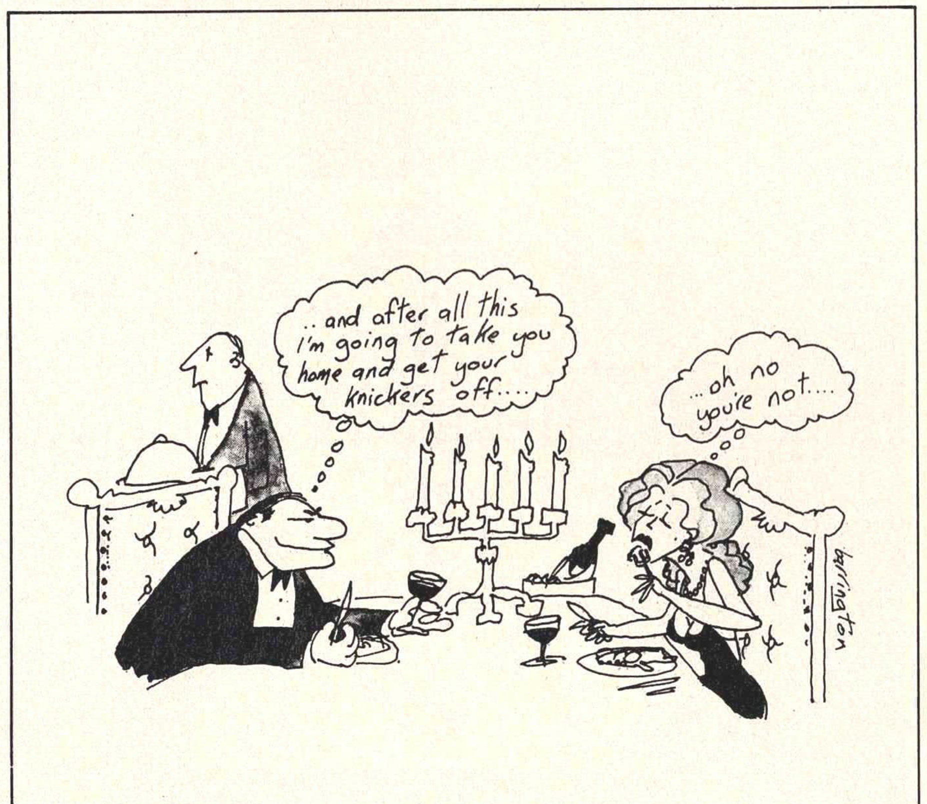
We were both holding each other close, telling the other how great it was, when somebody opened the camper door. It was Lisa. She asked Cathy if she was going to get back to the wedding reception. Cathy quickly dressed and scurried back to the hall. I could have killed Lisa for reminding Cathy until she started mentioning something about her having something for me, too. She began to peel off her blue, low-cut dress.

Her body was even better than I'd imagined. She immediately knelt before me and administered the best skull session I'd ever imagined. Then I positioned myself over her while she begged me to stick my prick deep inside of her. I had no intention of keeping this goddess waiting any longer, so I gave it to her.

We screwed wildly for what felt like eternity. I suddenly felt a pair of warm hands pushing me into Lisa. She moved her way around and planted a long, wet kiss on my wet mouth. It was Linda! She must have been there for a while because she was already naked. She was the mirror image of the angel I was screwing. Linda positioned herself above Lisa's long, wet tongue and lowered herself while frenching me at the same time. After blowing my load into Lisa, I gladly let Linda lick both our genitals. I then lay back and let the two sister nymphs go at it.

Linda told me that she didn't want to be the only single girl in the family that I didn't screw. I had already rested, so I needed no additional prodding. I was beginning to think that this was my mission on earth. Linda was the only aggressive one. She laid me down and gradually lowered herself down on my shaft. She began wailing like a bitch in heat, and she screwed me with all her might. I came in Linda, and my cock could take more, so I dived on to Lisa's pussy while she once again ate her beautiful sister. We continued this for about 15 minutes and then got dressed and returned to the wedding more than satisfied.

That night I didn't see very much of the reception. My friend said that it was wild, and all I could do was smile and agree. I've since been with Lisa and Linda separately. After all, who's next, their mother? — *Name and address withheld.*


.. and after all this I'm going to take you home and get your knickers off.....
...oh no you're not....

Of problems and opportunities

I guess my problem started at Christmas when I was 18. My parents were on a two-week second honeymoon in France, and my parents' friend, Jill, had agreed to take care of our rather large house and of me. Jill, who was 30 at the time, was still recovering from the shock of losing her husband in a car accident, so I was sceptical about my chances of having a merry Christmas in the midst of so much gloom. To my great surprise, though, Jill's spirits were high, and the two days before Christmas Eve were truly enjoyable.

Before I get too far along, I should point out that Jill was, and still is, a most attractive woman. Her best features are her slender, well-shaped legs and her 37-inch bust line. Dad has often commented that, other than Betty Grable, he'd never seen a woman with such "gorgeous gams" (his words, not mine).

On Christmas Eve, Jill and I decorated the tree, put out all the presents, and then went to evening church services. Jill had dressed in what she called her "Christmas uniform", a delicate white lace-trimmed blouse, a red pleated skirt, and red spaghetti-strapped high heels. Uniform or not, she was stunning.

After church, Jill mixed up a rum punch (with less rum). When she brought in the large mugs of punch, I couldn't help sighing over how idyllic the scene seemed! The warm sparkling tree, the pleasant scent of pine mixed with the smell of rum and Jill's exquisite perfume, and especially the sight of beautiful Jill and her long, nyloned legs. I thought to myself, "Now this is what I call a truly merry Christmas."

Jill and I sat on the couch and began to reminisce about past Christmases and past family joys. Not surprisingly, we both shied away from any mention of her husband's death. We talked for what seemed-like hours, and I drank what seemed like a gallon of that spicy punch. The drink combined with the mellow Christmas music on the stereo made me drowsy, and I uttered an inadvertant yawn now and then. On hearing one too many yawns, Jill asked if I'd like to rest my head in her lap.

I thought that was a marvellous idea, so I stretched out on the couch and rested my

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head on her skirt-clad lap. We continued to talk, but the sight of her exquisite legs encased in silky sheer stockings and sexy high heels was starting to get to me. As she talked, I slowly let one of my hands drift to her right lower leg. Since this aroused no strong protest, I began sliding my hand up and down that leg and began fondling the straps of her high heels. My hand shifted back and forth from one leg to the other, gently caressing her calves.

I had, by this time, an enormous erection, but I was lying stomach down, so Jill couldn't detect my excitement. Soon my hand reached and massaged her knees (and I wondered whether I dare go further). I soon received my answer when Jill said: "Oh, that massage feels so good. Would you mind massaging this spot here?" She had me raise my head, and then she pulled her pleated skirt up a short way on to her thigh. She pointed to a spot on her lower thigh, and I massaged and caressed it, allowing my fingers to slide deftly beyond the point she'd pointed to.

By this time such was the burning desire in my cock that I was all but humping the couch. I was now gliding my hand over most of Jill's lovely limbs, and she responded by spreading her legs as I tried to reach further and further up her thigh.

Suddenly, Jill told me to raise my head, and she pulled her skirt up over her waist. What a magnificent sight greeted me! She wore gartered stockings that were pulled incredibly tight by a delicate red lace garter belt. She also had on a very skimpy paid of red lace bikini panties.

I immediately dove in, kissing and licking her shimmering legs and nibbling on those exquisite garters. Jill then spread her legs even further, and my hand rubbed and caressed the insides of those legs all the way from her toes to her lace-covered crotch. My tongue now found its way to those lace panties.

Jill was incredibly excited and soon had undone all the buttons on her blouse, exposing her two gorgeous tits encased in a very scanty white bra. She began massaging her massive mounds through the bra as I continued my assault on her love box.

I then decided I'd better take full advantage of her stockinged wonders, so I got off the couch and knelt before her. She didn't know what I was going to do until I unzipped my pants and pulled out my rod. She reached for it, but I told her I wanted to tease her a bit first. No objection on her part. Taking my dick in my hand and starting at her toes, I gently glided it up and down the full length of her stockings.

While I was doing this, Jill had unsnapped her bra and was busy, with one hand kneading her nipples and the other hand buried beneath her panties as she feverishly fingered herself. Somehow her deep panting almost seemed to keep time with the tune Jingle Bells, which was playing on the stereo.

With one long, loving lick of her stocking tops, I decided I'd better go to work on that still hidden treasure between Jill's legs. I pulled the crotch of her laced undies to the side to expose the warmest love box I'd ever had the pleasure to indulge in. In no time, my tongue was deep inside.

Jill begged for my cock, so I lifted her legs on to the couch and then climbed on top so that we were in the 69 position. The sight of her long, elegant stockinged legs in those sexy high heels and her glistening bush sent me into ecstasy. I slowly lowered my rod into her anxiously awaiting mouth, and she began sucking and licking it like an old veteran.

As I continued to satisfy my hunger for pussy, my hands massaged her inner thighs beneath her stocking tops. Soon I knew I was going to blow my wad, so I raised my head up, peered through my legs, and watched my dick slide in and out of Jill's red lips. With one last thrust, I burst. I immediately went back to work on her love lips, driving my tongue even deeper and soon she, too, had a terrific orgasm.

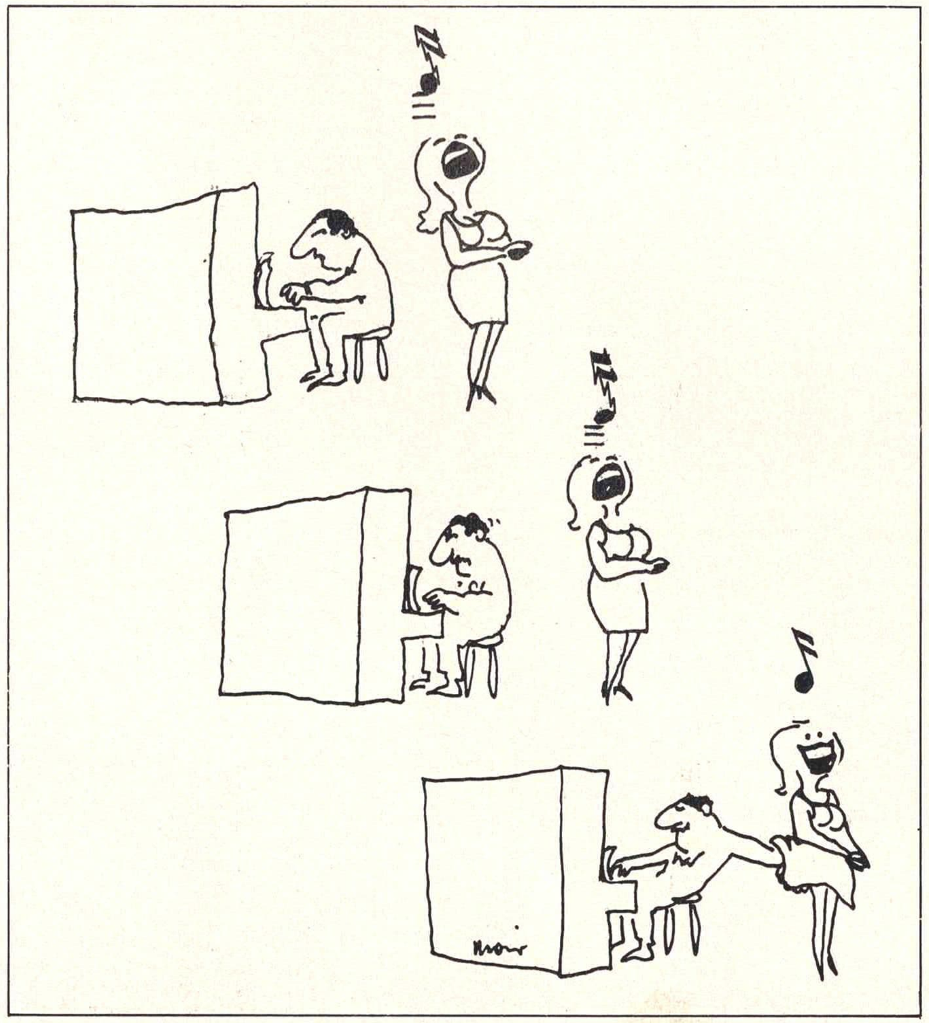
Jill let me know she wanted to get up to go to the bathroom. I thought it a bit awkward to worry about that, but was I surprised when she got back! She had completely stripped herself except for the red garter belt, sheer stockings, and high heels. She told me to strip and then lie on the carpet facing the couch. She then sat on the couch and, to my great delight, put her high heel between my legs and began "masturbating" me with it. The straps on the heels exposed most of her sheer-stockinged feet, so I felt both the leather of her shoes and the exquisite softness of her nylons as her foot slid over my shaft. Of course, I was terribly erect once again and moaning with ecstasy.

Then Jill reached down and unfastened the strap on her heel. She said: "If you thought that felt terrific, how about this?" With that she rested her stockinged foot on my cock and began sliding it up and down while she massaged her large breasts with both hands. I just could not stand the sensation of the nylon on my cock, and in no time flat I once again blew my load.

We spent the rest of that Christmas Eve in each other's arms in front of that tinsel-covered tree, and Jill spent almost all of that week in sexy outfits, which always included a garter belt, nylons, and very high, high heels.

My problem is that since that time I have this incredible lust for women in high heels and stockings. The recent fashion trends toward skimpy high heels and slit skirts is driving me bananas. I can't even work any more because my secretary wears the highest heels and shortest dresses I've ever seen.

If only Jill could've realised the problems she caused on that beautiful Christmas Eve that seems so long ago. — *Name and address withheld.*



From Russia with Laughter... From Australia with Tears?

A cloud hangs over the first *Australian Penthouse* Pet of the Month, Russian defector Lillian Gaskinskaya, while the Department of Immigration and Ethnic Affairs considers revoking her refugee status. The Department's Determination of Refugee Status Committee is inquiring into Lillian's activities since she clambered ashore in a red bikini after escaping from a Russian ship in Sydney Harbor in January 1979.

The issue was raised in Federal Parliament when Government backbencher Peter Falconer claimed that Lillian still retained Russian citizenship and that she had returned to the Soviet Union last year to see her parents. Mr Falconer (Lib Vic) called for a review of her situation. Refugee status is usually awarded to individuals who face persecution if they return to their own country. If her status if revoked, Lillian could be deported. Since

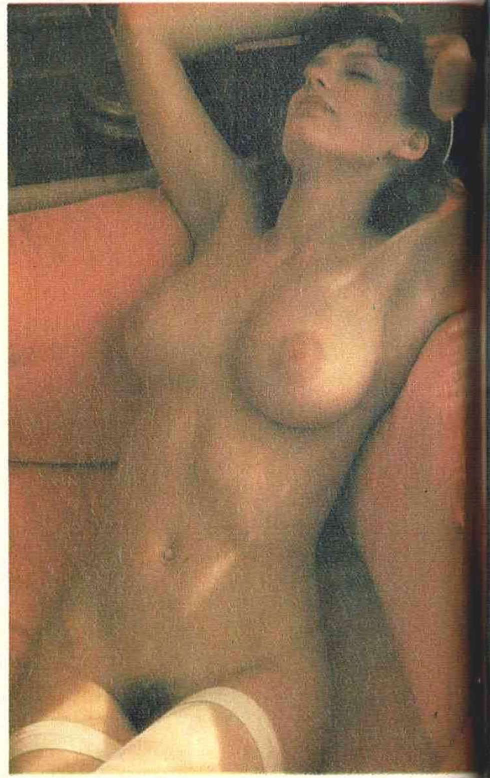
Mr Falconer made his statement, the Soviet Ambassador to Australia Dr Nikolai Soudarikov announced that Lillian was stripped of her Russian citizenship last year. There is confusion over whether Lillian did go to Russia during a 10 week holiday in England late last year, or whether she met her parents in Western Europe.

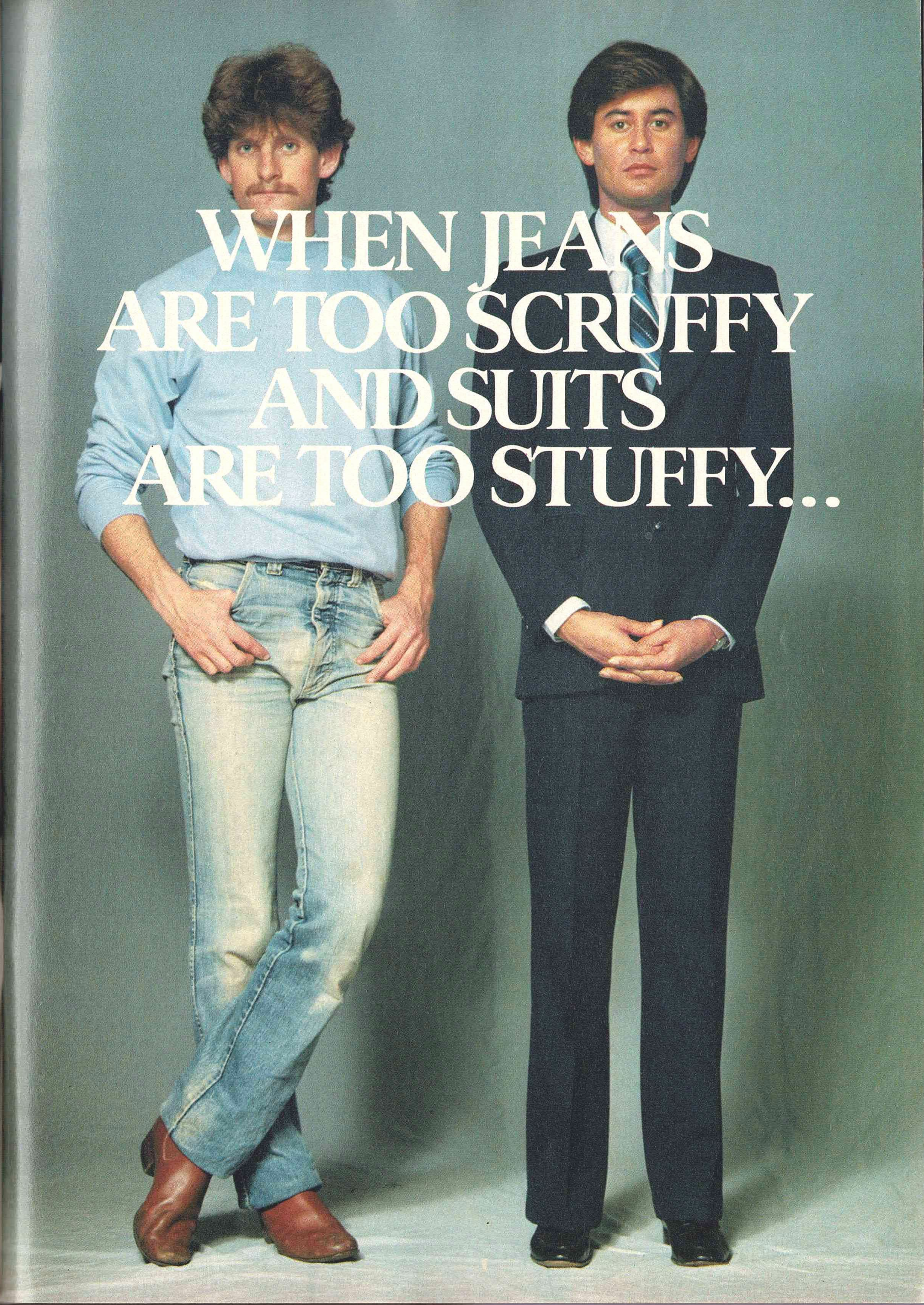
In the latest moves, immigration sources have claimed that Lillian did not meet her parents in Europe. She is believed to have insisted to immigration officers that she met her mother while staying in London. After returning from London she told Sydney reporters she met her parents in Russia. Because of the apparent anomalies, immigration officers have insisted on rechecking Lillian's movements.

Lillian first made headlines on the front pages of newspapers all over the world in January 1979, when she squeezed through a porthole of the cruise ship *Leonid Sobinov* which was docked in Blackwattle Bay. Lillian swam around the harbor in the early hours of the morning looking for somewhere to climb ashore. She clambered out of the water in a red bikini and requested political asylum and was granted refugee status.

She was back in the news again when hers was the face that launched a few hundred thousand magazines. Lillian took off her bikini and became the first *Australian Penthouse* Pet of the Month when she graced the centre pages of issue number one in October 1979. Lillian's story was titled From Russia with Laughter.

In the article she spoke of her wide-eyed delight at the freedom of the western world. It would be a sad ending to the story if this gracious and adventurous young lady who came to us from Russia with laughter is forced to go from Australia with tears.





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Something Warm and Wet for Winter

BY L. BONANNO

It could be a small hotel at the head of the trail across Tasmania's rugged north-west, a ski-lodge out of Thredbo, or even an icy night back of Bourke — but more likely it's Saturday night in Melbourne, and it's wet, cold but not so miserable. The rain is beating at every window. Her shoes are already steaming by the fire, but her stockings are also wet. She's taking them off, looking more beautiful than ever as the blood rises in her cheeks. Soon she is wallowing in the woolskin rug, stretching like a cat. Her skirt creeps across the top of those beautiful knees. She turns. Her eyes are rolling in languid meditation before she fixes you with a look of bright mischief. Beethoven begins a rich romp on the stereo.

"Tell me, darling," her voice still husky from the chill, "is there anything in the world you want?"

Ah, you think, my chance. You move closer. Anything you want, and anything is possible. And what glorious possibilities she embodies.

"Anything?"

"Anything, my love," and her nose touches yours, like an electric ice-block.

"Well, I wouldn't mind a Bonox," you say, like the idiot you are. But never mind. No situation is irretrievable.

And, really, there are times when a hot drink can do more for you than a hot woman, even though you may have difficulty finding one — such times I mean.

Winter is the time for sitting by the fire with a beautiful woman, a day of exhilaration behind you and the night before you. And the second best way of warming up is with a hot drink.

Now there are hot drinks and hot drinks. Like there are hot women and women who are hot because they've been boiling nappies all day and they live at Marble Bar. So we're not talking about tea or coffee; and not even Irish Coffee, unless you're going to run the odd variation, such as Sydney's Centrepoint piano bar cocktail supremo Peter Zorbas, who suggests you add a dash or three of Kahlua to the cream, and then float it on top of the coffee-whiskey mixture.

But that's more of a drink for when you're still sitting at the dinner table, and who wants to sit at the table all night?

The following is a list of winter drinks for when you need something to warm you up and kick you on. Although each is recommended for a different time of the day, it is not recommended that you actually drink throughout the one day; try to put a day or two between each session.

Alex Beaumont, who is president of the Bartenders Guild, has prepared a recipe which would seem ideal for a heart-starter before going out on the slopes for a day's skiing, although it, too, is basically a nightcap. He serves it at the Chevron Hotel during winter.

HOT BUTTERED RUM

The Preparation: 3 tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons brown sugar. Mix together, and shake into mixture a good bit of cinnamon, two or three dashes of ground cloves, a bit of salt and a dash of pepper. Cream the mixture in a cup.

The Drink: Place one tablespoon of the mixture in a 7oz wine glass with 1oz of rum, stir and top up with boiling water so the butter mixture floats to the top.

Gluhwein is more of a nightcap, although if you're hardy and the weather is that bad, you can knock off a jug or two before dinner. This Danish recipe is from the Wentworth Hotel's Pia Christensen.

GLUHWEIN

1 bottle young red wine
3 tablespoons sugar
2 sticks of cinnamon
4 whole cloves
½ teaspoon nutmeg
½ lemon and ½ orange, both sliced

Place sugar into half a pint of water in a saucepan on moderate heat; stir until sugar dissolves. Add the cinnamon, cloves, lemon, orange, wine, and nutmeg. Stir until it almost boils, then pour into mugs.

A very simple concoction by Peter Zorbas is this just-before-bed drink he claims is "veritable mother's milk".

THE QUEENSLAND CONNECTION

1oz Kahlua
½oz Bundaberg Rum
Milk

Into a 6oz old-fashioned glass pour the Kahlúa. Warm the milk, with the rum added, then pour over the Kahlua. Voila!

This drink was provided by Jean Laborde, an executive of the French liqueur firm, Marie Brizard.

BETWEEN THE SHEETS

Juice of ½ lemon
¾oz white rum
¾oz French brandy
¾oz Brizard White Creme de Menthe

Warm a brandy balloon by swirling a bit of brandy around it and then flaming it. In another warm glass (warm it the cheap way — under the hot tap) mix ingredients with almost the same amount of boiling water, strain into the balloon.

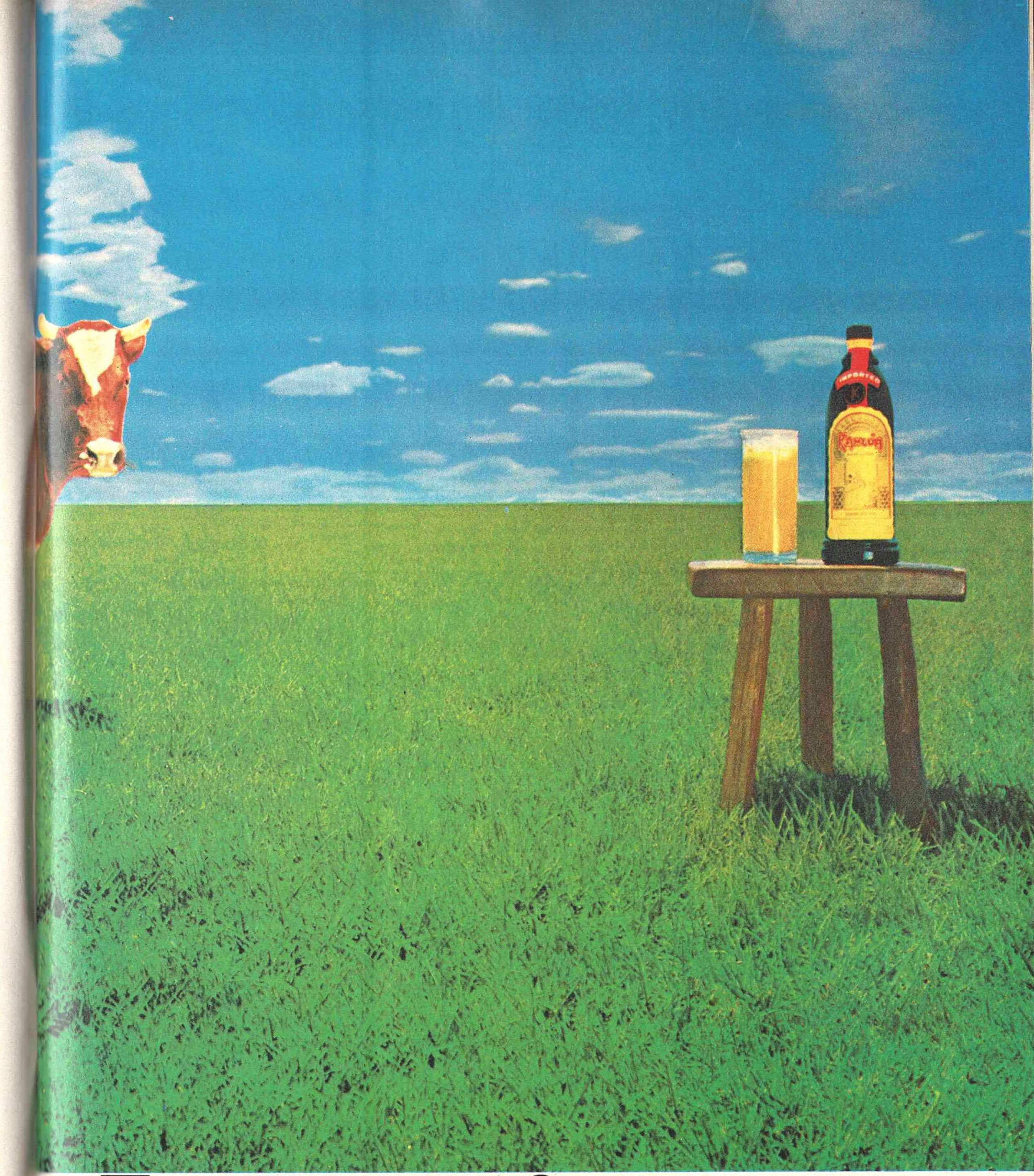
There is always the possibility that after last night's alleged night-cap you did not go straight to bed, but instead went for a romp in the snow or an ill-clad stroll beneath the icy moon, or even a walk through the rain to check the brood-mare in the top paddock, and as a result are well on the way to pneumonia the next day. So we will end this selection of hot drinks with two 'flu remedies:

HONG KONG COKE

This was supplied by Tony Luhi from the Sydney Hilton, who learned it in his native city. It is simply hot Coca-Cola with a slightly bruised slice of fresh ginger root in it, and some rum if you like.

TRADITIONAL

Hot rum and lemon has stood the test of time. Into a slurp of rum (UP for chills, OP if it's pneumonia) squeeze half a lemon. Add a teaspoon of honey, leaving the spoon there so the glass doesn't break, and add boiling water. Drink in bed every hour until cured.



TWO BROWN COWS PLEASE.

THE BROWN COW ON THE LEFT IS NOT A REAL BROWN COW. A REAL BROWN COW IS MADE WITH ONE PART OF KAHLUA MIXED WITH TWO PARTS OF COLD MILK AND SERVED ON THE ROCKS. THE KAHLUA BROWN COW. ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES. KAHLÚA

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Pan Am (via USA)	Clipper	$3114	No flight	No flight
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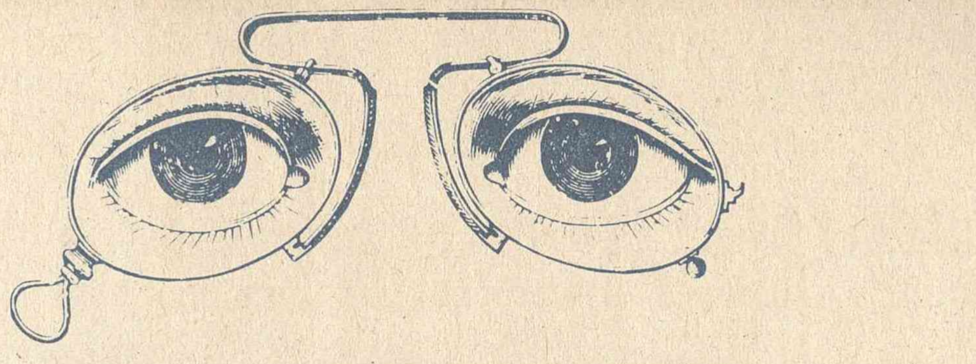


VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE CURSE OF THE ALPINE DINGO

BY FRANK ROBSON

Designer jeans can be uncomfortable; Chinese wine has the same bouquet as athlete's foot and keeping a pet dingo can transform a fashionable extrovert to a social outcast. But if the pursuit of trends is your signpost in life — if you simply MUST possess a barkless, misunderstood and persecuted wild dog — pay attention now or forever hold his piece.

This is the story of one man's love for a pure bred alpine dingo — a love severely tested, first by the animal's frenetic need to couple with the legs of strangers and finally by the man's squeamish reluctance to take the problem in hand.

And before you conclude that this is a piece of opportunistic sensationalism, let me say that just yesterday I resisted the feral advances of a police reporter who wanted to team up on a quickie novel about a killer chihuahua as big as Ayers Rock. There is little sensitivity among police reporters; they, for example, would never understand the spiritual anguish of my friend Quintus McMickin during the summer of 1979.

McMickin (not his real name — but one of which he approves) had owned the dingo for 10 months when my wife and I visited him in Melbourne. It was an impromptu reunion of sorts because the McMickins were also providing beds for a New Zealand couple of our mutual acquaintance.

When we walked into the McMickin home the NZ girl was crying softly on the sofa. Her husband, very drunk, was stalking the dingo with a heavy iron skillet. Quintus McMickin was kneeling beside the sobbing woman, whining: "C'mon Trudi, be a sport. It won't take a second, honest! Please Trudi . . ." He glanced up as we came in, but only for a moment (long enough for us to see an odd and unpleasant light in his eyes) and then went back to his pleading.

Susan McMickin, in the kitchen preparing lunch, seemed reluctant to discuss what was happening. We were hedging around the subject when a scream of undiluted outrage (unmistakably my wife's) drew us neck and neck back to the lounge. It was not a sight to make house guests feel welcome.

The dingo, eyes rolling, was attached to my wife's ankle. She was beating its head with both fists and the man from New Zealand was trying to get close enough to connect the skillet with the dingo's brain. What stopped him was McMickin, who held the much larger man in an effective stranglehold.

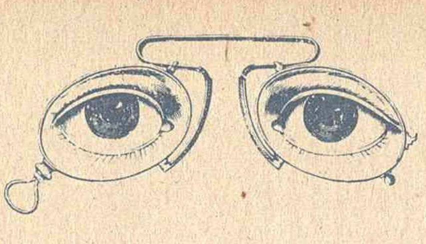
"Be reasonable!" McMickin was screaming. "Let's discuss this like adults! Violence solves nothing!"

"I'll show you violence!" snarled the kiwi, and he swung the skillet down through his legs. It struck McMickin's knee with a sickening thok. Our host fell moaning on the natural wool carpet. The dingo, sensing the mood at last, fled out the back door with the New Zealander inches behind it.

That night, when the dingo had been locked in a shed at the bottom of the garden, McMickin confronted his guests. "I hope," he said, like Maxwell Smart apologising to a seven foot KAOS agent he has just punched without effect, "I hope you folks didn't take the little incident today too seriously." Well, that eased the tension a little and after a few drinks McMickin set about explaining the Curse of the Alpine Dingo. It had been a wonderful pet until the procreation urge struck when the animal was about seven months old. After that anyone who entered the house was fair game.

Like a farm mongrel on a diet of oysters and amyl nitrate, the dingo was the Errol Flynn of dogdom . . . and in a depressingly short time not one of the McMickins' friends would accept a dinner invitation. Even if the dingo was kept outside, said McMickin, it would lay in ambush for guests arriving or leaving.

Despite all this McMickin was fond of the dingo. He returned to the dingo stud where he'd bought the creature and explained his dilemma. He learned that dingoes are reluctant to mate with other canine breeds. "If



you can't mate it with another dingo," said the expert, "you have no option but to provide manual relief."

McMickin was outraged, of course, so stunned that he mutely accepted the single surgical glove proffered by the dingo breeder. "Farmers have to do it for cattle dogs all the time," he was told. "Wear this glove and stop being a silly billy."

There is no way, McMickin told himself on the way home that I will stoop to this. But after several more icy rebuffs on the social scene he rose early one morning and put on the glove. He walked down the yard to the dingo's pen. He looked at the dingo and at the glove. But — curse of the middle class pet owner — he couldn't proceed.

Next morning McMickin flipped the glove to Susan as he left for the office. "Jerk off the dingo today would you darling," he said, as lightly as a man requesting something particular for dinner. "Screw you!" replied the learned Susan. "It's your dingo — *you* jerk it off."

McMickin's response put the whole thing in perspective. "But darling," he whined, following her around the house and tugging at her blouse hem, "I'm a *man*!"

Around this time the NZ couple, all unknowing, blundered in for a two-week visit. On their first night in the guest room the dingo snuck in and ate the woman's diaphragm (luckily for her she had decided not to wear it. It was lying, rather unhygienically, on the bedroom floor.

During the next week the dingo made the NZ woman's life very miserable. Like an unpleasant, wet-snouted poltergeist, it followed her everywhere. Tensions mounted . . . and when McMickin suggested that they wrap the fair visitor's ankles in raincoats and let the dingo exorcise his sexual demons that way, her husband grabbed the skillet and went after the thing.

That's how matters stood when we arrived. McMickin, still clinging to his perverted conviction that men were less suited to masturbating dingoes than women, had placed the surgical glove on top of a pile of plastic raincoats on the floor near the sobbing woman's feet.

He definitely wasn't himself . . . and that dreadful blow to his knee from the skillet seemed what he needed to regain some grasp on reality. "I've been very unfair," McMickin said pompously when he'd finished his explanation. He limped off and returned with the surgical glove. "Please excuse me," he said, drawing the glove over his fingers. "Just go ahead with your dessert."

We watched through the window his lonely figure moving across the lawn to the garden shed. We saw him go inside and then — typical humans in a crisis situation — we burst into a welter of small talk.

Like nurses and doctors who have fought starvation and disease in Third World countries, McMickin seemed somehow altered when he returned 20 minutes later. Sure, he joined in the polite chat and was as attentive and charming as we all knew he could be . . . but beneath the patented bonhomie McMickin was *blitzed*, burned out, his vitality razed to rubble.

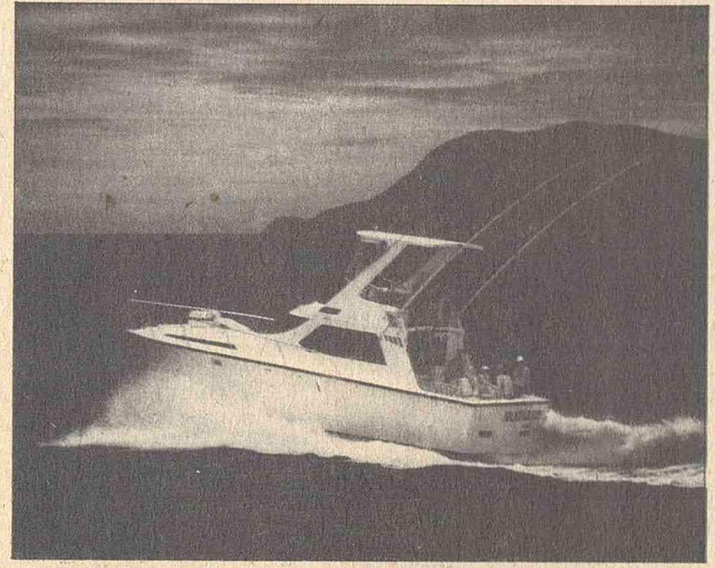
The NZ couple gratefully recrossed the Tasman, we returned to Queensland and I heard nothing from Quintus McMickin for more than six months. He called me at home late one night and feverishly passed on the news that Trudi (the NZ friend) was pregnant.

"Wonderful," I said, "are they happy?"

"You idiot!" McMickin screamed, "don't you realise they are holding *me* responsible? They didn't want children for ages. They reckon because the dingo ate the diaphragm I'm to blame for Trudi's condition! They're going to sue me for maintenance, the cheap bastards . . ."

If this strains your credulity, I have no signed documents or photographs to support my claims. But I'll swear on any holy book, on the graves of all my ancestors, that it happened. The NZ couple, of course, did not sue McMickin for maintenance . . . they simply had not realised how events had robbed McMickin of his sense of humor.

There is, in the way it all turned out, a certain cosmic irony. Not being a police reporter, I see no need to be more specific than that.



Max Mewett's Marauder, *photos David Marshall.*

SCENES

GO TROPPO

North Queensland is making a serious bid for the international tourist market. The recent upgrading of Townsville's airport to international standard has brought direct Qantas 747 SP flights in and out of the city from Honolulu, with connecting flights from there to many parts of the US.

Cairns, the stepping stone to the Great Barrier Reef, looks like wooing a fair percentage of the new tourist market, especially since the opening of the city's newest, luxury hotel.

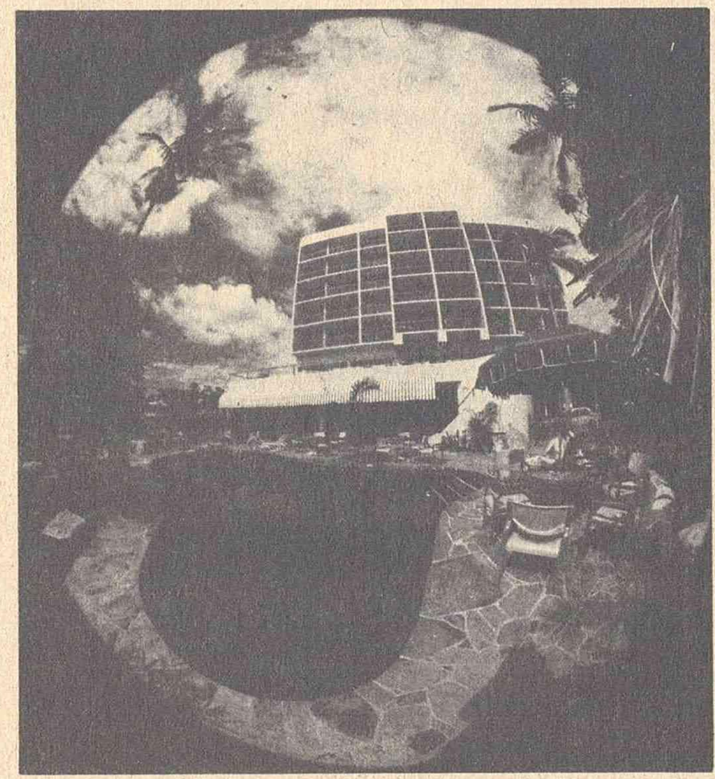
The deep north gained a touch of class with the opening of the seven-storey $4 million Tuna Towers right on the waterfront of Cairns. The north has nothing to compare with its style. Designer Tony Mathers, who created the Grape Escape and Fantales restaurant in Sydney before moving north, says his aim in designing the hotel's decor was to give the rooms and restaurant an atmosphere which reflected the abundance of the north Queensland environment.

He did that by complimenting the interior's pastel shades with dozens of paintings by local artists and landscaping the pool, bar and spa complex with local stone and exotic fruit trees. The restaurant, Bananas, offers cuisine with a Queensland flavor, with a distinctive range of local fruit and seafood. The humble choko was even on the menu.

Tony jokingly calls the decor "French tropical" and the total effect is one of cool, casual luxury. The most remarkable thing about the project is that Cairns, with its game fishing, lush hinterland and proximity to the reef, never had a hotel to match its tourist potential until the opening of the Tuna Towers.

Luxury on land may have been hard to come by in the north until now, but there has never been any shortage of expense on the water. As Australia's game fishing capital, Cairns boasts some of the classiest class afloat.

The 40-foot *Marauder* owned by Max Mewett is a good example, Mewett built his $250,000 craft as a specialist game boat for the wealthy fishermen who flock to the north every spring for the marlin. With a hiring charge that can get close to $1000 a day, *Marauder* offers all the comforts your average millionaire would expect for his money. So, if you want to go troppo, Cairns is the place to do it in style.



Fish-eye view of the Tuna Towers.

TAKING IT PERSONALLY

President Reagan's attitude to the Salt II Treaty will be watched with more than academic interest by one Melbourne man. If the treaty is ratified in its present form, Mr Geoff Ingram, ex-dancer, restaurateur, founding administrator of the Australian Ballet, may well find himself in the High Court again. Last year he took out a writ against the Commonwealth Government and Andrew Peacock as Foreign Minister for supporting the Salt II Treaty. He argued that the treaty contravened international law, and sought an injunction restraining the government from continuing to support the treaty. The case, and the subsequent appeal, failed.

"War is no longer an acceptable extension of political activity," Mr Ingram says. "We've got to break a syndrome, the belief that war and peace are natural polarities of human existence. We go through a period of peace, then blow our top with a war.

"I had felt strongly about violence since World War II. My family was disrupted, one of my brothers was killed in Greece. I well recall the day in 1945 when I bought a *Herald* with the headline ATOMIC BOMB DROPPED.

"That had a dramatic influence on my life. I was emotionally affected; violence challenged my reasoning. But I had no clear conviction as to how I could do anything. From then on a solution to the problem of violence became my main priority, although I continued my career in the arts.

"Four years ago I started researching the problems of violence, war, and disarmament in earnest. I wanted an understanding of the sociological causes of violence, religious attitudes to war, and a general philosophical background. After a couple of years, I felt I had a firm general understanding of the nature of violence. But I lacked technical detail.

"I sold my restaurant, which gave me time and money for more research. In the national library at Canberra, I boned up on the horrifying facts, the nuts and bolts of destruction.

"The more I read about Salt I negotiations, the more obvious it became that what was set up as a disarmament process did not actually effect disarmament. Under the first Salt treaty, the superpowers agreed virtually to increase fourfold their existing destructive capabilities! The second treaty was even worse. Already having a destructive capability roughly equal to 16 tonnes of TNT for every person, they planned to treble that by 1985. That's when I graduated from academic arguments to the requirements of law.

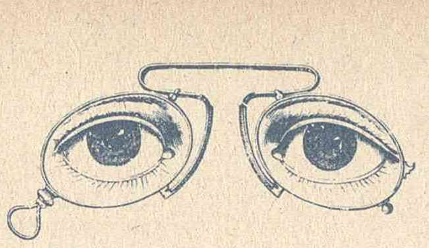
"As a result of the Treaty for the Renunciation of War 1928-1929, which was signed by Australia, the planning of aggressive war became illegal. On that basis I had a memorandum prepared and submitted to the International Court of Justice in The Hague. The gist of the memorandum was that the Salt II Treaty was illegal, invalid, and in breach of international law. The action against the Australian government and Mr Peacock followed, seeking to restrain them from supporting an illegal treaty. Of course, the whole thing is in limbo now, with a new US president, and Salt II shelved."

The years of research, travel expenses, and legal fees have cost Geoff Ingram more than $100,000. Most of his personal property of any value has been sold to support his fight for realistic disarmament.

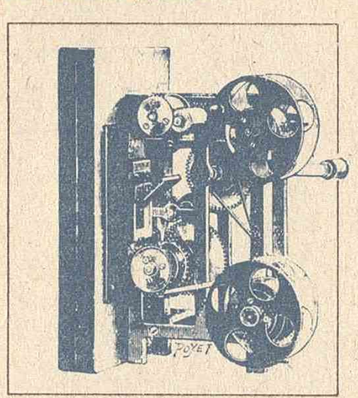
"There are two things I want to accomplish in the next couple of years," he says. "I want to collate a book on the disarmament process since 1817, showing that for all its failures and setbacks, humanity is working out a way to rid itself of collective organised violence. We have to build confidence in the peace process.

"On the more immediately practical level, I want to establish an institution to bring together all the law books, case histories, and other material relevant to disarmament so that anyone seeking the same information as I have been won't have to fly all over the country to get it. As well as this, I want to bring together a select group of people with expertise in the area who would help people challenge the military excesses of government. I have already drawn up a charter for this institution, to be called Lawhaven, which is currently being checked by solicitors."

As common wisdom has it, only a fool would think an individual with no political power can help avoid nuclear disaster. And yet, if he fails, who will be around to call him fool? — *Tony Lintermans.*



FILMS



GUESSING GAME

Half the audience guessed who done it . . . and then again, the other half didn't. It's the same with her books, too — Agatha Christie's that is. Everyone has a theory, and that's half the fun of reading her books and watching the films made of them.

Of late, there have been two notable additions to the series: *Murder On The Orient Express* and *Death On The Nile.* Now there is another — and a worthy, if not more leisurely — addition to the set, *The Mirror Crack'd,* directed by Guy Hamilton.

Remaining quite faithful to the original story, *The Mirror Crack'd From Side To Side,* this comedy/mystery features Miss Marple, the amateur detective who appeared in 15 Christie stories. On film, Miss Marple is perhaps best remembered as she was portrayed by Margaret Rutherford, who took the role of the spinsterish sleuth in four motion pictures. This time round the role is well filled by Angela Lansbury who, although she fails to add the eccentricity of Rutherford, concentrates on the witty efficiency with which her character solves more than a murder or two.

As with all Christie stories, this one, too, deals with murder. The tale is set in the 1950s. And the filmmakers have added another dimension to the basic tale by casting actors who perfectly embodied all the finer qualities which the stars of that decade had. Imagine Elizabeth Taylor, Tony Curtis, Kim Novak and Rock Hudson, not to mention Ms Lansbury, and you have a cast who manage to take their roles from the height of staged melodrama to the obvious enjoyment of their individual roles, often even managing to satirise their own stereotyped images of the past.

It is a mixture of styles which, under director Guy Hamilton's able control, works surprisingly well, only enhancing this tale which is so much like the best of British cinema of the Fifties.

A movie director (Hudson) is on location in a sleepy English village with the quaint name of St Mary Mead, with his actress/wife (Taylor). She, poor dear, is just out of retirement — caused by a mysterious nervous breakdown. There they encounter, through a freak coincidence, the cause of the actress' tragedy. There's also a fast-talking producer (Curtis) — "He's a producer . . . he only lies when he speaks" says one of the characters — who insists that his wife (Novak) also star in the epic to be filmed in the village.

The wives, naturally, hate each other and it is their lines together which provide most of the film's laughs. "You've kept your figure . . . and you've added so much to it," is a fine example from Jonathan Hales' and Barry Sandler's competent script.

Taylor shines in her role as an ageing actress staging a comeback. And you can see the fun she's having with the role in scene after scene, particularly those she shares with Novak.

Hudson, now greying and a bit portly, has the right touch to carry off his role. Never a particularly brilliant actor in his prime, he hits all the right cues here. As a supporting actress, Geraldine Chaplin, as the director's secretary (and quite possibly, his lover) is prim, proper and oh so efficient. Lansbury as Miss Marple is ably assisted by Edward Fox as her Scotland Yard Inspector nephew.

Although not as well-paced as *Death On The Nile, Mirror Crack'd* is a must for any film buff who enjoyed that particular Fifties style of acting. It is much in evidence throughout. Besides, it's fun to guess who done it, from first frame to last.

It's certainly not the best film ever made . . . far from it. It is, however, quite a compelling glimpse behind the scenes of the music industry, complete with image-building, corruption and a dash of manipulation.

The film is *The Idolmaker,* and it deals with the teen idols of the late Fifties and early Sixties. The fact that the two teen idols in this film look and act a little bit like Frankie Avalon and Fabian has a little bit to do with the plot.

It is reputed that it was technical adviser Bob Marcucci's original idea that this film be made. Who, you ask, is Mr Marcucci? He, in his time, was an idolmaker. He groomed the said Mr Avalon and then spruced up his successor, Fabian. More than a bit of a coincidence. And this is the subject matter Taylor Hackford's film deals with quite well, flawed though the work may be.

The film suffers from pretension in parts and at times is exceptionally self-indulgent. The discoveries and the successes of the teen idols are far too facile, and the film works just a little too hard to establish the fact that the two stars and their many and varied cohorts are Italian with a capitol "I".

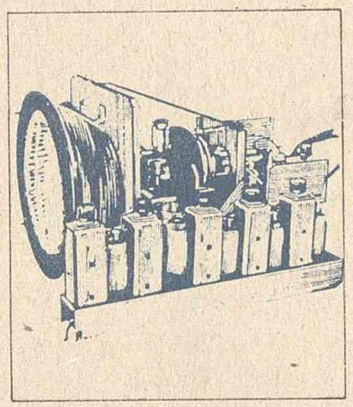
As well, the addition of a love theme, involving a fan magazine editor (Tovah Feldshuh) and the idolmaker, never seems adequately developed.

But when *The Idolmaker* is good, it is engrossing. And it's good when the music plays, as it does pretty much throughout the proceedings. The first hit-in-the-making, Here Is My Love, sung by Tommy Dee (played by Paul Land) is more than a little catchy, as is Caesare's (Peter Gallagher) hit, Baby. The music and the lyrics by Jeff Barry are first-rate and in keeping with the teen scene of the bobby socks and *Bandstand* era.

Of equal importance to this tale was the crucial casting of the three lead roles. Standout of the trio is the character of Vincent Vacarri, filled by the very energetic, you-love-him-and-hate-him Ray Sharkey. He adds dimension to what could have been a one-sided character. — *Alex Anthony.*

Novak, Hudson and Taylor manage to satirise their own images.

TV



SON OF LOGIES

Television has been with us now for 25 years. How time flies. It seems only yesterday that we pressed our teenage noses against Nock & Kirby's window and watched Chuck Faulkner telling us about the Suez Crisis.

(No you dolt. We weren't watching Chuck play a cop in *Division 4.* What would a TV cop be doing talking about the Suez Crisis? We were watching Chuck read the Channel 9 News.)

Chuck Faulkner — and Bruce Gyngell of course — were the early stars of TV, when Channel 9 was beaming its first primitive transmissions from a church hall or a disused sausage factory or wherever it was that the first giant step was taken.

When Channel 7 came on the air a few months later we were treated to television's early variety shows, in which a palpitating Keith Walshe, a bundle of nerves in a plaid jacket, introduced jugglers who dropped their indian clubs and singers who forgot the words of songs.

It all had a slap-happy air about it, an air, some might argue, that has never left us.

Of course, those hazy, guileless days ultimately gave way to the sophistication with which the medium today abounds.

Who would have believed that *Name That Tune* would be the grandfather of *Sale of the Century?* That *Campfire Favorites* would be the forerunner of *Bobby Limb's Sound of Music?* That Keith Walshe, seated in front of a painted backdrop of the Sydney skyline, would pave the way to the yellowbrick road now trodden by Don Lane and Bert Newton?

I would suggest absolutely nobody.

We could wallow in the nostalgia of it all for months. Breathes there a man with soul so dead whose heart does not beat a little quicker when he hears the strains of "Brylcreem, a little dab'll do ya"?

Television has such a short history in this country, compared to film, radio and other forms of mass entertainment. that a network can be excused for indulging in a spot of back-slapping to celebrate its quarter century in the business.

Channel 9 chose to do it in a big way, with a slap-up dinner for a couple of hundred people at Sydney's Centrepoint complex.

The event was televised, naturally, as a kind of Son of Logies, compered by Bert Newton with guest appearances by Don Lane, Mike Walsh, Tommy Hanlon Jnr, Daryl Somers and the *Skippy* people — minus Skippy.

Skippy, so the legend goes, was often played by a kangaroo-paw bottle-opener in scenes requiring only the marsupial's extremities to be in camera-view.

Maybe that is why he never won a Logie.

Whatever the reason, Skippy was not called to the rostrum, nor was he spotted in the crowd of what the TV industry likes to describe as "celebrities".

I don't know about you, but celebrity-watching on TV is one of my grander passions.

I doubt whether Hollywood has ever put together an awards night without Angie Dickinson seated somewhere down near the front. She never wins anything, but she always gets a good seat.

The Australian version of Angie Dickinson is Philip Brady, who has never missed a Logies night and even manages to make it to the Oscars.

Philip was there on Channel 9's big night, as well as a lot of people I could not recognise, whom I later learned were members of the cast of *The Young Doctors.*

But where were the Young Turks of *The Restless Years?* Where were the *Prisoners?* Where, I hear you cry, was James Dibble?

Like me, they were probably at home watching TV. The show was called *25 Years of Television* — but it was television as seen by the camera eye of the Nine Network.

There were passing references to shows on other channels — usually the ones that flopped — some grainy film of the last, sad days of Jack Davey and that was about it.

The evening was regarded by Channel 9 as a big event, which accounted for the presence of Bert Newton as compere and Peter Faiman as producer. Yet the verve and the spontaneity that marks the Logies were missing. Perhaps the drink waiters had not done their usually good job.

Newton mouthed some of the hoariest one-liners we have heard in many a day and made a reference to Chuck Faulkner that was in such appalling taste that even the dinner-suited audience gasped in unison.

I suppose a few good things have come out of Melbourne — the Hume Highway and the Carlton & United Brewery among them — but TV humor is not one of them.

But this show had a Melbourne feel to it. There were references to on-camera personalities who may have been household names down south, but are unknowns in other parts of the land.

The commercials — the ancient variety of the hard sell — were among the most amusing parts of the evening, but they were too few and far apart.

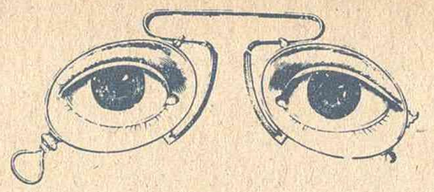
One suspects that television, a medium that has rarely bothered with its own history, consigned most of its early commercials to the bonfires. It is a great pity. We may never again see John Laws stick his hand in that bottle full of mosquitoes.

So due to the lack of ancient filmed material, we were stuck with live guests, including Ed Deveraux of *Skippy* fame, who was flown back to Australian especially for the show.

Perhaps it was jet-lag, but Ed hogged centre stage longer than anyone we have seen since the golden days of Johnny Young at the Logies.

We were a little jet-lagged ourselves at the end of it all. The show, as usual, ran wildly overtime and with the best will in the world we would have expected a TV show to start and finish on time after 25 years' practice.

After all, it was Sunday and the production team must have been at least on double time. It is not like Channel 9 to throw money around like that. — *Neal Akerman.*



SOUNDS

ONE-MAN BAND

Let's be up-front about this: Steve Winwood has never made a bad album. Nor a bad single for that matter. I don't want to appear one-eyed but I believe the man is a true musical genius. The acid imagery of early Traffic (Hole In My Shoe etc) was occasionally a little tiresome and the gratuitous abstraction of his first solo album, *Steve Winwood,* was perhaps a hindrance, but *Arc Of A Diver* (Island) is heartfelt, raw and very near flawless.

From the very first bars of the slow build into While You See A Chance (the first song on the album and the first single off it) Winwood's class is apparent. This is the wafting, melodic, soulful music of *When The Eagle Flies,* Traffic's last album. Traffic was Winwood with frills; *Arc Of A Diver* is pure, unadulterated Winwood, with just a dash of inspiration from his mate Van Morrison. The solemn organ gives way to a punchy rhythm and the familiar nasal voice strains and almost wavers.

On the title track Winwood claims that his "rock and roll is putting on weight" but there is nothing middle-aged or passe about the seven great songs presented here. Winwood's "lean streaky music spawned on the streets" has the timeless quality of all the great rock acts — Stevie Wonder, The Rolling Stones, Springsteen. And this set is all the more remarkable for the fact that Winwood is a one-man band. Apart from songwriting collaborations he did the lot himself — all instruments, arrangements, engineering and mixing in the 16-track under his house. And if we must pick a fault, it is the artificiality of the vocal multi-tracking, noticeable on the title track. Winwood has been four years without a record although his talents have been on loan to other luminaries like Marianne Faithfull and George Harrison. It's good to have him back on his own terms. — *Phil Jarratt.*

There are times when there is nothing more boring than a jazz virtuoso. American Hubert Laws — certainly the best flautist in jazz — is, however, not in that category. His virtuosity is laid-back and natural, suggesting that he knows most people listen to jazz, not to be confronted or offended, but in order to relax. The LP *Family* (CBS) includes five Laws compositions, all arranged and conducted by the flautist, plus an adaptation of Ravel's Bolero. Thus, it can claim to be a fusion album in an unusually wide sense, blending elements in jazz, rock, pop, rhythm and blues and classical music.

Laws is very much the complete flute player, not only an outstanding jazz musician who has played on all types of recording sessions, but also equipped with considerable classical training and experience.

His adaptation of Ravel's Bolero — apparently the inspired suggestion of the ubiquitous Quincy Jones, who acted as consultant for this LP — is arresting, and tolerably true to the composer's original orchestration. Two improvised solos are provided — one by Chick Corea on acoustic piano, and the other by Laws himself — to remind us that, after all, this is a jazz performance.

Chick Corea makes a second appearance, with another brilliant acoustic piano solo, in the composition Memory Of Minny (Riperton). This is a lovely work which, along with the other compositions, confirms that Laws is a fine composer indeed. He also wrote the lyrics for the title-track Family, sung by his sister Debra.

Although it is known that American-style jazz is very popular in Japan, very few indigenous Japanese jazz musicians have come to notice, other than pianist Toshiko Akiyoshi and cornetist Terumasa Hino, both of whom migrated to the US to pursue their careers.

Harmonica Step (Atom) featuring Nobuo Yagi (harmonica) and Hiroshi Yasukawa (guitar), is evidence that jazz is being played in Japan, and at a high standard.

The album features six Yasukawa compositions, locating the music in the area of jazz/rock fusion rather than acoustic jazz. In my view, though, it is gentle and contemplative enough to avoid the monotonous freneticism which has characterised much jazz/rock in the past.

The harmonica is unquestionably a limited instrument, with a narrow emotional range. It is best utilised in music that is sad, melancholy, wistful or nostalgic. Beyond those emotions it begins to sound pedestrian, unless it is played at the standard of Toots Thielemans, the Belgian musician who is the best harmonica player in jazz.

Steve Winwood

Nobuo Yagi certainly does not have the brilliance and soul of Thielemans; he sounds more like a talented student of Thielemans than a member of the same league.

In fact, the Japanese musicians on this LP reveal themselves, overall, to be, at most, talented students of the American jazz masters. The guitarist Hiroshi Yasukawa similarly shows quite clearly the influence of the American Eric Gale, one of the doyens of this kind of jazz/rock fusion. Therefore, this album does not have the sharpness, brilliance and sophistication of the many American releases available in this general idiom. It is a pleasant and highly agreeable album, though, placing the harmonica in an unusual and sometimes haunting context. — *Eric Myers.*

Other new releases include:

The Jam, *Sound Affects* (Polydor): Continuing the concept of punning titles, The Jam's latest is even better than the last one — *Setting Sons. Sound Affects* features a bunch of distinctive, melodic tunes which reveal the trio's debt to British Sixties pop. The lyrics have a bitter edge and they are sung with an intelligence and restraint which makes the rest of the new wave push they've been lumped with sound puerile in comparison. That's Entertainment is the high point and there isn't a low one.

REO Speedwagon, *Hi Infidelity* (CBS): Another snappy album title with music to match. This American rock and roll band has never made a major impact anywhere but mid-west USA. On this one they offer a selection of punchy, hard-driving, metallic rock. Guitar-based rock bands are a dime a dozen these days. REO Speedwagon is worth more — at least the price of their latest album.

Hiroshi Yasukawa

Jermaine Jackson, *Jermaine* (Motown): Yet another one of that family of synchronised negroes gets out on his own and shows he's no different from the rest. If you've heard any of them before, and who hasn't, then you'll know what to expect — classy, disco pap.

Killing Joke (Polygram): Gloomy post punk chants from a group of young Englishmen with a collective Sid Vicious complex. The over-all effect is chilling and oppressive. Music to listen to while you're waiting for the bomb to drop; or maybe I missed the joke.

Adam and the Ants, *Kings of the Wild Frontier* (CBS): You've heard the hype — all the bullshit about red indian and pirate costumes and make-up and the fact that Adam and his insect army are sweeping the world. But what about the music? It's as pretentious and vacuous as the rest of the media overkill, although Adam and his painted performers' percussion-dominated chants do have a certain infectious appeal. I'm sure they make a big impact live, but this stuff just isn't the fresh, dramatic and innovative sound that their PR machine is proclaiming. The Ants have been associated with Sex Pistols mastermind Malcolm McLaren of *The Great Rock and Roll Swindle* fame. This one sounds like it's the same plot with the names changed.

Sailor, *Dressed for Drowning* (CBS): Sailor will be remembered for incredibly silly, but also catchy tunes like Girls Girls Girls and Glass of Champagne. Now they've left all that high camp stuff behind, enlisted a couple of new members, including female vocalist Virginia Gavin and have gone straight and serious with a series of supposedly meaningful songs on this new release. Once they were distinctive — now they're just bland.

Boomtown Rats, *Mondo Bongo* (Mercury): Bob Geldof always seems to be striving for effect — to the point where he uses shock tactics. He seems to be trying even harder on this album which has generally been panned by the critics. These days the Rats are in a position where they can afford to indulge themselves and it sounds as if that's what they've done on *Mondo Bongo* to the point where they've forgotten that they're playing for anyone but themselves. This album has it's moments, with songs like Banana Republic and a couple of others with a reggae feel. But in the final analysis it only offers further proof that Mr Geldof and his music have a great deal of style — but not much substance.

Dr Hook, *Rising* (Mercury): Middle-aged delinquents make good singing maudlin country ballads and clowning around like madmen. The Dr Hook formula works on stage where the antics of those crazy characters, Sawyer and Locorriere can be appreciated. On vinyl it's a different matter. It's harder to tell whether they are being satirical or serious; hopefully they're taking the former stance on songs like the single Girls Can Get It, which must take the 1981 turgid lyric of the year award. A ticket to their next concert would be better value than *Rising.*

Gamma 2 (Elektra): Lead guitarist Ronny Montrose made his reputation as a session guitarist with Van Morrison in the early Seventies. Now he's into hard, fast, blues and rock and roll . . . modern heavy metal. This is Gamma's first Australian release. It's not bad if you like having your ears bashed, and the band must have good taste because they revive that old Thunderclap Newman classic from the Sixties, Something in the Air, a song which takes on a whole new meaning in 1981.

Blue Angel (Polydor): Fifties rock and roll revival from this five-piece New York-based band. They do it well with a gutsy little lady called Cyndi Lauper flexing her tonsils up-front and some great sax from John Turi. Blue Angel have taken their name from an old Roy Orbison song from the Fifties. It's full tilt, vintage rock and roll, but you've heard it all before.

Styx, *Paradise Theatre* (A&M): Gala production from one of the United States' biggest selling bands. It's slick, professional, predictable and innocuous.

Franne Gold, *Restless* (Portrait): Formerly known as a middle-of-the-road R and B performer, on this album American Franne Gold breaks out of her conservative shell and lets go with a powerful contribution to the rock genre. Sometimes she sounds like Stevie Nicks and sometimes she sounds like she's trying to be a female Bruce Springsteen with soaring saxophone and street scene lyrics. Ms Gold sounds best singing full-bore. Let's hope we see/hear more of her.

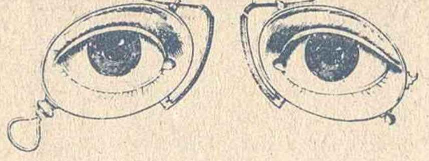
Matt Finish, *Short Note* (Giant): Right now, Matt Finish have everything going for them. They've a talented lead singer in Matt Moffit, a collection of individual and original tunes, they've paid their dues on the Sydney Circuit and gained a solid following, signed with producer Peter Dawkins of Dragon and Mi-Sex fame to put out their debut album on his new Giant label, and that album, *Short Note,* has been distributed by CBS. With all that behind them, how can they miss? They just might, because this tasteful album, with its sparse rhythm orientated arrangements and generally subdued approach might just go over the heads of the record buyers who expect an aural assault and finds instead the controlled, uncluttered approach taken by Matt Moffit and the rest of his band. — *Phil Abraham.*

WORDS

ONIONS, WHITE, $6

Television is a wonder of the modern age, and a wonder within that wonder is the ABC Rural Department which, with its drawling, tobacco-rolling producers and pockets of National Civic Council types, is more a wonder of a bygone era. ABC Rural's most wondrous product is the *Country Hour*, the highlight of which goes something like this: "Onions, white, six dollars to six dollars fifty, brown, one to one dollar fifty a rednet bag, odd specials higher . . ."

The daily market report wasn't



too successful on television, so the Rural Department took upon itself the task of translating the life of the mythic Australian into the language of the Real Australian. It produces those TV shows like *A Big Country* and its reporters and directors wear real riding boots and have real burrs in their moleskins, unlike, say, John Laws, who wears riding boots to make a big noise as he enters his radio studio.

And while some people go to America, or whoever else is flogging off cheap dockoes, for their feature's the ABC Rural boys go out West and actually make real television programs.

They have a tendency to pick up bona fide crazies whom they treat with great respect because they all share this same Country Party-type vision of the great honesty of the bush. The latest ABC Rural hero, Jack Absalom, tends a little in that direction, as you may have noticed as you watched this kangaroo shooter turned painter in his It's-a-man's-life-in-the-great-outback series on ABC-TV last month.

Jack's dad broke his back when Jack was eight, and such early responsibility seldom makes the sort of intellectual humanist much preferred by other sections of the ABC. Still, opinions such as "the outback is dingo country and the sheep have no right in it" mark the man as decidedly non-traditional Country Party, if a little idealistic.

Following on the success of the TV series, the ABC has released a book based on it called *Jack Absalom's Outback*, by John Mabey (ABC/Rigby, $14.95), which has plenty of color pix and big printing for television addicts.

Putting a TV series on to paper is a good idea, for it exposes the limitations of TV. Certainly, seeing is believing, but there are many facts that can't be told in pictures: at best, TV can give you an idea of what's going on.

This book also reveals how fragmented the series is, taking as it does a rough trot over a dozen vaguely-related topics, merely whetting the viewer/reader's appetite for something more substantial.

But it's an interesting enough ramble, although considering the price those interested could do as well rummaging through provincial newspapers. — *P.D. Jack.*

Mark Yarry (left) and Detective Constable James Goldie.

Hello, hello, hello, what's going on here, then?

Why, it's the greatest counterfeiting crime of the century — at least that's how they've subtitled *Fiver* (Weidenfeld and Nicholson, $21.95). It's the story of an American businessman who stumbled on to a plot to break the Bank of England by a bloke called the Magician who was flooding the money market with almost perfect replicas of the British five-pound note.

And I must say, it's lucky that Yank came along officer, because you and your associates down at Scotland Yard weren't getting very far with the case on your own. In fact, that Yank really showed you up. As well as its remarkable revelations about the methods used by the master counterfeiter, the book also reveals the bumbling conservatism of the men of Scotland Yard and their refusal to accept that the American was solving the case for them.

Yarry, an adventurous 35-year-old businessman, became involved in the case when a taxi-driver offered to sell him counterfeit five-pound notes. He said yes, then rang the Yard. A young detective, James Goldie, questioned Yarry about the offer and the pair realised this was their chance to crack the case which had been worrying the Yard for years.

At one stage in the early Seventies, the counterfeiter had been putting 50,000 pounds worth of bad notes a week through the system. The case was not publicised because of the panic which would have resulted.

Yarry then spent the next two months posing as an underworld figure in an attempt to lure the Magician from his lair. He succeeded, but he never received anything but suspicion and resentment from the British police.

Tricking the counterfeiter to come into the open was a long and painstaking process. Yarry gave the impression that he was a big man in the Mafia, and made his way up the hierarchy of criminals involved in the fake note scheme from the taxi-driver who first offered to sell him bad notes to the man at the top.

While Yarry posed as the man from the Mafia, Goldie tagged along as his bodyguard while the concealed tape recorder he carried took down the evidence which condemned the counterfeiters.

Hank Whittemore wrote the book in association with Yarry, but unfortunately his techniques are crude and attempts to bring characters to life often don't work.

Apart from the counterfeiters, Yarry appears to be the only person who failed to benefit from the operation. While the boys down at Scotland Yard were slapping themselves on the back and receiving accolades and promotions from their superiors Yarry, the man who cracked the case with perseverence and audacity, was sacked from his job because he'd been spending too much time helping the police break the counterfeit ring.

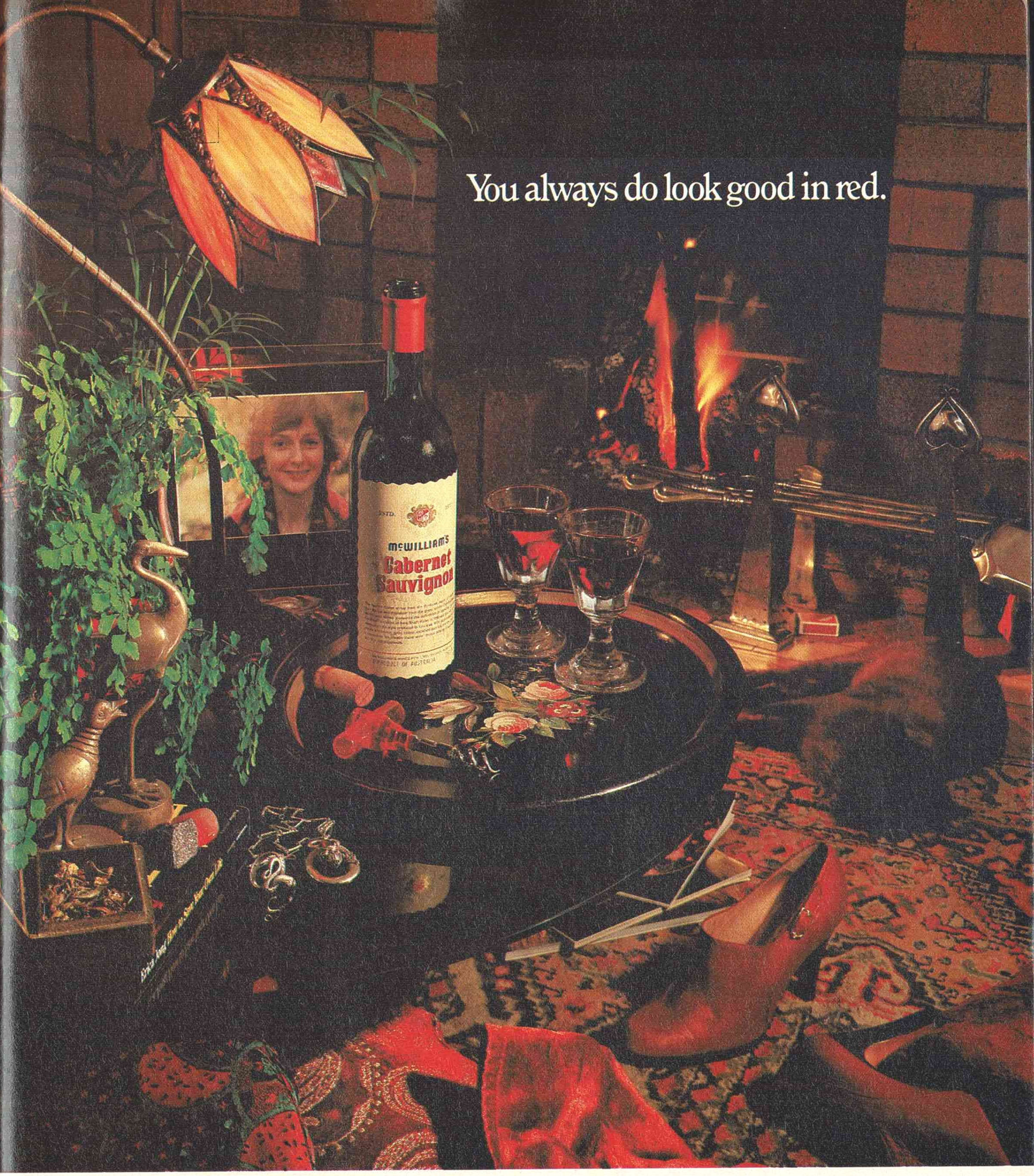
But then, he's got one hell of a story to tell his grandchildren. — *Phil Abraham.*

It seems "Art for Art's sake" is a pretty threadbare philosophy among those who move in the rarified circles of the world's premier auction rooms. With a global turnover in fine paintings of $3000 million a year, a clutch of Old Masters is more likely to inspire rapaciousness than rapture. That, at least, is the gospel according to Frank McDonald in his new book, *Provenance* (Macdonald, $22.75).

Essentially, McDonald strips the previous facade from the international art world and gets stuck into all the funny business one usually finds associated with that sort of money.

Since it is a novel, he also throws in a good dose of art looted by the Nazis, henchmen emanating from the Vatican, some clever intrigue and a soupcon of sex and drugs.

The word "provenance" relates to the authentication of works of art: how much authenticity McDonald has achieved in that respect will only be appreciated by those intimately involved with the business, but it won't be disputed that he has produced an excellent piece of fast-moving fiction. — *John Hampshire.*



There's a certain art to choosing the right colour for any occasion. Take red for instance. A colour which must be treated with some reverence. A little too much and it will clash. A little too little, and you achieve nothing.

Red must be chosen with the utmost discretion. Then and only then will it achieve the right kind of result.

It's like choosing a fine red wine. Take McWilliam's Cabernet Sauvignon for instance. It's a classic claret style with a pronounced varietal aroma and flavour, excellent balance, firm tannin finish and good colour.

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AB 478/80

Is levitation possible?
Is it worth $3000 to find out?

TRANSCENDENTAL FLIGHT

BY PHIL ABRAHAM

At least 700 Australians have paid up to $3000 to the Transcendental Meditation movement to learn how to levitate. The movement claims levitation and other phenomena like flying, incredible strength and invisibility which occur during the practice of their advanced techniques (sidhis) are merely symptoms of the perfect consciousness which is the aim of their guru the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi's teachings. But the world-wide TM movement is extremely secretive about the methods used to achieve these aberrant physical states and their actual results. They refuse to display their mind-blowing talents in public claiming they don't want to sensationalise these matters by turning their spiritualism into a circus act.

The leaders of the Sydney section of the movement refused to talk to this magazine about the subject, or why it costs the TM novice thousands of dollars to be taught their secret techniques.

The only proof the public has been offered is a few black and white still photos of cross-legged individuals who have risen less than a metre from the soft bases upon which they have been meditating. In some instances the levitator's tie is sticking out at right-angles from his body and his hair looks as if it's windblown. The only conclusion that can be drawn from this is that the sidhas have not been in the air for very long. A number of anonymous testimonials have also been produced as proof of the meditators' powers.

It seems reasonable to suggest that the founder of the movement, the Maharishi, would be the most likely exponent of these expensive skills, but he appears to be particularly reticent about the subject.

TM is one of a variety of eastern spiritual groups which gained prominence in the late Sixties and early Seventies. Divine Light, Ananda Marga, and the Hare Krishnas were all enlisting disciples, but the Maharishi's program became particularly well known because of his brief association with The Beatles. TM's credibility has always been based on the scientific validation of the group's claims. They have gone to great lengths to provide properly documented evidence of the benefits of their basic meditation techniques, which have been shown to have some beneficial effects upon the mind and body.

But the costly advanced sidhi techniques are a different story. The movement does not show the same eagerness to prove the success of the sidhis with scientific evidence. They only do it behind closed doors.

Casualties from the sidhi courses claim the TM people are playing dangerous games with their new techniques. They say the meditators don't understand the phenomena they are dealing with, that they are disrupting the sensitive mechanisms of the nervous system with no knowledge of its ultimate effect on the metabolism and the mind. Some of the people who have paid for the technique claim they have suffered irrepairable damage as a result of messing around with their mental mechanisms.

There's no doubt that these people do get airborne. However, they don't fly, and they don't levitate in the true sense of the word. That is, they're not suspended in mid-air. They jump. Non-meditators claim to have heard TM practitioners crying out and bouncing around the walls in adjacent rooms. They say the effects sometimes sound quite eerie.

The TM movement offers a theory to justify its concepts. ". . . the TM-sidhi program provides a means to stir the field of pure consciousness (reached through ordinary TM) into action, resulting in profound changes in physiology, psychology and environment. Because the silent state of consciousness contains all the impulses of natural law that guides every conceivable process in nature, it is possible, by activating specific combinations of impulses, to exercise abilities well beyond the common limits of achievement . . . purely through an impulse of intention."

Here's one TM student's impression of the act from the outside. "The TM teacher was practising the flying technique in the room next to me. I could hear an intermittent bump, bump, bump, and there was an odd feeling that the windows were vibrating just slightly."

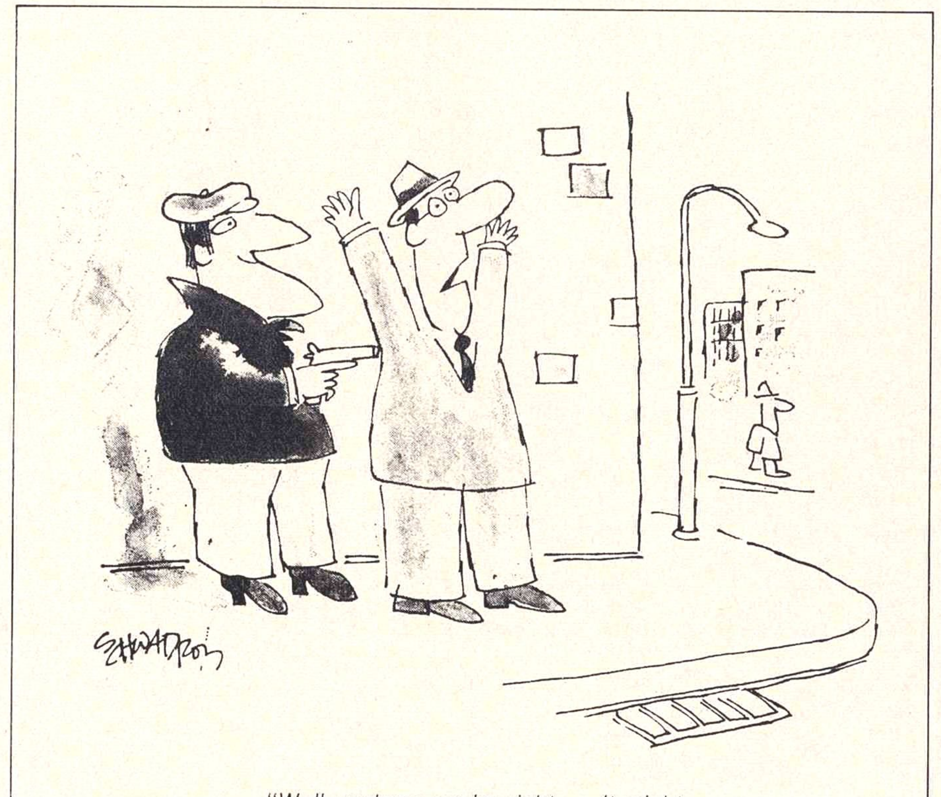
But what does it look like from the inside? Some people who have done the course are willing to describe in detail the techniques and their results despite the fact that they signed contracts promising that they would never divulge the movement's secrets. Alex (we can't use his real name because it would leave him open to litigation) did TM intensively for 10 years. He says it turned him into an unstable and alienated automaton. He described the results of the advanced course as a frightening, uncontrollable experience.

"I would be sitting cross-legged after doing my usual physical exercises and meditations and the first sidhis. When it came to the last, the flying sutra, I'd say it and would suddenly feel a jolt of energy through me — I would involuntarily jump off the ground. It was like a muscular spasm, but the frightening thing was it was accompanied by a variety of unpleasant symptoms. My body would emit uncontrollable animal growls, I'd scream, drool and thrash about the room. This sort of behavior was not uncommon among other practitioners of the sidhis. The nearest thing I can compare it with is a self-induced epileptic fit."

That sounds like something out of *The Exorcist,* but Alex has a rational explanation. He compares the phenomenon to the martial arts exponent's displays of incredible strength through the sudden release of chi (energy). It is interesting to note that epileptics often show increased physical power when they are in the throes of a fit.

Remember Kung Fu king Bruce Lee? His physical prowess transcended normal limits, but he pushed them beyond the breaking point and died suddenly and prematurely. Lee moved with incredible speed and strength. Film-makers actually had to ask him to slow down for the cameras because they could not record his movements. He was too fast, even when the cameras were speeded up in an attempt to compensate. Lee could hold his fist a couple of centimetres from a man's chest, punch him and send the man spinning across the room.

He was apparently able to tune into that mysterious source of power and release it in spasms of energy. As his movies show, Lee was able to jump fantastic heights. He



"Well, perhaps you're right . . . It might be just the thing to get the economy going again."

Small wonder.

Small wonder that a Café Crème is one of the world's most popular small cigars.
Small wonder that a Café Crème is the small cigar people ask for when a cigarette just doesn't give them enough. Try a pack and you'll understand why.

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was an example of the TM flying technique perfected.

TM exponents get off on this sort of thing — strange powers and the supernatural. Their stance is elitist. The attitude is, if you don't do TM you are an inferior being because you don't have this ability to overpower the laws of nature with an *Incredible Hulk*-like transformation in your bedrooms. TM people appreciate characters like the Hulk and Superman. They also find the *Star Wars* mythology attractive with the bonding of the forces of good in their fight against evil. When Luke Skywalker says "May the force be with you," they'll say "Terrific mate, that's what it's all about." But, is the force with the TM movement, or does its power come from the dark regions that motivate Darth Vader?

The TM movement doesn't like that sort of question. It goes to great lengths to give the impression that it's an overt organisation striving to improve the human condition. It claims that the dawning of the age of enlightenment will come when a certain percentage of the world's population takes up meditation. They say that when one percent of the population is practising the TM program sufficient order is generated in the collective consciousness of the population to bring about sharp reductions in crime, illness, and accident rates and significant improvements in prosperity, social stability and ecological balance.

They claim to have put about 40,000 Australians through their basic meditation course at a current cost of $150. They're easy to find; there's a centre in every capital city and their phone number and address can be found in the telephone book. The movement's Sydney headquarters in the fashionable suburb of Woollahra is identified by a brass plate inscribed with the TM title, similar to the name plate outside the doctor's surgery just down the road.

By offering this clean-cut public image rather than wandering around like a bunch of weirdos with shaved heads and orange robes, and presenting impressive scientific proof of the benefits of their techniques, the transcendental meditators have got on side with the establishment. In America large corporations have adopted TM as a standard in-house training procedure, especially at the executive level. University campuses are another fruitful area for enlisting naive recruits. These people pay their $150 for lessons in meditation but soon find that the straight approach is a facade. Underneath, at the core of the TM experience is the same old Hindu mumbo jumbo presented as secret knowledge which must never be revealed to the uninitiated.

Those who attend the TM initiation are asked to bring along flowers, fruit and a white handkerchief. Each individual's instructor gives the novice a mantra — the special word which he chants to himself while he meditates. This mantra is said to be a powerful force, a word which has been chosen especially for the individual for its spiritual significance and resonance.

In fact, the mantras are selected merely according to the recipient's age. No other factors are taken into account. One former meditator said many mantras were meaningless sanskrit words or just common Hindu. One mantra, when translated into English, means finger. So some people have been sitting around for years and years saying the word "finger" over and over to themselves in the misguided belief that they are achieving spiritual enlightenment.

Early research into TM had scientists placing electrodes on the heads of meditators to monitor the pattern of their brain waves. It was claimed that people who did TM were entering a new state of consciousness, a state of inner alertness and at the same time relaxation. These particular patterns were called alpha rhythms. It was suggested that when the meditator snapped out of this state he was revitalised and energetic.

> ‘ Some people have been sitting around for years saying the word "finger" to themselves. ’

The TM movement claimed that its method's benefits included the achievement of a unique state of deep rest, reduced heart rate, increased autonomic balance, reduced stress, increased relaxation, normalisation of high blood pressure, reduced use of alcohol and cigarettes, relief of insomnia, normalisation of weight, benefits to those who suffer bronchial asthma, improved athletic performance, faster reactions, increased perceptual abilities, increased intelligence growth rate, improved academic performance, personality development, increased creativity, and increased productivity.

These claims are wildly extravagant. The TM people have shown that they can modify the behavior of the human nervous system, and get some unusual reactions from it. Some of these reactions are obviously beneficial. It is impossible to ignore the improvements in many adherents attitudes and lifestyles since they started the program. TM does work.

Meditators' eyes are clear and fresh when they come out of their trance. Sometimes their eyes even have a sort of babylike innocence. That can be explained by the fact that a baby is not really very conscious at all. Some former meditators say they found the program actually subdued and dulled their responses. "Blissed out" is the common term, it's a state that has been compared to THC intoxication.

But the basic meditation techniques and their mild effects are merely the calm before the storm of the advanced program — the sidhis. Alex the TM infidel said the basic TM techniques are just the training ground for the major, and most costly operation. He said the basic techniques are part of an indoctrination process which culminates with the sidhis.

"Everyone thought the alpha rhythm discovery was wonderful," said Alex. "But that is a questionable assumption. In fact, alpha waves are not all that remarkable. Anyone going to sleep goes through this mental state of limbo. It's been proven to be a completely separate state from the hypnotic one, but it is one in which the individual is able to absorb information in an uncritical manner. Sleep learning techniques take advantage of this state."

Alex claimed that the people who go on the intensive weekend or week long courses, which are a prerequisite for the sidhi stage, achieve a permanent alpha state while doing the course. "The interesting thing is that they are totally forbidden from leaving the course or even taking outside phone calls. The TM people say this is wonderful they're experiencing a constant alpha rhythm state. But at the same time they are in a state where they are accepting the Maharishi's teachings in a totally uncritical manner. I guess you could call it brainwashing. TM is a form of auto-analgesia. Instead of taking a Bex, you take TM. Everyone goes through this indoctrination process before they are allowed to take the sidhi course."

According to the movement, the sidhis are a breakthrough in human potential which gives man mastery over the forces of nature through a new co-ordination of the mind and body. They tell candidates for the course that the physical phenomena which occur are merely side effects. An individual would obviously have to have a fair degree of gullibility to hand over $3000 expecting to be shown how to defy the laws of gravity in return. But as the TM people said, 700 Australians and thousands of others all over the world have spent thousands of dollars in the belief that they will be taught to fly.

In fact, all that aspirants to this higher state get for their money is a few new mantras.

When Alex did his training a few of years ago, he received instruction over the phone from TM headquarters in Switzer-

The 'Singles' Fridge
from Pacific

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Look inside and you'll find the sort of features you'd expect to find only in a big refrigerator: Push button defrost. Full width freezer. Crisper compartment. Dairy cabinet. Egg rack. Tall bottle shelf.

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Illustration: Pacific 7-175 litres (6.25 cu. ft.) Model H717B.

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pacific
by gorenje
Fits your lifestyle

land. He was given a series of words to repeat through this divine connection.

The TM people eventually found a way to save on these long distance phone calls. At their Blue Mountains training centre they told novices to bring transistor radios. These were tuned to the frequency of a transmitter which gave them all the same input from one call.

Alex described the processes he was told to undertake if he wanted to get airborne. After his relaxing physical exercises and regular 20 minutes meditation session he was settled into a receptive state of minimum excitation. He then repeated a series of words and phrases. He was told that in order to achieve happiness he should say the word "happiness", then wait for about 15 seconds while he sank deeper into his subconscious and then say "happiness" again.

Next, in order to gain power over people he repeated the word "friendliness" in the same manner. To gain fantastic strength he was told to repeat the words "strength of an elephant". There were more sutras or formulas to be repeated before the final blast — the flying sutra. There were references to parts of the body which were supposed to activate certain energy centres. He repeated words like "bronchial tubes" and "trachea". Next up were the celestial sutras, they vary from course to course but contain references to the sun and the moon.

By this stage your average meditator is starting to experience some pretty weird sensations. In his state of bliss Alex said he often saw, smelt and heard things, and he described these hallucinations as being basically pleasant. But according to Alex, the final flying sutra created such chaos that it destroyed all previous feelings of calmness and celestial vision.

The two sutras he had to say to get himself into the air were "relationship between body and space" and "lightness of cotton fibre". He said, straightfaced, that he frequently became airborne after repeating these phrases. "It seems strange that such chaotic phenomena could be created by the repetition of two phrases, but it happened. These words' significance as signals, particularly after the TM indoctrination process and the achievement of a totally receptive state, must be taken into account. I also found that the phenomena were always stronger when the sutras were said in the company of other TM people. It almost seemed to be infectious.

"But the power that was released was an uncontrollable, animal sensation, not a pleasant or joyous thing, and when the TM people did it they actually growled like animals. The jolt, and the lift off the ground was just one part of the phenomenon.

"The TM people say it's effortless and it is in the sense that you don't have to exert your muscles. This force which you release after distorting the reaction of the nervous system flows through you in a spasm. One of its effects is to throw you off the ground. That is why they won't let you see the sidhis, because they manifest this primitive behavior while they're involved in them. They say the sidhis create a high EEG brain wave coherence, but I question this. In my experience they create not improved function, but dysfunction."

WORLD NEWS
SCOTT

"Fred Carey here bringing you the news, along with Miss Clover to provide relief by displaying her tits."

Alex gave transcendental meditation away after 10 years of devoted practice. He says his mental state was becoming erratic and he blames the advanced meditation techniques. "My moods began to swing rapidly between the two extremes of depression and elation. My sexual desires disappeared, and this is a common response from other TM trainees.

"That human facility for the enjoyment of sex was destroyed. I felt as if I was going to commit suicide. My emotions were becoming more and more turbulent and I was losing control of them.

"At that stage I still felt the problem was within myself, and not with the TM methods. But now that I've left I realise that my instability was a result of my involvement with the Maharishi's teachings. But at the same time, I was conditioned to believe that the deterioration was my fault. That's another thing about TM teachings. They claim infallibility. If anything goes wrong it is always you who has failed, not them."

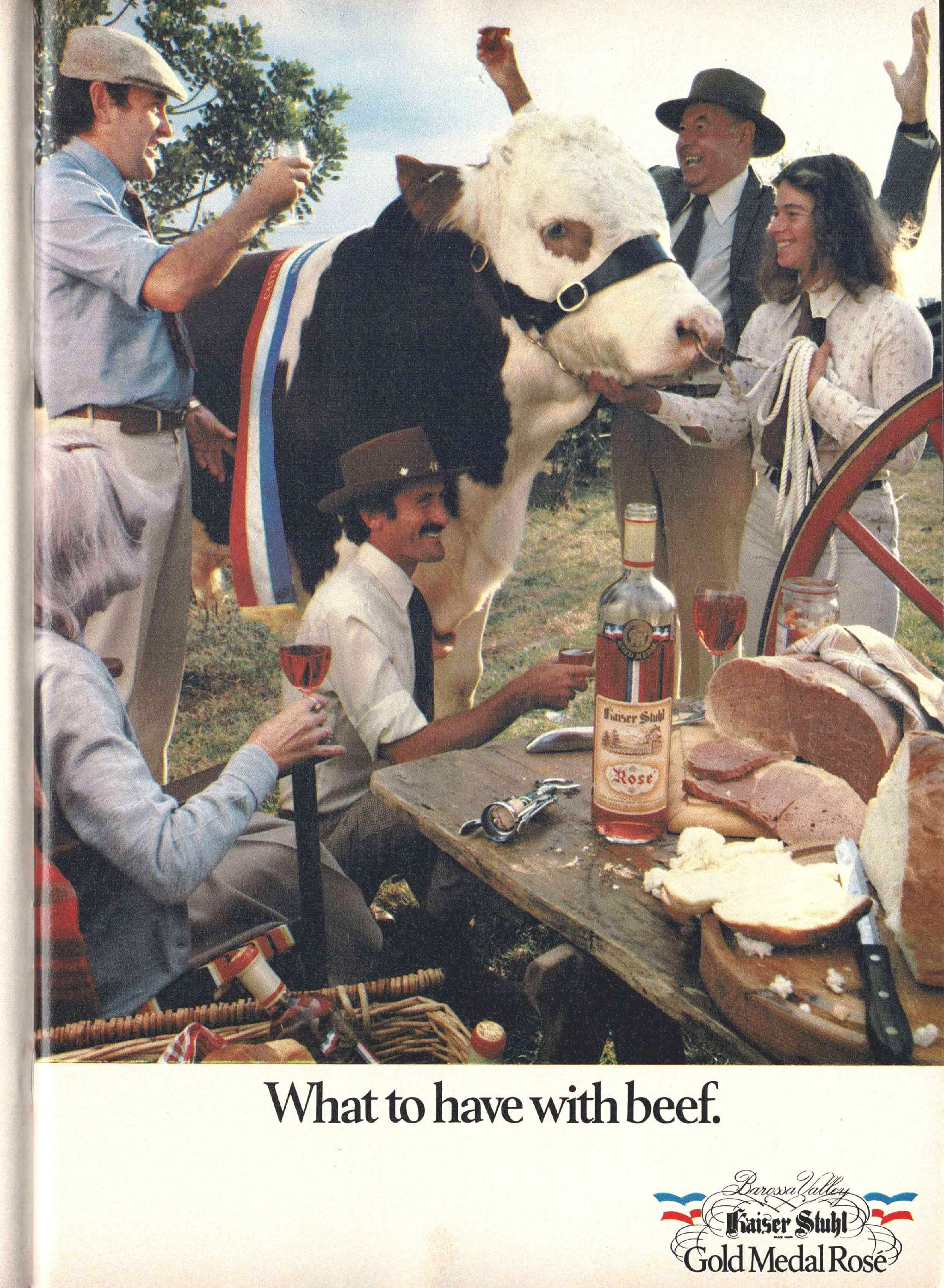
Alex said he was forced to give up a profitable and responsible job as a result of his instability. He suffered a ruptured disc as a result of bouncing around his bedroom after saying the flying sutras. The alienation caused by the constant exploration of his subconscious resulted in a deterioration in his social relationships. He said people felt disturbed and uncomfortable in his presence.

His TM instructors' answer to the problem was to give the movement more time and money. The teachers told him that he was just undergoing a process of normalisation.

In TM terminology he was feeling "rough", but Alex knew that what was happening in his head and to his body wasn't normal at all.

The premature release of dangerous drugs on the market can be used as anology with the sale of the advanced TM techniques. The ultimate effects of the TM sidhi techniques are still a mystery. It's practitioners don't know what they are doing to themselves. That's why they won't let you see them under the influence of the sidhis and it's why they can't prove their benefits as they did with the basic techniques.

There are no short cuts on the road to spiritual enlightenment. The TM people are claiming they've found one by taking to the air. The only qualifications you'll need for their trip to Nirvana is a healthy bank account. But if you do decide to take a transcendental flight to the palace of wisdom, make sure you've got your seat belt fastened, because despite the hostess' assurances, you'll be taking off on a bumpy ride.



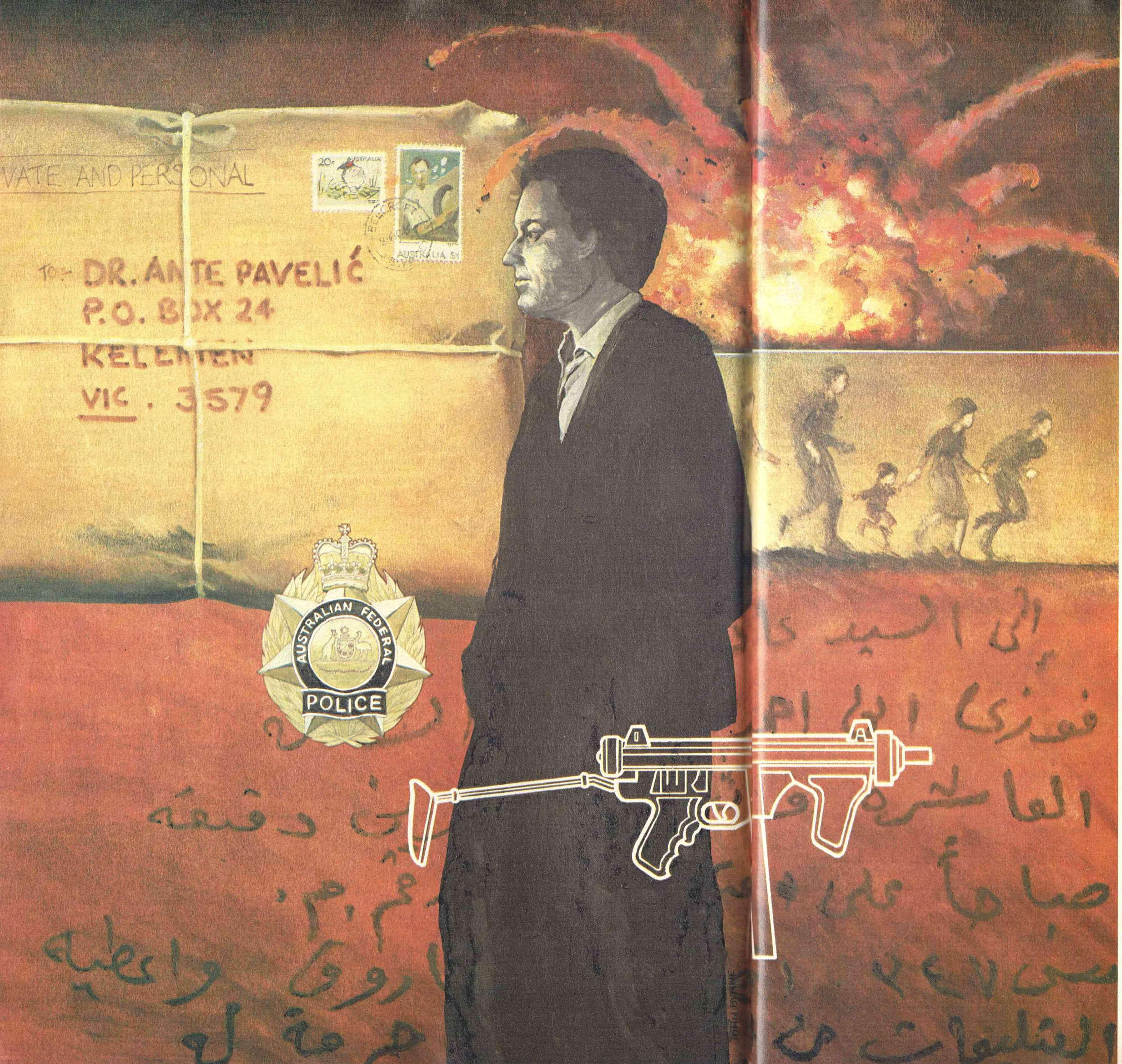


Illustration by John Byrne

Since the Hilton bombing, terrorism has been a growth industry in this country.

TERROR AUSTRALIS

BY MAX TEICHMANN

Until the 1980s Australia was among the privileged few countries whose isolation and independence kept the majority free from the fear of political violence and bomb threats. But when the evidence is assimilated, it becomes clear that the terrorist menace is now too close for comfort. Recent major incidents in Australia come quickly to mind: the Turkish assassinations, the Hilton bombing and the Croatian outrages. But these are merely the most spectacular episodes. Other attempts at political violence have been foiled.

The Qantas and Woolworths bomb extortion threats are examples of another disturbing trend. In these cases there is no intention to change the political climate. Money is the motivating force, and a threat to the general populace is the lever used in the bargaining process. When current trends are taken into account it seems certain that further incidents of this type are inevitable.

Let's look at terrorism in a world-wide context before approaching the problem in Australia. In one of his first official announcements the new US Secretary of State General Haig said the first priority of his government's foreign policy would be to deal with international terrorism. Haig went on to accuse the Soviet Union of engaging in what he said amounted to international terrorism, citing her behavior in Afghanistan and Poland.

Neither of these situations are sensible examples of terrorism. But the Soviet Union is engaged in international terrorism on a large scale: without her training facilities, weapons supplies and money, the problem of terrorism would be far less worrying. There are graduates of more than 40 training camps in Russia, now acting out their fantasies in different parts of the world. They come, bent on mischief, from many countries — including Australia.

For most people, the word terrorism means acts of violence against the state by politically motivated minority groups. Well known examples are the IRA, the PLO, Ananda Marga, The Red Brigade, Basque terrorist groups, South Moluccans, Darul Islam and so on.

But terrorist activity is frequently organised on an international level. A well known example of this was the Lod Airport incident in Israel in 1972 when three Japanese Red Army terrorists mowed down 100 passengers in the baggage hall, killing 27. Most of the dead were Puerto Rican pilgrims and not the Jews the operation's organisers had hoped to kill. That attack was planned in Germany by a Palestinian Arab, executed in Israel by terrorists recruited in Japan, using weapons acquired in Italy but manufactured in Russia, supplied by an Algerian diplomat and financed by Libyian money.

Another disturbing development in International terrorism is the emergence of the hit man, the original gun for hire. He can be flown into a country like Australia, assassinate his victim and be out of the country before the authorities have a chance to stop him. In the future it is quite likely that political terrorists who are tired of their ideologies will move into the role of hit man, in the same way that demobbed soldiers become mercenaries.

The terrorists' vague and often illogical philosophies and the surprising co-operation between groups with apparently opposing goals give cause for concern. What happens to ex-terrorists? Do they just fade away . . . or do they redirect their destructiveness into another familiar form — non political violence?

The growth of terrorism has been accompanied by an increase in the incidence of two other criminal activities. The drug trade spread its tentacles into the judicial, financial and political sectors of many countries, including Australia. There has also been an increase in the number of armed robberies and the previously mentioned hit murders.

All these activities overlap, and some of the actors play a variety of roles. Many terrorists take drugs and many commit armed robberies to raise funds. In Italy in the Eighties every second criminal group has given itself a radical political title. We may yet awake to find the local TAB has been knocked off by the Taswegian Freedom Fighters. There doesn't seem to be any reason why terrorist groups short on money or drugs should not act in collusion with established drug rings and other criminal groups.

A final general observation is the fact that terrorism is surprisingly cost effective. It doesn't cost much to mount a terrorist operation and a Rand Corporation study put their success rate at 79 percent. Another disturbing feature of the whole phenomenon is that as soon as one form of violence is successfully countered, the terrorists find another effective method. Aircraft hijacking was common in the Seventies. It is now less frequent. The appearance of biological and nuclear terrorist attacks are a likely development.

THE AUSTRALIAN CONNECTION

Statistics reveal a number of trends relating to political violence in Australia. Before 1968, its level was trifling. There was a big jump between 1968 and 1972, as a result of our involvement in Vietnam. When that stopped, the level dropped back to its pre 1968 figure.

Figures on politically motivated violence and vandalism in Australia printed in the Hope Report show that Yugoslav incidents have maintained a permanent presence. Since 1978 Middle Eastern conflict has inspired most acts of political violence in this country. Past Australian terrorist incidents show the increased frequency of political violence.

> The Indian Military Attache and his wife were kidnapped at gunpoint from their home.

- On November 17, 1966, a parcel bomb believed to have been addressed to a leading pro-Yugoslav supporter exploded prematurely in the mail room of the Melbourne General Post Office.
- On August 18, 1968, an unsuccessful attempt was made to destroy the United States Consulate-General in Melbourne by the use of petrol bombs.
- On September 16, 1972, a bomb was detonated inside the Yugoslav General Trade and Tourist Agency in Sydney. Severe damage was caused and 16 people were injured, two critically.
- On November 19, 1975, two employees of the Queensland Premier's Department were injured when they opened a letter bomb addressed to the Premier of Queensland. A similar device addressed to the Prime Minister was intercepted and defused.
- On September 15, 1977, the Indian Military Attache and his wife were awoken and kidnapped at gunpoint from their Canberra home. During the incident the Attache was stabbed in the chest.
- On October 19, 1977, an employee of the Air India Office in Melbourne was stabbed by an unidentified assailant who claimed to have a registered letter for the manager.
- On February 13, 1978, in the early hours of the morning, two men died instantly and one later in hospital when a bomb in a street waste container outside the Sydney Hilton Hotel exploded after being placed in a garbage truck. The bomb also seriously injured six others.
- Last year's Turkish assassinations and the revelations of the recently concluded Croat conspiracy trials are the latest examples of political violence.

ANANDA MARGA

Ananda Marga means Path of Bliss. It's an Indian based mystical sect with a history of political violence dating from the mid-Sixties. They first came to the attention of the public when a member stabbed then kidnapped an Indian diplomat in Canberra. In 1977 sect members were intercepted by NSW Special Branch officers, when en-route to hit National Front leader Robert John Cameron.

The 1978 Hilton Hotel bombing in Sydney was attributed by police to the sect, although their evidence was scanty. It appeared that the bomb, which was placed in a dustbin, was not meant to kill but to explode as a symbolic warning to Indian Prime Minister Desai, a member of the Commonwealth Heads of State Conference which was held in the hotel. It must be said that authorities displayed a typical lack of knowledge of counter terrorist techniques. The dustbin had not been checked by security police.

At the time there was a dispute within ASIO as to whether Ananda Marga was a terrorist organisation. Despite intensive surveillance by ASIO, including massive telephone intercepts of AM members, some ASIO staff had been critical of what they regarded as the Commonwealth Police's heavy-handed attitudes towards AM. The fact is, the Australian Federal Police (the new name for the Commonwealth Police) had a better grasp of the nature of the AM threat than did ASIO.

Both organisations had the AM under surveillance but the AFP's more realistic attitude towards AM eventually neutralised the organisation, and it no longer constitutes a threat.

What motivated the AM? The answer helps explain the early diffidence of some ASIO people in seeing them as a terrorist problem. Briefly, the AM were divided into two sections, one devoting itself to good works, charity, and trying to change the consciousness of others in order to involve them in programs for repairing the ravages of industrialism, commercialism, landlordism, and man's indifference to man.

But the other wing of the movement was the militant, revolutionary arm — called Proutists. They believe in a form of mystical violence which would cleanse the earth, and humanity would thus be reborn. Their creed was redemption through violence; violence as an aesthetic; violence as an end in itself, as well as the purgative for evil, and a path of rebirth. There are traces of this type of reasoning in fascist, anarchist and some religious fundamentalist movements.

The radical wing just described was and is the terrorist core of AM. Their operations have a deliberately symbolic and propagandist intent — although aimed theoretically at the destruction of the State, and the revolutionary transformation of society. In India their targets were the government, the capitalists, the rich, and American imperialism.

The terrorist core of AM might be described as fanatics who were brainwashed or programmed into acts of violence — people without any set program or objective — and the Hilton affair was a typical result.

THE MIDDLE EAST CONNECTION

The most cogent threat in recent times has been coming from the Middle East area. There are active cells of the PFLP (Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine) and El Fatah in Sydney and Melbourne. Furthermore a number of communist organisations — in particular the SLL (Socialist Labor League) have had close links with these cells. Indeed a number of our breakaway communists have received terrorist training, in England and Australia, funded by the Libyans.

The large Middle Eastern community in Australia totals over 120,000. They include political activists of both the Left and Right, with continuing involvement in Middle Eastern politics. On the other hand there are also large communities of Jews in Melbourne and Sydney, and a long close relationship between Australia and Israel. The comparatively recent establishment of strong Iraqi diplomatic posts in Canberra and Sydney with intelligence officers on their staffs, has added to the possibility of intercommunal conflict. The Israeli intelligence service Mossad is well established in Australia.

As post mortems are conducted as to how the assassins of members of the Turkish Embassy entered Australia, it should be remembered that this was not the first time foreign terrorists have come into this country. In 1973 an Arab terrorist was intercepted at Melbourne's Tullamarine airport with a false bottomed suitcase, complete with assassination equipment. He may have been the unlucky one, for Australian entry systems are markedly deficient and seemed no great problem for professional hit men. In the 1973 case it was not smart ASIO footwork which pin-pointed this person, but a vigilent customs inspector.

THE TURKISH ASSASSINATIONS

One of the complicating factors of counter terrorist work is the readiness of superficially disparate organisations to co-operate on particular jobs, on a I'll scratch your back you scratch mine basis. There are some unsolved conundrums about the Armenian terrorist group, supposedly paying off scores against the Turks for crimes of 65 years ago. For one thing it is not difficult to connect them with the Turkish People's Liberation Army — a leftist group dedicated to fighting an undoubtedly repressive and unsavory government. This group shared the same offices in Paris with the Iranian guerilla movement to overthrow the Shah. These in turn were closely linked with the Palestinians, especially George Habash's Marxist Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine (PFLP).

> The killers were able to stay on the site, awaiting their victim for something like four hours.

The Turkish assassinations last December bore all the marks of a sophisticated operation, reminisent of the efforts of a network far better known to us than the Armenians. Operational connections with the PLO and international Marxist groups are in fact now being generally asserted. The conduct of this type of operation requires the conscious and/or unconscious co-operation of at least 6-8 people (which makes it difficult to understand why it was not prevented).

First, there would need to have been an assessment of what is called the operational environment ie. the location and topography. To obtain this, maps and layout of streets are needed and this support seems to always invariably come from the local community.

Second, logistic support — arms, ammunition, transport are needed, requiring local assistance. Third, false documentation for coming in and out of the country (if the hit men are overseas agents), plus cover while preparing the last stages of the operation.

Clearly the more stages and people involved, some in the target country some overseas, the harder it is for counter terrorist forces to tie all the links together to form a chain. On the other hand, there is a greater statistical probability of one of the links being identified and cut before the event. At the time of writing, no arrests have been made, and it appears as though the present whereabouts and identity of the assassins are unknown.

This particular failure is especially galling for it appears to have been unnecessary. Turkish diplomatic posts and personnel had been attacked with lethal effect in a number of world capitals. The local Turkish diplomats had asked for the usual protection, and been promised it. In the event, the killers were able to stay on the site, awaiting their victim for something like four hours, playing with a motor bike and talking to passers by. The half hourly drive past by ASIO personnel went on as usual, without any attempt on the part of the latter to question or even notice the awaiting assassins.

The dependence of most local political terrorism upon outside events, outside directors and strategies confers considerable advantages upon our security forces. If sufficiently well informed, they can anticipate a heightened or lessened likelihood of local operations by gauging the pattern of overseas actors. Thus, since the PLO gave up many of their violent overseas operations on the grounds that these were counter productive (and also more and more hazardous) from their point of view — directly sponsored PLO strikes are now rare. However if at any time the PLO decides it is not achieving its objectives by propaganda, diplomacy, and the economic pressures of its friends, international violence can be very easily reactivated.

The network of pro PLO Arab groups, the Left radical factions (mainly Maoist and Troskyite) and some of the Arab (not to mention Russian) diplomatic personnel still exist and work in Australia.

As previously suggested, our security has been far too dependent upon the Israelis for information and perspectives, just as we have been unfailingly parasitic upon the CIA and the British in other areas. This is not to suggest that working relations with Mossad should not be continued, just that the danger of leaving too much to the other fellow, is that you accept his priorities and perspectives, as well as his information.

Then there are the rivalries in our Lebanese community, between Catholic Maronites and the pro Arab, pro Palestinian groups. The permanent atmosphere of semi civil war, sectarian struggle and the involvement of Syria and Israel in this ongoing tragedy, provide plenty of fuel for local hotheads or fanatics in the Lebanese community, and this situation requires constant informed monitoring by our security forces.

If it is said — it is none of our business, let them shoot or blow up one another — one answer is that innocent bystanders can get sucked in — as has happened in the Croat escapades, supposedly directed against Yugoslavs only. Another reason for not tolerating the growth of violent ultra nationalist groups in our midst is that, over time, they can evolve into quasi criminal, standover organisations, moving from lush pastures in their own ethnic community to making war upon society at large. Such conspiratorial groups often provide training grounds for people going on to higher things in the world of crime. Finally, the boundaries between professional international crime, the drug trade, paid assassins and terrorism are starting to blur.

CROAT TERRORISM

There are over 150,000 people of immediate Yugoslav origin in Australia, more than half of them from Croatia. The great majority of these left Croatia after World War II, upon the assumption of power in Croatia and the rest of Yugoslavia, by Tito's Communists. More than one in 10 Yugoslavs died violently during World War II, most of them at the hands of other Yugoslavs. Virtually all of the 80,000 Jews living in Croatia in 1940 had been eliminated, mainly by the Pavlovic regime, before Tito's Partisans took over; 240,000 Serbs were forcibly converted to Catholicism.

Most of our Croat migrants came from this environment. Like nearly everyone else in wartime, they minded their own business, kept their heads down, and did what they were told. As the Communists arrived they got out, which is their right. Most Croats living here would be anti Communist, anti Russian, and strongly Catholic. All of these positions are not simply understandable, but wholly respectable; most of them are influenced to varying degrees by desires for an independent Croatia (and Slovenia), and are not especially enamoured of the Serb and Macedonian communities.

There are at least 20 groups and societies here campaigning in various ways for Croat separatism. However, only a few hard core organisations are of present interest, for it has been they who have traded in dreams of violence, intimidation and subversion, which they have periodically attempted to realise. Although revolutionary groups are wont to keep changing their names, the HRB (The Croation Revolutionary Brotherhood) and the HNV (Croat National Congress) stand out in the counter terrorism handbooks.

Both have had close links with groups within Yugoslavia, Western Europe and the United States. In the bad old days of CIA enjoying carte blanche, these two Croation bodies were used by the CIA, whom they used in turn. Furthermore there is a persistent belief that the HNV was receiving financial support from the KGB — who held Tito in the same regard as did the Croat extremists themselves.

A long record of bombings, physical violence, threats and intimidation unfolded over the years in this country, with little apparent check from the governments of the day. Terrorist and para military training went on in "secret" camps, well known to the authorities, right through the 1960s, with a number of armed groups being sent into Yugoslavia from Australia. These groups were on missions of sabotage and murder — and the only intimations of these enterprises received by the public were in the reports of subsequent trials in Yugoslavia.

> ‘There are at least 20 groups and societies here campaigning for Croat separatism.’

Now most recently we have the story of six Croats receiving sentences of 15 years for conspiring to make bombs, endanger lives and damage buildings. In the course of the 10-month trial, which cost the taxpayers something like $2 million, the Crown asserted that plans were drawn up to blow up the Elizabethan Theatre in Sydney, try to poison sections of Sydney's water supply, as well as to destroy clubs and housing accommodation used by Croats and other Yugoslavs. The reason for all this, given by one defendant, was that they wished to draw attention to problems in Yugoslavia.

In other words, the dangers to the community from "ethnic" terrorists, is not reducible to menaces to members of a particular ethnic group, or even to passers by caught in the crossfire. Some especially embittered, frustrated or deranged terrorists may also decide to teach Australians a lesson — for not understanding the importance of a particular ethnic/political cause, or else for "collaborating" with the enemy: for example, allowing a theatre to be used by a touring Croation dance troupe, or a town hall for an Israeli celebration. Furthermore, if the host Government has been operating, no matter how half heartedly, against the revolutionary group or terrorist faction, it too becomes part of the enemy. There is no reason why ethnic terrorists other than Croats may not finish up by taking it out on "The State", as well as their own ethnic groups.

The issue of Croatian terrorism was mismanaged by successive liberal governments, and was the scene of intense rivalry between ASIO and the Commonwealth Police. ASIO insisted that the incursions into Yugoslavia from Australia by armed groups were simply the work of "like minded individuals". Naturally Belgrade assumed complicity between our Governments and Croat terrorists. The Yugoslav Secret Service took a role, not simply monitoring their nationals here for anti terrorist activities, but also "setting up" local extremists by planting explosives, and allegedly making phoney phone calls. There is evidence they infiltrated the 1972 incursion into Yugoslavia with an agent provocateur.

ASIO, aware of these tactics of Yugoslav counter intelligence, and their links with local communist parties, tried to write off the whole Croat problem as one of those little local difficulties. Given the over cordial relations of some ASIO operatives with Croat extremists, and political links between Croat local leaders and prominent Liberal politicians, including Ministers, plus Croat funding of conservative parties and personalities, this is understandable . . . though unpardonable. ASIO was interested in anti communism, the anti Vietnam movement, and non conformists to the Left of Centre. Right wing extremists were viewed with tolerance, and sometimes exploited in security work.

It is surprising that anything tangible was done to check the wild men, and the main credit should probably go to the Commonwealth Police.

They treated the matter, not as a security or political problem, but from a law enforcement perspective. That is, their concern was to protect all Australians, and to prevent breaches of the Commonwealth Crimes Act. They conducted rival operations against the Croat extremist groups and successfully penetrated the HRB (Croatian Revolutionary Brotherhood), which was the main terrorist force here. They were not interested in the civil rights of Croats in Australia, as ASIO claimed to be — just in stopping breaches of Commonwealth law.

Had this approach been generally accepted, the history of Croat terrorism and intimidation here, and violence overseas, would have been very different.

THE 1973 RAID ON ASIO

After a bombing incident in Sydney in 1972, the Government's attitude towards Croat terrorism became an election issue, then set the scene for a conflict between the then Senator Murphy and Senator Greenwood, and eventually produced the abortive raid on ASIO Headquarters in March 1973.

Senator Murphy became convinced that ASIO was withholding information vital to securing the safety of the forthcoming visitor to Australia, Yugoslav Premier Bijedic. The Commonwealth Police concurred in this judgement, and believed that ASIO had withheld important information in the past. To make matters worse, and murkier, it appeared from a report sighted by Murphy that ASIO was indeed withholding information: what the Attorney-General didn't realise, was that at the meeting concerned, the ASIO representative present had noted a statement to that effect, made by a foreign affairs officer present.

This misunderstanding led to the ASIO raid, in search of evidence being withheld from the government, together with signs of continuing collusion between ASIO and Croat extremists. It is not impossible that evidence of continuing or past illicit or improper contacts between conservative politicians and ASIO was being sought, together with possible CIA improprieties in this same field. In the event, nothing was found (surprise! surprise!), and all subsequent hopes of reforming ASIO were lost.

WHAT SORT OF PERSON IS A TERRORIST?

The conventional stereotype of the modern urban terrorist goes something like this: a failed university student with academic results which in no way match his grandiose self expectations; more often than not unemployed, mainly because he will not deign to perform mundane jobs. Being an extraordinary person he has a mission — or else very soon finds one, in terrorism. In this way he will astonish the world, demonstrate his uniqueness and, in a sense, chasten society for its refusal to acknowledge his true worth. (At the same time as he is supposedly defending the suffering multitudes against exploiters, tyrants and manipulators.) This feeling of burning personal injustice often turns into something approaching personal revenge fantasies.

The fact that Italy turns out far more graduates than there are jobs, that universities, having been made to drop entrance qualifications so that for example, Rome University, with accommodation for 20,000 students is forced to carry 170,000 may tell us a lot about Italian urban terrorist types. The combination of shoddy education, a devalued degree which often amounts to nothing, no job or prospect thereof at the level of status, income or supposed expertise of the student, makes for big trouble.

The urban terrorist is middle class, often with a family background of having been simultaneously over indulged (spoilt, bribed) and emotionally deprived. There has first been involvement, then disillusionment with orthodox communist parties; or conventional right wing parties. These chaps cannot accept discipline — other or self — or rank and hierarchy in any form, even to make the revolution. The terrorist normally adheres to a rigid and obsessive ideology, Left or Right, of an exceedingly elitist kind (almost everyone is impure, weak, needs to be led, or taught a lesson). Such individuals are almost totally indifferent to the fate or the feelings of their victims, and this enables a smooth transition from selective to random killing, eg. bombs at railway stations, in cinemas, tourist agencies. This latter indiscriminate killing is justified on two grounds:

1) The more random, more unpredictable the mayhem, the more frightened, the more panic stricken will the populace become. No one, nothing, is safe, and the State cannot guard everyone, or anyone. This is supposed to discredit the State, destabilise society — loosen the whole thing up for the revolutionary takeover. On the other hand, if the State hits back, it must be by draconian legislature, restrictions on personal freedom and rights to immunity from arbitrary search, censorship, detention and so on. Such policies inconvenience, then annoy most people, who turn against the State. The terrorists, according to this reasoning, win either way.

> ‘Indiscriminate killing is justified because there are no innocents. Everyone else is really guilty.’

2) Indiscriminate killing is justified because there are no innocents. Everyone else is really guilty. Errors of omission are just as much errors as those of commission — and similarly punishable. The line between innocent and guilty is a phoney one.

Unfortunately, this is also the moral reasoning of total war, which the terrorist personality gratefully adopts. Fire bombing of all Germans, Japanese, Vietnamese is justifiable, for they are all involved in "the war effort"! Break their will, and you win the war. Or, "take out" 100 million Russians and destroy their economic life in a nuclear strike to save freedom, and punish wickedness. In the next breath we say most Russians hate Communism and are prisoners of a system of State terror. The Vietnamese were terrorised into supporting the Vietcong, and so on.

I have gone on as though all urban terrorists were men — they need not be, and in fact Bader Meinhof was partly controlled by women, while women terrorists are to be found in the ranks of the Red Brigade, the PLO, and the right-wing Angry Brigade, as active in Britain a decade or so ago. The Symbionese Army, and a number of American radical/violent groups had many women as activists, and back-up supporters.

Nevertheless, males are predominant — and the extreme Right especially so. Perhaps terrorists are sexist too — but quite possibly, women tend to express their aggression in other ways.

But we are being very Euro centred; what of the terrorists of the Middle East, Asia and come to think of it, Croatia? Are they alienated middle class university dropouts, with more time than sense? So far as political activists, including terrorists in the Middle East, and their local representatives here, I think most of the top-levels are middle class, quasi tertiary. Probably more of the lower ranks are not of this kidney, but revolution has long been a middle class affair. Given the strongly ideological background of so many terrorist groups, and the increasingly technical demands of terrorist operations, it is hardly surprising that most Asian and Middle Eastern-based terrorists are reasonable facsimiles of the European, American counterparts. But one big complication here is hyper nationalism, another is religious fundamentalism. This appears to leave little room for European creeds such as Marxism, secularism and internationalism. In fact, Middle Eastern and Asian radical groups with terrorist proclivities split along these fissure lines — which makes them no less violent, only more reckless and fanatical.

We in the West are dominated by rationality and consistency represented by creeds such as Liberalism, Conservatism and Marxism. We forget the darker recesses of the human mind, not to mention the increasing number of sociologically and psychologically displaced people in the global village.

It is the presence of these people, the ever easier access to modern weapons, the parasitic fascination of the world's media with violence of every kind, and the politically and morally neutral nature of terrorist techniques which make them potent instruments for any group, which lead to the belief that terrorism is going to be with us for years to come: only a totalitarian system like the USSR can be free of terrorism; let us hope that this is not the only path to social peace.

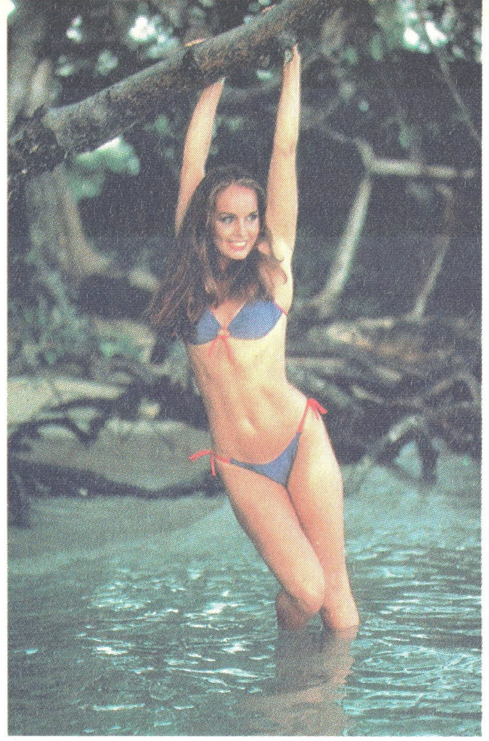
CRAZY LIKE A FOX

I really love men who are good at working with their hands," declares delectable Brenda Holliday. "I don't necessarily mean using them on *me*," she adds, "though I certainly don't exclude the possibility!" Brenda's golden skin, honey-colored hair, and foxy 35-24-35 inch form radiates abundant good health — a lucky state of affairs attributable in part, to her rural upbringing.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN COPELAND

"I'm only willing to stay put for several hours," she confides, "when I'm wrapped up in lovemaking. My record is twelve hours — ten for foreplay and two for the grand finale!" Brenda claims that she is not limited to the perennial reenactment of your average sex fantasy. "Basically, my appetite includes just about everything in Bob Guccione's film *Caligula*!" Her more practical recurrent dream is to have "a farm, a superbly functioning husband, two kids, two cars, and a horse for every member of the family. In the meantime," she says, smiling, "I'll play the farmer — sowing all the wild oats I can!"

"Uptight urban types don't impress me at all; I need strong, adventurous, athletic companions." Our delightful Pet warns any prospective admirers that may otherwise fill the bill that she's really a little crazy. "My mother was a full-blooded Sioux, so I'm the product of a cowboy and an Indian — which means I can well look after myself."



"I see myself as a fluttering butterfly," she adds, "just out of the cocoon, ready to fly and feeling sure that the sky's the limit!" They say butterflies are free, but *au contraire,* experience convinces us that this one is priceless!

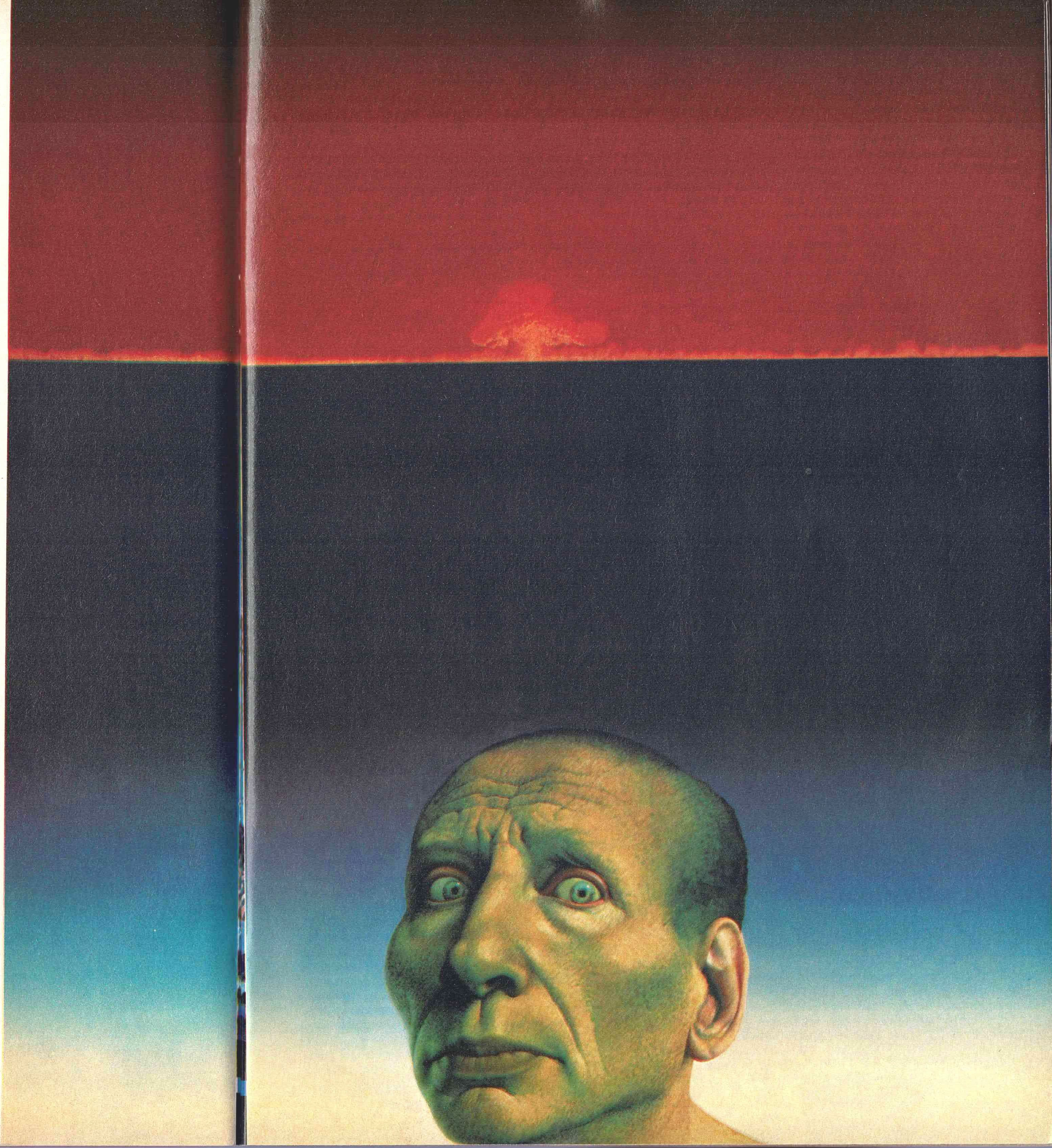
Since the end of World War II,
the US has spent hundreds of billions of dollars on a
phony arms race with the Soviet Union.
The only winner has been the
defence industry.

THE MYTH OF SOVIET SUPREMACY

BY TOM GERVASI

Senator Arthur Vandenberg once told President Harry Truman that if he wanted to expand military preparedness, he would have to "scare the hell out of the country." President Truman promptly warned the world of the growing Soviet military threat. This threat did not exist then, and it does not exist today. All the same, we have been scared by it ever since. In order to gain or consolidate political power, every administration, Republican or Democratic, has pointed to rising Soviet military power. These bouts of hysteria have prompted Congress, over the past 30 years, to take hundreds of billions of dollars from the American taxpayer and give them to industry to provide for the nation's defence. Little of this money has been needed. It has not been used to produce weapons or to keep qualified personnel in the military services, to at least assure an adequate force to meet the genuine needs of national security. Instead, it has played three roles. One has been to subsidise the growth of the defence corporations, whose profits after taxes have averaged 56 percent over the past decade. Another has been to cripple the rest of the economic system it is meant to protect, consuming irretrievable resources, lowering productivity, raising interest rates, and creating backbreaking inflation. Finally, it has *forced* the Soviets to compete with the US in an arms race that might have been avoided and promises now to bring about the dangers we were told already confronted us.

None of this will change for the better under the Reagan administration. It will get worse. President Carter turned out to be what Senator Henry Jackson called a "born-again hawk." But the new president is an old-line hawk. Reagan, after all, is the man who in 1965 said of North Vietnam: "We could pave the whole country and put parking stripes on it and still be home by Christmas." It was Reagan who, after the crew of the USS *Pueblo* was seized, recommended that the US tell the North Koreans: "We're coming in to get them, and we'll use planes, guns, torpedoes, whatever it takes." It was also Reagan who recommended, after the Soviet intervention in Afghanistan, that the US base troops and aircraft in Pakistan and blockade Cuba and who now says: "There is an evil influence throughout the world. In every one of the far-flung trouble spots, dig deep enough, and you'll find the Soviet Union stirring a witches' brew, furthering its own imperialistic ambitions." He, too, like each of the seven presidents before him, claims that the Soviets have made "the greatest military buildup the world has ever seen." Presumably to counter this threat, his national security adviser, Richard V. Allen, estimates that over the next five years the new administration will raise defence spending by at least $150 billion *above* the overwhelming increases that had already been planned by its predecessor. That is why, on the day after Reagan was elected, the demand for



Painting by Rudolf Hausner

defence stock on Wall Street was so heavy that several issues were kept out of trading until noon.

This should not be surprising. Reagan represents not only the ultraconservative millionaires of Southern California's Bel-Air circuit — men like 82-year-old steel and aluminium magnate Earle M. Jorgensen, 75-year-old automotive executive Holmes P. Tuttle, and 79-year-old oilman Henry Salvatori. He also represents, this time the Republican eastern establishment's corporate elite, whose leading political activists are among his closest defence and foreign-policy advisers, even though most of them have present as well as past ties to the defence community. One of these is General Alexander M. Haig, former White House chief of staff and NATO commander and, at the time of this writing, president of United Technologies, whose Pratt & Whitney Aircraft Group makes jet engines, but now Secretary of State. Another of Reagan's top advisers is General Bernard A. Schriever, former chief of Air Force Systems Command, who is a director of Control Data Corporation and Emerson Electric, both major defence contracts. Another adviser is retired General Daniel O. Graham, former Defence Intelligence Agency director, whose right-wing lobby, the American Security Council, has led a major effort to inform the public about the Soviet threat.

This close fabric of shared interests among America's business and defence elites led corporate political-action committees to donate millions of dollars last year to a Republican political campaign that may have been the best organised in the nation's history and that managed, in perfectly legal ways, to circumvent federal spending limitations and outspend the Democratic party more than 10 to one. Colt Industries, General Dynamics, Grumman, Hughes Aircraft, Litton, Lockheed, Northrop, Rockwell International, Vought, and United Technologies are among the leading defence firms that contributed to Reagan's campaign.

The support provided by major defence corporations for the Republican Party has therefore been a good investment in their own continued growth. The immense increase in military funding now expected will also accelerate inflation and further depress the nation's productivity. The alarmists in the military-industrial establishment are not unaware of these ill effects. They encourage the process because they are among its beneficiaries. They also hope that its key by-product, a superabundance of military power, will help to protect expanding American interests abroad, so that they might take control of more of the world's resources and continue this highly selective pattern of growth.

Vietnam, Iran, and events in the Persian Gulf should have taught the alarmists by now that military power no longer effectively imposes American will on the world. They also refuse to acknowledge that this excess of power has made the world a more dangerous place, prolonging an arms race that might have ended in 1957, when both superpowers had the opportunity to achieve parity and stop there. They didn't want to stop there. Having spent more than $1 trillion on defence in the past 10 years, they now plan to spend another $1 trillion in only the next five. This accelerated outlay, we are told, will reverse the alleged decline in American power and halt the growth of Soviet influence throughout the world.

Yet it is not America but the Soviets who have suffered a decline of influence in both hemispheres, and most of their losses have been America's gains. Chief among these has been China, today a military ally of the United States. The Soviets have lost Egypt, Indonesia, Guinea, Somalia, and the Sudan as well. Nor have they gained control of Afghanistan. Today the Soviet government dares not do in Poland what it once did in Hungary and Czechoslovakia.

> From the beginning of the arms race with the Soviet Union, the US has maintained a solid lead.

If the geopolitical case for the Soviet threat is weak, the military case is said to be strong. Americans are told that the Soviets have made a much greater investment in defence. They "annually spend nearly 60 billion dollars more on the military than we do," says former Defence Department official James Woolsey. They are told that their own military forces are poorly trained and unready for combat. Army Chief of Staff General Edward C. Meyer complains that he has a "hollow army". Admiral Thomas B. Hayward, chief of naval operations, says he must carry out a three-ocean mission with a "one-and-a-half ocean navy". America is told that the Warsaw Pact armies are larger than those of NATO, and that greater quantities of superior Soviet equipment give the USSR an overwhelming edge in both conventional and strategic forces.

There is not a shred of truth in any of this and there never has been. In fact, from the beginning of the arms race with the Soviet Union, the United States has maintained a solid lead, each time using a "gap" of alleged Soviet gains to justify taking the next step in the escalation of military power.

The US detonated the first atomic bombs in August 1945, but it was not until August 1949, four years later, that the Soviets exploded the first of theirs. In 1948 they began talking of a "bomber gap", warning that the Soviets had deployed an overwhelming force of long-range bombers capable of launching a surprise attack. Billions of dollars were spent to produce the B-52s of Strategic Air Command, which first entered service in 1955. Even by that time the Soviet Union had no strategic bombers at all.

In August 1957 the Soviets tested their first ballistic missile, and two months later they used it to launch the first *Sputnik* satellite into orbit. The US leadership responded as if in deep shock, and claimed that this missile could reach targets in the United States. In fact, it could reach no farther than Western Europe. The Gaither Committee warned that by 1959 the Soviets would be able to launch 100 intercontinental ballistic missiles (ICBMs) at the United States. In fact, they had only 35 ICBMs by 1960. However, since at that time the US had built only 18 ICBMs, this created what seemed a genuine "missile gap".

John F. Kennedy made much of this presumed gap in his 1960 election campaign against Richard Nixon, charging that the Republicans had "allowed the nation to fall hostage" to Soviet missiles. This prompted President Eisenhower, before he left office, to restore funds he had earlier cut from the budget for the B-70 bomber. In 1961 the newly inaugurated Kennedy announced that he had been relieved to discover that the missile gap did not exist and that the United States was way ahead of the USSR.

The gap had never existed, because within months of the launching of *Sputnik* in 1957, the United States deployed 105 Jupiter intermediate-range ballistic missiles (IRBMs) in Turkey and Italy. These were easily able to reach targets in the Soviet Union, long before the Soviets could hope to reach targets in the United States. Even by 1960, when the Soviets briefly had twice as many ICBMs, the IRBMs meant the US still had three times as many missiles targeted on Soviet cities.

In 1960 the Soviets placed in the ocean their first submarine equipped with submarine-launched ballistic missiles (SLBMs). Again, these SLBMs had a range of only 350 miles. The navy quickly announced an "SLBM gap", even though in that same year America launched her first Polaris submarines, whose missiles had a range of 1200 miles. It was not until 1968 that the Soviets launched a submarine whose SLBMs had a comparable range. But by that time the Polaris A-3 missiles were deployed, with a range of 2500 miles.

In August 1966 America tested the first Multiple Independently Targetable Reentry Vehicle (MIRV), which allowed several nuclear warheads to be placed on a single missile. The Soviets did not test MIRVs until 1973.

The first SALT agreement, in 1972, limited the number of American ICBMs to 1054 and the number of American SLBMs to 656, while the Soviets were allowed 1618 ICBMs and 740 SLBMs. Were US leaders compromising security by allowing the Soviets greater numbers? No. These different quantities were quite acceptable to America, because by that time it had enormous advantages over the USSR, including three times as many nuclear warheads on its MIRVed missiles.

SALT I, however, did not limit improvements in the precision, reliability, and explosive yield of those weapons already permitted, nor did it prevent other qualitative improvements, such as the development of the Cruise missile and the neutron bomb. Consequently, qualitative improvement was the direction nuclear weapons technology would take in the following years.

The new claim is that the Soviets have 2504 delivery systems of all types, including bombers and missiles, while the United States deploys a total of only 2057. The Soviets have 950 SLBMs to America's 656 and 1398 ICBMs to 1053. There is much talk of the greater size and "throw-weight" of Soviet ICBMs and of their greater yield in explosive force. Indeed, the strategic nuclear weapons presently deployed by the Soviets can provide them with a combined total explosive yield of 7672 megatons, compared with only 5444 megatons available to the US.

The Soviets have deliberately raised the explosive yield of their weapons in order to compensate for their inferior accuracy and for the lower number of warheads they have been able to deploy on each of their MIRVed missiles. This leads to the most telling fact of all, though it is rarely told: upon America's lower number of smaller missiles they now have a total of 11,893 warheads, while the Soviets have only 5119. Therefore, each time with a devastation equivalent to the largest of the Soviet warheads, the United States can hit twice as many targets.

The more accurate the missile, the lower the explosive force it requires to destroy even a hardened target. By 1985 the US will have 13,766 warheads, and the power of these devices is so unimportant, compared with their precision, that the combined explosive yield of this larger number of warheads in 1985 will actually drop from 5444 megatons to 4908 megatons. At the same time the margin of strategic superiority over the USSR, SALT II or no SALT II, will increase.

The claim that the Soviets might attempt a first strike in the hope of destroying elements of the retaliatory force is absurd. Since they cannot be sure of destroying any substantial part of this force, they have nothing to gain and a great deal to lose by attempting it. Even if they mistakenly believed that the US was vulnerable, they would still be deterred by the fleet of strategic-ballistic-missile submarines, whose submerged locations are impossible to detect with sufficient accuracy and speed for a guaranteed preemptive strike, whose mobility out-manoeuvres the retargeting capabilities of missiles already in flight, and whose SLBMs right now dispose a total of 7424 warheads — enough all by themselves to obliterate the whole of the Soviet Union five times over.

The Soviets, of course, have SLBMs and early-warning systems, too, which is why it would be equally pointless for the US to attempt a first strike at them. Thus, both of the superpowers have an effective deterrent against a first strike. Neither superpower can change reality by opting no longer to believe in this deterrent.

> "Governor Ronald Reagan couldn't get us into a nuclear war President Reagan could."

Once it had created a strategic deterrent force, it could have ended further development of nuclear weapons. But research continued, because the continuing profitability of several major defence corporations engaged in this work depended on it. America continued to improve the accuracy of its weapons because there was no other direction in which technology could still evolve. Once it had begun to develop sufficient accuracy to raise the threat of a first strike, the Soviets were forced to do the same. Counterforce doctrine simply justifies what technology has wrought.

This doctrine also encourages some very dangerous thinking, requiring those who adopt it to believe, as George Bush said, that "we can win a nuclear war" and it is better to win such a war than lose it. On the contrary, if such a war is ever fought, the survivors may envy the dead.

If ever there was an election year in which such charges seemed labored, 1980 was it. Aside from adding the Cruise and MX missiles to the arms race, Carter had also continued development of the neutron bomb and a new penetrating bomber — however much he made of postponing their actual production. This was the president who had vowed to cut military spending. Instead he raised it to record levels for three years in a row and pressed the NATO allies to do the same.

Most significant of all, by publicly codifying a doctrine of limited nuclear war that the military had quietly followed for more than 18 years, Carter showed himself willing to let history record this senseless policy as his own administration's idea.

As if this were not enough, Birch Bayh, chairman of the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence, reported that before the Soviets intervened in Afghanistan, our CIA had been supplying arms to the rebels there, in violation of the Hughes-Ryan amendment, which prohibited such covert action. At the same time Carter was pressing Congress to ratify a new CIA charter that would legally free that agency to do what it was already doing.

When the Soviets finally did intervene in Afghanistan, Carter called their action the "gravest threat" to world peace since 1945. He promptly organised a boycott of the Moscow Olympics, embargoed grain sales to the USSR, reversed a boycott of arms aid to Pakistan, embarked on a new program of military aid to China, and openly announced a program of support for the Afghan "freedom fighters" as though it had just begun.

Ronald Reagan was able to look at all of this and say that while America was in an arms race with the Soviet Union, "the only ones who are racing are the Soviets." It was comments like these from Reagan that once led Gerald Ford to observe that "Governor Reagan couldn't get us into a nuclear war. President Reagan could." All the same, Ford became one of Reagan's key campaigners, and the Republicans called for "overall military and technological superiority over the Soviet Union".

Presidential security adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski called the Afghan intervention "a watershed event", pointing out that it was the first time Soviet troops had been used beyond Soviet or Warsaw Pact borders. It was said that this threatened a major shift in the global balance of power, and that the Soviets were now poised to strike at the Iranian oil fields.

For the better part of half a century, the Soviets have been within closer striking distance to the Iranian oil fields from Azerdzhan than they are now from Afghanistan. Yet they have not struck.

The Soviets are said to have used Soman, a form of nerve gas, in Afghanistan. Soman is lethal. Its use, like that of other chemical agents in war, is prohibited by international treaty. If any real evidence of the use of Soman in Afghanistan had existed, there is little doubt that we would have found it, had the bodies autopsied by an international panel of recognised medical authorities, and dragged the whole issue before the World Court. This has not happened. What has happened is that in 1981 Congress approved the expenditure of $3.15 million to begin construction of a plant at the Pine Bluffs Arsenal to manufacture a new series of binary nerve gas weapons, together with $19 million for equipment for that plant.

In the same way, last March the administration began to circulate reports that a serious outbreak of anthrax had occurred in Sverdlovsk.

This, it said, was the result of an accident at the city's bacteriological warfare laboratory. The Soviets said that it was the result of infected meat supplies. Neutral evidence supplied by the International Red Cross Organisation appears to confirm that the type of anthrax suffered was gastric — not the kind to result from release of a bacteriological agent, which would have caused pulmonary anthrax instead. However, the reports were taken to indicate a massive Soviet effort in this field and helped gain support in Congress for the $20.4 million now budgeted in 1981 for research and development in biological warfare.

Similar allegations of Soviet progress in other fields have helped this year to secure research-and-development appropriations of $125 million of antisatellite weapons, $110 million for particle beam weapons, $210 million for laser weapons, and $266 million for antiballistic missiles. A total of $17 billion will be provided in 1981 for research and development on behalf of strategic and tactical systems.

Last January the CIA reported that the Soviets would spend an estimated equivalent of $165 billion on defence in the coming year, a figure that was bound to be compared with Carter's 1980 defence budget of $139.3 billion. The agency added that for the past decade Soviet defence expenditures had been running about 30 percent higher than those in the United States.

We must look to the Swedish International Peace Research Institute (SIPRI) in Stockholm and to the International Institute for Strategic Studies (IISS) in London for the Soviet Union's actual ruble expenditures on defence. Both institutions give the figure of 17.1 billion rubles for the Soviet military budget in 1980. At the official exchange rate of $1.60, that is equivalent to $27.4 billion, less than 17 percent of the "comparable dollar estimate" offered by the CIA.

Nor is the CIA's estimate compared with an aggregate figure for US activities, one that corresponds to those included, as the agency admits, in its Soviet figure. To make a proper comparison with the estimated Soviet expenditure of $165 billion, we would have to add to the 1980 defence budget of $139.3 billion the military exploration of space, civil defence, $1 billion for the Coast Guard, the manufacture of nuclear warheads and on for the Veterans Administration. This brings the total of comparable spending in the United States to $170.3 billion, higher even than the CIA's prodigiously inflated figure of the USSR.

Also, NATO spending exceeded the estimated spending of the Warsaw Pact each year through the 1970s, ending in 1979 with a total of $212 billion in NATO expenditures compared with an estimated total of $175 billion for the Warsaw Pact.

If comparisons of spending cannot be persuasive once public opinion is properly informed, comparisons may be made of manpower and equipment. These, however, must be highly selective in order to magnify the threat. It is said, for example, that the Soviet Navy has 1765 ships, while the US Navy has only 462. Of the Soviet vessels, 1045 are mine-warfare, patrol, or auxiliary types, but the USSR still has 269 major surface combatants compared with America's 178. This comparison does not take into account the fact that Soviet surface combatants are for the most part capable only of single salvos of antiship missiles, while each USN ship is a floating munitions depot capable of sustained fire from guns and missile launchers for several hours. Nor does it consider that US ships employ much higher technology.

> ‘There is no mention of the fact that the Soviet Navy has 50 nuclear attack submarines to America's 75.’

There is no mention of the fact that the Soviet Navy has 50 nuclear attack submarines while America has 75, or that the Soviets have 870 naval combat aircraft while America has 1820, 1100 of them deployed on aircraft carriers — of which America has 13 while the USSR has 2. Most important of all, the pleas for a stronger navy overlook the fact that the Soviets must maintain fleets in the Black Sea, the Baltic and Barents seas, and the Sea of Japan, where they may easily be denied access to the open oceans, as recent NATO exercises have shown. Admiral Havward's three-ocean mission is therefore more difficult for the Soviets to carry out than it is for the USN.

If the Soviet naval threat vanishes, there is still the vast armada of Soviet aircraft, giving the Warsaw Pact what seems a numerical superiority of 5745 aircraft against the commonly cited figure of 3300 for NATO. However, this NATO figure does not include the US Navy's entire strength of 1100 carrier-borne aircraft, 400 French combat aircraft, and an additional 100 dual-purpose NATO aircraft capable of a combat role. Almost all of these would be committed to any outbreak of hostilities in Western Europe, raising the actual NATO complement of aircraft to 4900. An additional 807 Tornado multi-role combat aircraft now being added to the British, Italian, and West German Air Forces brings NATO air strength very close to numerical parity.

Manpower comparisons are another means of raising the fear of the Soviet threat. It is usually pointed out that of its 2,700,000 uniformed personnel, the Soviet Union has 1,800,000 in its army, while the US Army musters only 750,000. However, 800,000 Soviet soldiers, together with 25 percent of Soviet tactical air strength, have been assigned to the defence border with China that is 6000 miles long.

Today there are 64 active NATO divisions pitted against 68 in the Warsaw Pact, which seems to suggest that the Pact has an edge in manpower. The reverse is true. NATO has a standing force of 2,800,000 compared with the Pact's 2,600,000. What if there were full mobilisation? The addition of all available reserve strengths would give NATO a force of 5,184,500 compared with the Pact's 4,800,000 — thus increasing the edge. Nor does this include 326,800 troops in the French Army.

Manpower comparisons of United States and Soviet forces usually are made only between army strengths, since by itself America exceeds the Soviet Union in every other category.

The most impressive comparison used for winning hearts and minds, and for opening the public purse, involves the unquestioned Soviet superiority in numbers of tanks. It is offered that the Warsaw Pact has 27,200 tanks compared with only 11,800 for NATO and France. This gives the pact what seems a decisive lead.

But NATO now deploys 193,000 antitank weapons, most of them precision-guided missiles, while the Warsaw Pact can muster 68,000 such weapons, few of them comparable in lethality.

Among the missiles in the NATO antitank arsenal is the MGM-71 TOW. The TOW is mounted on a variety of vehicles, from jeeps to armored personnel carriers, and helicopters. Congressmen who have learned how well the TOW performs are warned that the armor on the new Soviet T-72 tank is too tough to be penetrated by the TOW warhead. What they are not told is that every TOW missile in the NATO inventory has been equipped with an improved TOW-2 warhead that penetrates up to twice the thickness of that armor.

The capability of the TOW is matched by that of most of the other antitank missiles, as well as by the Copperhead laser-guided 155mm artillery projectile, the Walleye television-guided bomb, the GAU-8/A 30mm multibarreled antitank cannon mounted on the A-10 Thunderbolt close-air-support aircraft, and the MK 118 antitank fragmentation bomb that is used in the new Rockeye cluster munitions, producing fragments that cut through armor at speeds of up to 4000 feet per second.

The buildup of tactical nuclear weapons in Europe has been no less prodigal than the expansion of excess conventional and strategic power. America first introduced tactical nuclear weapons on the NATO battlefield in 1954, and with them it introduced the risk that conventional warfare might escalate into nuclear exchange. For many years the US minimised the risk, telling the Soviets to regard these weapons as battlefield systems that would be used only against military targets in the theatre of combat. The Soviets did not accept this. They took note of the fact that many of these weapons, especially those carried by aircraft with ranges of up to 1200 miles, were well within reach of major cities deep in the Soviet heartland. Consequently, three years later they introduced their own tactical nuclear weapons in Europe.

Today the US deploys more than 7000 tactical nuclear weapons in Europe, including 72 Pershing I missiles with a range of 450 miles, 54 Lance and 91 Honest John missiles, and 3800 rounds of 155mm and 203mm artillery projectiles with nuclear warheads for use, respectively, by the 215 M-109 and 300 M-110 self-propelled howitzers allocated to the Seventh Army's battalion and divisional artillery units. In addition, there are 400 Hound Dog air-launched missiles, a precursor of the Cruise missile with a range of 600 miles, and 2500 B-61 and B-72 nuclear gravity bombs for delivery by the 390 US Air Force F-4 and F-111 aircraft and 100 US Navy F-4, A-6, and A-7 aircraft that have been assigned NATO theatre nuclear targets. The 807 Tornado aircraft now entering service with the European allies will also "be employed in the nuclear strike role," according to General David C. Jones, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Finally, 400 warheads have been allocated to NATO theatre targets from the Poseidon submarine fleet.

Once again, America has achieved an overwhelming preponderance of power. The Soviet Union, which must also contend with the strategic nuclear forces of China, Great Britain, and France, has allocated 2586 warheads to the Warsaw Pact theatre. Its major tactical nuclear weapons are the SS-4 and SS-5 missiles and the SS-20, a new version of the SS-5, with three warheads instead of one, which began entering service in 1976. To date, about 120 SS-20s have been produced, and half are deployed with the Warsaw Pact. Of the 80 Tu-22M Backfire bombers produced to date, 50 are allocated, not to strategic targets in the United States, as is frequently claimed, but to theatre nuclear targets in Europe.

Now it is planned to deploy an additional force of 108 Pershing II and 464 Ground-Launched Cruise Missiles (GLCMs) in Europe. These are said to be needed to counter the presence of the new Soviet SS-20, whose initial appearance allegedly sent NATO into shock because its accuracy and range enabled the Soviets — for the first time, we are told — to strike at major European cities well behind the NATO front line. In fact, Soviet SS-4 and SS-5 missiles have been able to strike at European cities for the past 20 years.

It is claimed that the new missiles are needed to reassure the European allies of America's commitment to their defence. The European allies are not at all reassured. Every one of them bitterly resisted accepting these weapons, because they realise that if such weapons are used, they are going to be used on European soil, well within the retaliatory range of Soviet theatre nuclear weapons, new and old.

> ‘The Soviets do not threaten America with extinction. America may accomplish that all by itself.’

The Pershing II was exempted from SALT II because America claimed that it had a range of only 400 miles and therefore should not be classified as a strategic weapon. It has a range of 1200 miles. The GLCM has a range of 2500 miles. General David C. Jones acknowledges that the Pershing II and Cruise missile force will "pose a credible threat to the Soviet Union".

The addition of more redundant tactical nuclear power in Europe only further raises the risks of escalation. Those risks are now acknowledged, and it is said that on account of them battlefield commanders will hesitate to use tactical nuclear weapons, preferring to accept defeat at the hands of conventional forces than take responsibility for initiating what could become an unlimited nuclear exchange.

No one wants to begin what may be the end of the world. But commanders are also trained to win, to use all the resources at hand, and to regard defeat, not as a personal loss, but as the shame of a nation, the downfall of a way of life. Better Dead than Red, the slogan of the 1950s ran.

Once the use of nuclear weapons has begun, it is even less clear what the response will be. Is "first use" the only sin? After one force has sustained the first nuclear strike, will its commander feel no less compunction about responding in kind? Will he find any comfort in knowing that he did not personally start the holocaust about to ensue? As he feels the first pulse of heat from the fireball that he knows will melt his eyes from their sockets, will he stop to think about the future of mankind and stay his hand from the button that assures instant revenge?

Can we be sure that the Soviets, if faced with imminent defeat, will not respond with nuclear weapons? The decisions they make are beyond American control.

Therefore the only prudent response is not to presume escalation can be controlled but rather to avoid war. Consequently, the nuclear deterrent in Europe has worked very well. So long as rational men are in command, it is unlikely there will ever be any kind of war between NATO and the Warsaw Pact. It is unlikely there will be any kind of military confrontation between the Soviet Union and the United States. The risk is too great.

The risk has been too great ever since the superpowers first developed a nuclear deterrent. Since that time America has spent hundreds of billions of dollars that could have been saved. Yet whenever Americans are told it is time to arm up, meet the Soviet threat, and make America strong again, money flows into the Pentagon coffers.

Defence appropriations are the single most concentrated source of profit available to American corporations. Profits, after all, are what corporations exist to make, whether or not they make anything else. These profits benefit corporate shareholders more than they benefit the national security.

Twenty cents out of every tax dollar now goes for defence. The Soviets do not threaten America with extinction. America may accomplish that all by itself.

In this call to arms, then, the military-industrial establishment is asking the average citizen to subsidise corporate growth as a patriotic duty. Clearly, sacrifices in the name of national defence are not being made by all Americans. They are being made only by those who can least afford it. The myth of the Soviet threat is one of the largest frauds ever perpetrated upon the American public. Never have so many, for so little reason, given so much to so few.

Disregard the elitists' sneers —
the disco phenomenon isn't dead yet.

DISCO IS NOT A DIRTY WORD

BY KERI PHILLIPS

Disco: it's the code word for a type of popular music they'll tell you is dead and the title of a form of night club that's bursting back to form. As a sound, disco is but another stage in the continuous development of American black music, expropriated and exploited by white groups like the Rolling Stones and the Bee Gees during the Saturday Night Fever of the late Seventies. For a few all too short years, it was also the domain of merchandisers, yet another way of peddling pants and fantasies, dresses and dreams.

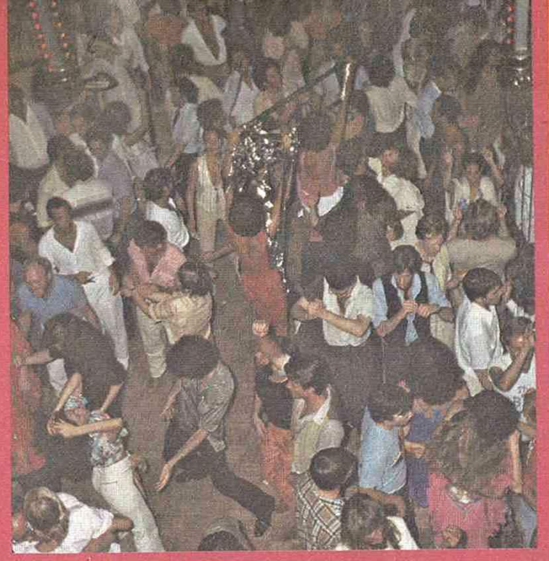
Here in New York, they tell you disco is finished. In one way they are right, since it was in New York and further down the east coast in Philadelphia that disco in its original form enjoyed its greatest popularity. Whatever else the term disco means, it has to include dancing. Disco music (along with the punk scourge in Britain) is responsible for getting people out of their "seated halls" passivity and back into their dancing shoes. And as everyone knows, people in New York have always loved to dance and still do.

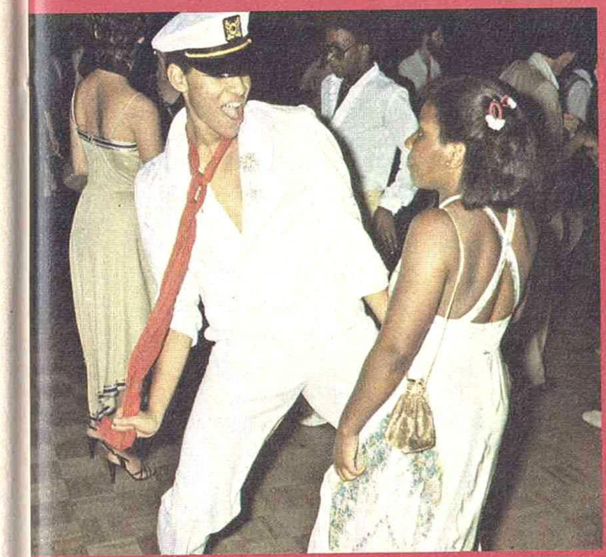
When the disco phenomenon first manifested itself, it was mainly gays who sent it on its way out of the black ghettos and into the white world. It was instantly picked up by young kids who had the energy to dance and had been disenfranchised by their elders' predeliction for knockout-type drugs — grass and cocaine with just a dash of liquor, not great incentives for wild hip-shaking. Musical trends reflected this too; tons of heavy symphonic rock, courtesy of Pink Floyd, Led Zep *et al*, and introspective folkie wimps like Jackson Browne.

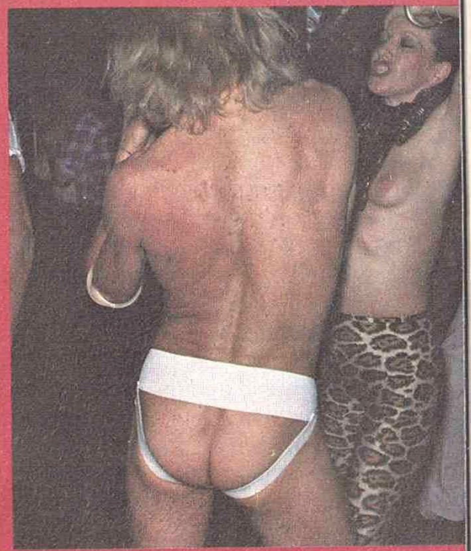
Back in Australia, the "Death to Disco" warcry ensured that disco came to have a rather bad smell for rock aficionados. Even though part of the campaign was Australian bands trying to ensure their survival as more and more venues serving only recorded music opened, a large part of the resistance to disco music was due to the fact that it was black. This problem has plagued black music throughout its history. White covers of black songs and musical idioms have become hits while the originators struggle on in poverty and obscurity.

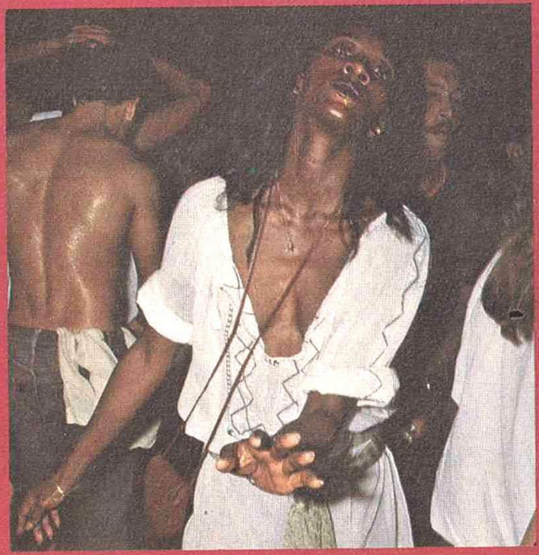
Bernard Edwards is the bass player and part of the songwriting/production team for disco's classiest combo, Chic. He and his partner, guitarist Nile Rodgers, are responsible for some of the best black music in short term memory, creating revolutionary bass lines, great horn charts, and using strings like no one else before. This duo wrote unbeatable melodies not only for Chic, but also for Sister Sledge, Sheila B. and Devotion and Diana Ross. They stand alone, except for the

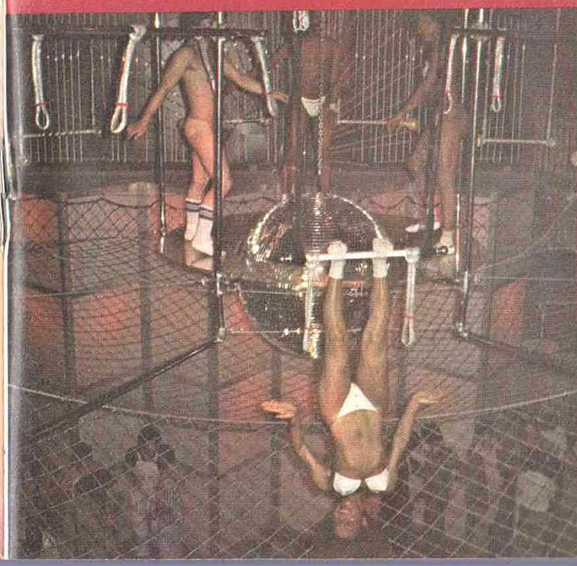
Photographs by Rennie Ellis

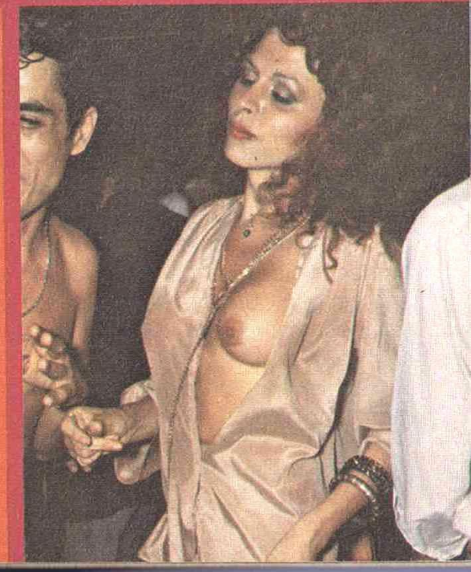












omnipresent Georgio Moroder, Donna Summer's Svengali.

Edwards says: "It's a curious thing about this music. Once it became successful it ceased to be taken seriously. It was almost as though there must be something wrong with it because it was popular."

Naturally the record companies did not see it that way. Anything that such a large number of people liked just had to be good. Its bad reputation amongst white rockers and headbangers did not, of course, impede record sales. Quality music will always sell (well, nearly always) and everything from the high white harmonies of the traitorous Bee Gees to the creamy rich innovations of supersophisto Chic danced its way up the Aussie charts as it did all around the Western World.

Okay, let's look at disco as dancing. In New York in 1980, the number of clubs tripled. As the record industry goes down the gurgle hole with record sales plummeting, the people dance. Where are they dancing and what are they dancing to?

Trends seem to filter up and down (and sideways) between various groups. Just as disco music and the disco image took time to carry from blacks to whites where it became refined and defined for the mass white youth by the ubiquitous John Travolta, so it has moved on to take even newer forms.

One of these comes with the crossover to pop mainstream by country and western artists like Willie Nelson, Dolly Parton and Kenny Rodgers, spawning the *Urban Cowboy*, complete with painfully pointy-toed boots and silly hat. This trend may backfire on its perpetrators. The proliferation of mechanical bulls like the one in Travolta's *Urban Cowboy* has led to a series of damages suits here, brought by fantasy cowboys and girls who, having imbibed a bit too generously, have come a cropper, being hurled on to bare boards instead of the padded mat, which has mysteriously moved away from the device.

Everyone who knows anything about New York knows there has always been a thriving club scene here. For a good part of the Seventies the punky end of the spectrum was held up by CBGB's and Max's Kansas City, the former in the down-and-outness of the Bowery, the latter on the edge of Greenwich Village.

These two clubs acted as midwives for some of the hottest music to come out of the entire United States over the last few years. Blondie, Television and the Ramones would be the chief contenders, with bands fronted by sex-change punk Wayne/Jayne County (with the Electric Chairs) and Cherry Vanilla as light relief.

Blondie is an extraordinary curio, managing to be the prototype Trash City band, with attendant street credibility, despite mass market acceptance. And it's not just the presence of singer Debbie Harry, the antithesis of the general all American role model for girls (that's the Farrah Fawcett Newton-John Barbie Doll Blonde). Old Deb has certainly scooped the pool in The Girl Most Likely To stakes, but it's clever media manipulation on the part of the band that has allowed them to still appeal to the hip elite in spite of the fact that their two biggest hits were disco numbers.

It was *Heart of Glass* that broke them and the Moroder written and produced *Call Me* that kept them in Perrier water throughout 1980. There were even rumors around at the beginning of 1981 that the next Blondie album would be produced by Chic's Edwards and Rodgers, or that a Debbie Harry solo effort with Chic's maestros might eventuate.

The two venues that nurtured the fledgling Blondie, Max's and CBGB's, have been joined more recently by Hurrah (up near Central Park) and the desperately fashionable Mudd Club, whose band schedule initially remained unpublicised and then became part of an ad headed "Mudd Club: Report to the Nation", which featured the band line-up amid the pontifications of a certain Dr Mudd.

> ‘
> Here they
> do not just
> lounge-lizard away
> the night. They all
> dance, they came
> to dance.
> ’

The Mudd Club tended to reflect some of the values of the other end of the New York club scene in that, as with Studio 54, patrons had to pass a dress/personality muster to get in.

The Ritz, an old Deco dance hall down near the Village, opened its arms to "moderne" music this year after a $1 million face lift. It soon managed to outbid a lot of the older clubs for overseas acts and continued what many believe to be the crazy tradition of late, late night shows, a convention that has ruined the health of many a New York punter. Doors open at 10pm, first band is on at 11.30, the second at 1 am or later, and a large video screen, large sound system and a large dance floor to while away those difficult hours when your body says it wants to go home and sleep like all the normal people.

The place of the 1980 summer in New York was called Danceteria. It was started by two hot operators on the club circuit, Jim Fourrat and Rudolph Piepper. This last gent claims to be the son of a West German diplomat and to have spent most of his life on the move. His curriculum vitae includes owning a club called Park in Berlin in the Sixties (where patrons occasionally danced to records of bird sounds), one in Brazil called Victoria, in the Seventies, and opening the first chain of laundromats in Brazil. Danceteria patrons could catch a 4am as well as a 1am show, a choice that came and went with the summer.

For Danceteria disappeared with the leaves in the autumn, and under rather suspicious circumstances with people muttering meaningfully about the truth coming out eventually (the video operators who had the floor upstairs and supplied video tapes to Danceteria and other clubs were robbed of irreplaceable footage of both local and overseas bands shortly after the place closed). One can only assume that organised crime is involved in the club scene here as everywhere, and payoffs seem to partially account for the high admission price ($10 for a couple of local bands) and inflated drink prices ($2.50 for 12 fluid ounces of gutless American beer).

The curious thing about all these clubs is that they do reflect the polymorphous nature of New York. No matter what the band, you can be sure the audience will be wildly heterogeneous. Sure there'll be the Clash-clone with his scarf knotted at the back in correct Joe Strummer style, but there'll also be the bearded hippie in faded, flared jeans, oblivious to any fashion changes of the past 10 years.

There'll certainly be scores of girls in the latest op shop chic. The States gave the world fake leopard skin, pointy-toed shoes and straight skirts way back in the Fifties and these Eighties femme fatales have come to claim their rightful legacy. The swinging Sixties are pretty big too, plenty of bobs and fringes in the hair department and lots of mini-skirt reminders of Britain in the Mod days.

And here they do not just lounge-lizard away the night. They all dance, they came to dance. (In some instances it may be a matter of survival. I went to a club in the middle of winter where I had to keep my coat and gloves on all night to ward off frostbite.) In one club, the only non-dancers were obviously emotionally or physically unbalanced. When the band came on at 2am, half the crowd stopped dancing to watch, the other half went somewhere else.

Dancing styles again encompass a wide range. Anglophiles favor a forwards/backwards, put your right shoulder in, put your right shoulder out technique pioneered for their enjoyment by the Brit ska invasion here during 1980. Another favorite is the B52s "I almost remember the dances of the Sixties" style, with lots of up and down, arms doing strange things, imitating monkeys and fish. And then there'll be a bunch of crazy college kids dancing in a group and taking up far too much space.

And what about the live music? Robert Palmer, rock writer for the prestigous *New York Times* says: "While disco all but collapsed as a movement in 1980, the long anticipated alliance between black American disco and funk, new wave rock and Jamaican reggae became not just possible but inevitable." Well, we can argue about whether the body is cold or not yet, but whatever the outcome of the autopsy, disco rhythms live on in the music of the fashionable New York bands. White kids who would never have thought of the fashionable New York bands.

White kids who would never have thought of buying Chic records are dancing to bass lines created by Bernard Edwards and shaking their booty to records which employs Chic production techniques.

Two bands can be singled out as first cabs off the rank in the honky-meets-disco and comes up with punk/funk/jazz fusion stakes. The first is relatively well known to the international record buying public, the Talking Heads. This band was once described on Sydney radio as "Just another disco band" by one of the Saints, back in the homeland after seeing the Talking Heads during a UK tour. The Talking Heads have moved a lot closer to the black roots that inspired them, taking on board for recent stage and studio engagements former Labelle chanteuse Nona Hendryx and Bernie Worrell, a keyboard player who's worked with the only outfit that ever deserved that overworked adjective "outrageous" — Parliament/Funkadelic — the monstrous brainchild of George Clinton.

The Talking Heads are treated with some scorn by neo-purist James White (a.k.a. James Chance), New York sax player and sometime white godson of soul. White takes his inspiration from the real goddaddy of soul, the fabulous Mr James Brown, but has made a name for himself as a real innovator in the area of jazz/punk fusion with his several bands — the Contortions, the Blacks and the Flaming Demonics. He is an abrasive character at the best of times. (He is renowned for jumping into the crowd and abusing individuals in it. He is quoted as having asked one member of his audience: "What's the matter with you, didn't you have your enema today?")

In a recent interview he got stuck into the last Talking Heads album, *Remain in Light*: "I liked it okay, but I thought the rhythm of it was pretty white. It was sort of taking the black idea of rhythm, the way black music is organised, and doing something in the same way. But to me, the actual rhythms are sort of stiff and white.

"The other thing about what they're doing is that, in every music paper, you read how great it is that they've added all these black musicians to their band, what a brilliant innovation it is. All I can say is over a year ago I expanded my band a lot more than they did. I've had as many as 60 people up there, with all the dancers and singers."

Apart from the fact that it's hard to imagine a New York stage that would hold 60 people, White's comments are interesting for two reasons. Firstly, they demonstrate the bitchy nature of the New York scene, and secondly and more importantly, they have more than a mite of truth to them. And that truth takes in more bands than the Talking Heads. It could encompass all the white bands that have attempted to use the quintessential funkiness that characterises all black American music no matter what label you put on it — blues, jazz, rhythm and blues, soul, funk, disco. Even though they have those bass licks off note for note, it's almost like painting by numbers. The emotional base of all great black music is missing in a lot of white would-be's.

This is not to say there isn't a lot of good music coming out of this melting pot. And a lot of it from the endless independent labels, so numerous it seems like there is almost one label for each band. One of the more established independents is Ze Records. Ze kicked off in the middle of 1978 with a single called Disco Clone, a witty indictment of those indulging in the then current Travolta style disco movement, "sung" by Cristina, girlfriend of Michael Zilkha, the "Z" of Ze.

Down the other end of the world, Ze had a US disco hit with the B side of a single by Don Armando's Second Avenue Rhumba Band. It was a song called Deputy of Love, written by the musical mainstay of Ze, August Darnell. Darnell hit the boards with the ridiculously eclectic Kid Creole and the Coconuts at the beginning of 1980. The stage looked like Carmen Miranda's tropical hat — men in pith helmets and khaki drill shorts, Darnell in a sloppy cream suit, vocalist Lori Eastside all red lips and rolling eyes and the Coconuts, three teased hair vamps dancing, singing and showing off their leopard

"How about we reduce the charge to practising without a licence?"

skin bikinis. A stunning visual safari trip, taking in music going back to World War II and beyond to the musical movies of Busby Berkely, and forwards and sideways to take in calypso, reggae, disco, rock and rapping.

You name it, they did it. And drew an audience containing the black and white mix rarely seen in New York. Pretty well off blacks and whites, but a mixed audience for all that, listening to a classy New York band that represents in an accessible way the hybrid products peculiar to this town.

The curious thing about New York (and it was shown in the mixed clientele of Studio 54, even if in a forced and flashy way) is the fact that people mix with each other. It's not just tennis players and rock stars, but involves an enormous amount of exchange between different streams of the arts. And the club scene both reflects and fosters it. The introduction of video is one example. With the tremendous number of promo clips released by bands and record companies over the past few years, it was inevitable that they would begin to find their way on to video screens in the clubs.

The more adventurous places like Hurrah and the Mudd Club became involved with video artists who started supplying them with tapes. On a musical level, this cross fertilisation means that young white kids starting their first band can mix it with older, black musicians working in other areas of music — classical, avant garde, jazz, electronic. The possibilities are endless.

In such a context, the big legacy of disco is not just the funky dance rhythms currently obsessing the white music scene, but changes even in the way music is sold. It introduced the 12" single and made the role and influence of the humble disc spinner much grander. It actually began to matter what the disco DJ played. It was no longer just filler music before the band came on, but music people might want to dance to or perhaps buy themselves. It even became possible for a DJ to break a record that might be getting no airplay on the radio (bland, bland, bland) at all.

For example, one of the offshoots of the Contortions, a band called the Bush Tetras, released a heavily rhythm-based single called Too Many Creeps on the independent "99" label. The first pressing sold out and made the *Billboard* disco charts, just because it was being played a lot around the clubs. And a craze developed among blacks in New York and Philadelphia called "rapping". It involved taking a backing rhythm and laying a bit of street jive over the top of it. The Sugar Hill Gang organised themselves a single, got it into the clubs where it became a hot number, and Sugar Hill Records becomes a company that has sold three million records in three months. A genuine music event which takes place without the intervention of the mighty major companies.

And speaking of the majors, of course they knew that disco would not last forever. And they knew that people would still like to dance. So now we have DOR — Dance Oriented Rock ("dance music" was always the polite term for disco music). The DOR cut is now the one lifted from an album and given away in 45 form to the radio stations to get the LP moving up the old charts.

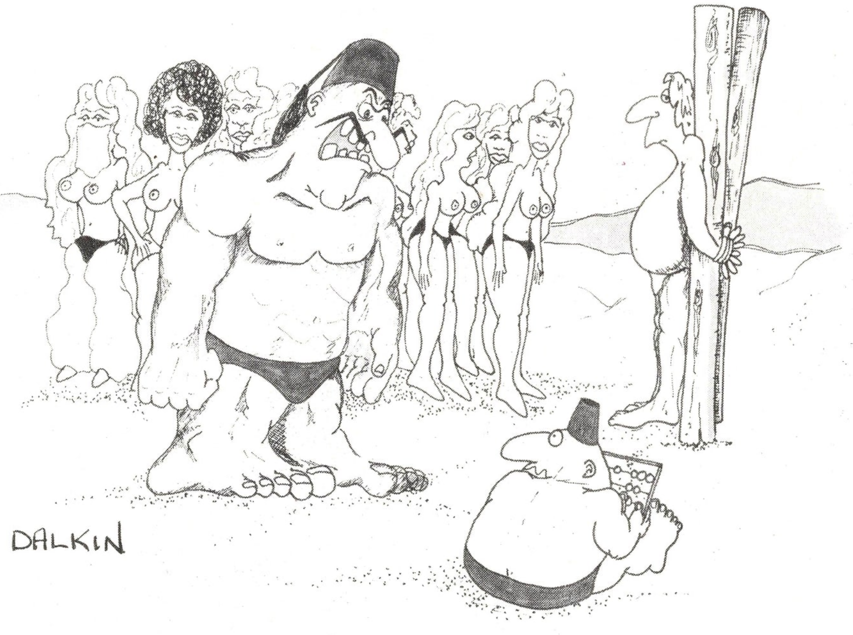
While the record company monoliths plunge blindly into the future, what's left in the way of dancing in the streets? Michael Zilkha of Ze says he doesn't go to clubs very much any more. Journalist Richard Grabel in a review of 1980 in the clubs says: "These days the real fans are in the minority. Most people are there just for the night out. Nothing wrong with that but the atmosphere has changed."

Peter Zaremba, vocalist and harp player for the demented Fleshtones, a local band whose rise has parallelled that of the clubs, is a bit daunted by the proliferation but he thinks it's good in the long run since "it stops things becoming cliquey".

Whatever the sour connotations of the word "disco" now, and however much the merchandising men will tell you that it's all over as a selling device, the two things that made disco great will continue. Black music and dancing. As August Darnell says: "Disco is far from being dead. You only have to turn the radio on to the highest rating station in America (New York's WBLS) and you'll hear disco tunes that are still very well received. They're not called disco any more. They're called R'n'B, but changing the name doesn't change anything. Disco won't die. Not for another 10 years." (And let's remember that "pop" was a dirty word for nearly a decade until English punster Nick Lowe brought it in from the cold.)

Whatever they call it, black music will go on providing the flash and inspiration for popular music as it has since forever in this country. And as for dancing, whether it's a disco, a dance club or a rock lounge, it's a vital proving ground not just for your latest steps but for popular music itself.

For the time being at least, what sells is not what sounds good on the car radio, but what gets those feet moving.



"You fool Abdul! This man is supposed to be dying the death of a thousand cuts."

MARTINA

FLEETING BEAUTY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICO METTBACH

The world is 18-year-old Martina's oyster. Our Pet of the Month's voluptuous features have made her one of the most wanted women on the planet. Recent fashion modelling assignments have taken her to Tunisia, all over Europe, and as far as she could fly from her home in Vienna — Australia. After her first fleeting visit down-under it's back home to Austria then Switzerland, Tokyo and following a number of lucrative offers on her initial whirlwind trip she returns to Australia. Martina — hurry back!

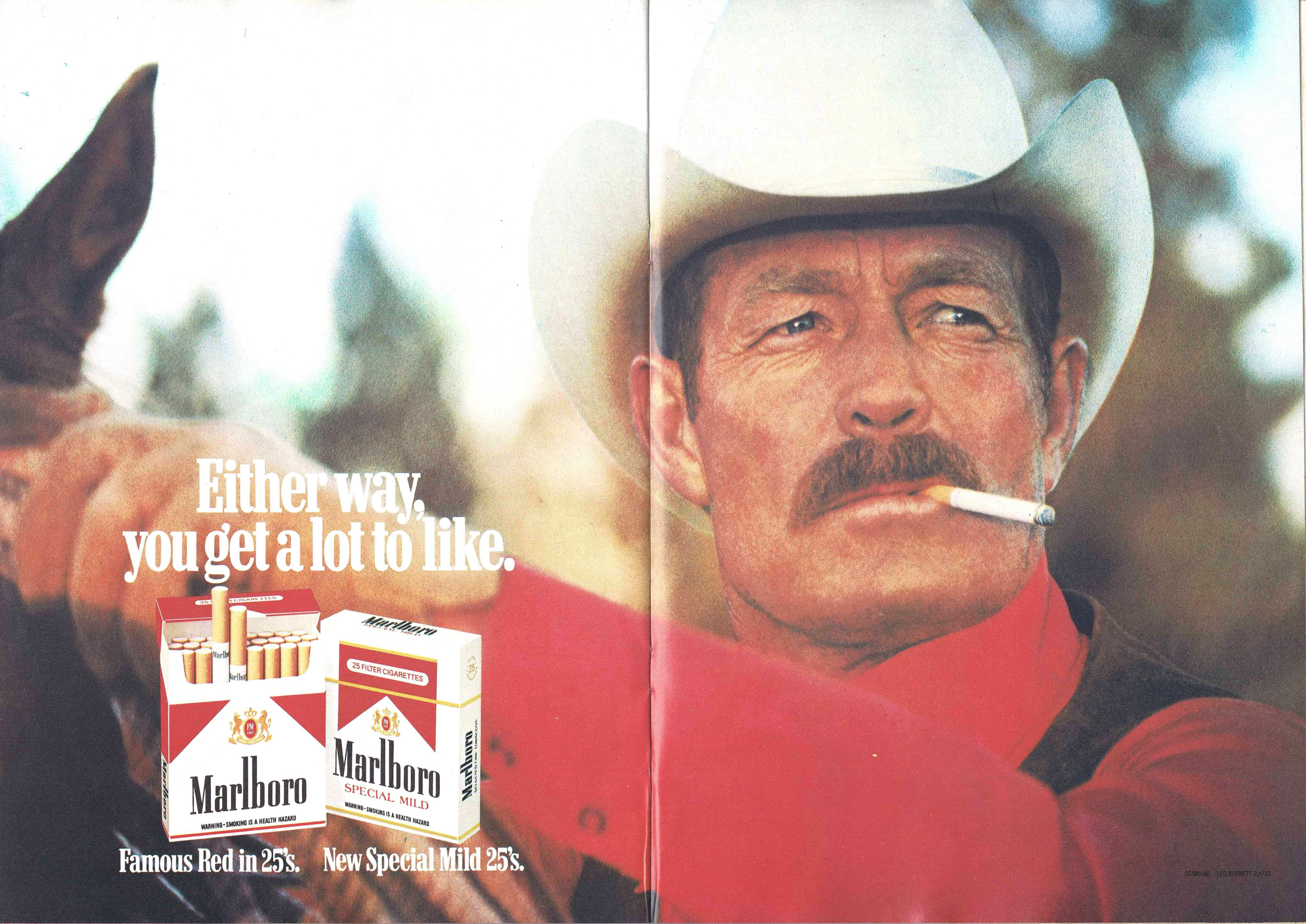
Martina certainly made waves when she arrived in Sydney for a working holiday. One look will tell you why. The blonde hair, honey complexion, the mischievous pout and her brown ("black when I have one of my moods!") eyes give her a sensual aura which is impossible to ignore.

Rug: Tasman Cowell & Co. Sydney: Clothes: Monsoon Trading: Furniture: Arredorama International.

While Australian men were smitten by her beauty, Martina found what she saw here to her liking too. "Everyone here is happier, friendlier. In Austria they are more stuck up. In Australia it is much freer," says Martina. "I could never wear the dresses I wear here at home. Everyone would stare."

Martina's happy go lucky nature and her career don't allow her to keep a special man at the moment. "I like to flirt with men, I like to joke and tease. But I have yet to meet my ideal man. I know he is not a muscleman. Romance is important. So many men are too direct — charm is better than boldness."

MISS MARTINA PATZAL/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH


Either way,
you get a lot to like.
25 CIGARETTES
Marlboro
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WARNING–SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD
Marlboro
SELECTED FINE TOBACCOS
Famous Red in 25's.
New Special Mild 25's.
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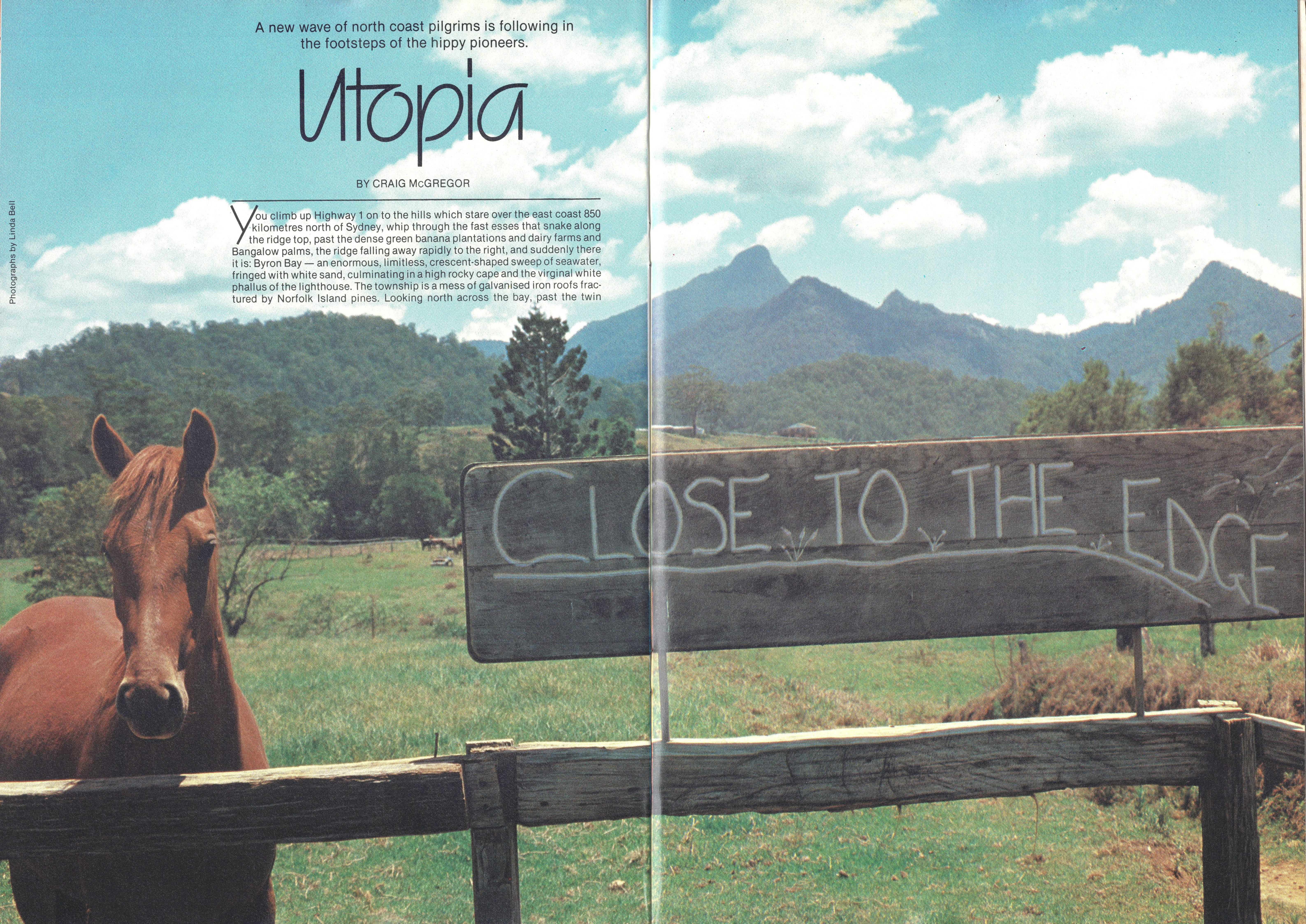
A new wave of north coast pilgrims is following in the footsteps of the hippy pioneers.

Utopia

BY CRAIG McGREGOR

You climb up Highway 1 on to the hills which stare over the east coast 850 kilometres north of Sydney, whip through the fast esses that snake along the ridge top, past the dense green banana plantations and dairy farms and Bangalow palms, the ridge falling away rapidly to the right, and suddenly there it is: Byron Bay — an enormous, limitless, crescent-shaped sweep of seawater, fringed with white sand, culminating in a high rocky cape and the virginal white phallus of the lighthouse. The township is a mess of galvanised iron roofs fractured by Norfolk Island pines. Looking north across the bay, past the twin



Photographs by Linda Bell

Julian rocks whitened by a million years of bird droppings, past the trails of Brunswick Heads prawn trawlers heading for home, a jagged backdrop of mountains dwindles away into Queensland. On a clear day you can just make out the towers of Surfers Paradise rising out of the water like some surreal Atlantis. I've come to think of it as the most stunning seascape I've ever seen. See Naples and die; see Byron and open up your mind . . .

You climb up through the forest gums and tussocky grass of the high country, past the turnoff to the Tuntable Falls commune, swing along the narrow ridge-top road which leads to Mount Nadi, and suddenly there it is, way way below, cradled in the valley like some child's toy township, the fenced fields, the speckled cows and horses, the tiny silver-frost houses, birds drifting like kites a thousand feet above the domestic gullies and backyards, everything diminished by distance and time, and away to the west the High Noon pinnacles of Cathedral Rock, Lion's Rock and Needle Rock which guard: Nimbin. Could be a cardboard film set for a Hal Porter short story, set in the 1930s. It's not until you get closer that you notice the hallucinogenic murals on the shopfronts, incense from the Rainbow Cafe, girls in bare feet and braided hair and alternate gear hippying along the footpath outside the health food store . . .

You climb up over the last sun-bleached boulders in the creekbed, great Aboriginal monoliths, with palms and red cedars and liana-looped quondongs on either side; naked, hot and sweaty from the hour-long trek through the rainforest, whipbirds echoing on either side, you're only half aware of clouds hurrying across the narrow band of sky above; everything is close, moist, with that dank rotting smell you get in sub-tropical forest; then suddenly the valley opens out, the canopy disappears, and you find yourself on the rim of an enormous primaeval amphitheatre almost surrounded by volcanic cliffs half a thousand feet high, a saucer of black water at the base, and high, high above, floating down like some libation from the gods, mysterious, sourceless, a swaying wind-strewn streamer of water. The Falls . . .

I think they're the three things that make up the north coast mix: surf, bush, and alternatives. It's a pretty amazing mixture; I mean, the Islands have surf, South Africa has bush, and California has alternatives, but none of them have all three within half an hour of each other. It makes for a unique clutch (and conflict) of cultures, and as a result the sort of cosmopolitanism and liveliness you won't find anywhere else except in the big cities. If you want to drop out, you wouldn't want to go to Bourke or Moree — not if you want to stay alive. And you need some sort of support system, some floating, unstated network of likeminded people. If you want it tighter than that, you join a commune; if not, you still need some sort of "family".

It's no wonder, then, that the north coast of New South Wales has become the centre of the alternative cultures in Australia. It's an easy place in which to live: sub-tropical, not too hot in summer, not too cold in winter, a short spring and a long autumn, the sort of place where you can get by with shorts and a blanket and some sort of shelter, from banana shed to dome to old bush homestead, for most of the year. No need for Le Confort Anglais, or the sort of barricaded living systems that a cold climate demands; the sun and the creeks and the surf takes care of that. No box jellyfish. No tropical ulcers. No Joh'burg cops (though there are a few local variants). No nine-to-five. Almost, no worries. Almost.

We're living at a little place called Repentance Creek, right in the heart of the north coast, at the moment; have been for the past three years. And I'm still trying to make up my mind about the place. We're right at the foot of the ranges which rear up into Nightcap Range, Whian Whian State Forest and, to the north, Mount Warning and Lamington Plateau: white gums, mist-choked valleys, lantana, old dirt roads, abandoned sulkies and overgrown cowbails, and, when the storms come, rainbirds which float down from the high ridgetops crying the world's end.

Half an hour's drive and you're at the coast: Byron, that fast righthand tube at the Pass, trendy boutiques called Scallyrags and Tupelo, beachfront houses for a quarter of a million dollars, and restaurants full of Beautiful People.

Half an hour the other way, inland, is The Channon, which has the best open market in the Rainbow region; Terania Creek, a spoon-shaped mountain hollow which may yet erupt into another violent confrontation between straight and counter culture; and Nimbin, home of the seminal Aquarius Festival and the focus of all the bush communities scattered through the region.

And about the same distance to the south is Lismore: a big, prosperous inland city, complete with the Northern Rivers CAE, TV and FM stations, discos, rock groups, floodboats, utes and Range Rovers and F100s and TR7s parked in the centre of the streets.

You'd think all that would be enough for anyone. A lot of people must think so, because the north coast is the fastest growing country area in Australia. The number of people who have moved there in the past decade is astonishing. At the 1976 census there were a quarter of a million people there; in the next 20 years that should double. By the end of the century Lismore and district can expect to jump to 142,000 people, Tweed to 78,000, Coffs Harbor (which is included statistically in the north coast) to 140,000. Even these figures may be too low. Reports Dr Roger Munro, who has researched population trends for the Northern Rivers CAE:

"The projections . . . are now slightly dated, given the accelerated growth occurring throughout the coastal areas of the north coast related to the retirement of large numbers of former Sydney and Melbourne residents. Indeed, discussions with relevant local authorities suggest that in some coastal centres (notably Tweed, Byron, Ballina, Bellingen and Manning Shires) an upwards adjustment of some 40 percent in the calculated projections would not be unrealistic.

"Although the primary growth thrust is coming from the over 65 component of the population, substantial numbers of young families are also moving into the area in search of employment in the tourist and tertiary service industries." High schools at Woolgoolga, Coffs Harbor, Tweed Heads, Mullumbimby and Ballina, says Dr Munro, have "cripplingly high levels of new students". He concludes: "The next census (scheduled for 1981) will reveal the staggering magnitude of growth in the area since 1976."

You can see the reality behind Dr Munro's statistics any day of the week. Alstonville, which used to be a tiny cowcocky village inland from Ballina, has become a glossy Gold Coast-type retirement centre of split-level homes, three-car garages, and nature strips so grand you have to tend them with a ride-on mower (Awfulville, my students call it). Land prices have zoomed: $1000 an acre is standard now for rural land; a broken-down farm which might have cost $10,000 a few years ago is now worth over $100,000. Byron Bay bristles with new shopping arcades, holiday units, subdivisions and public toilets; everyone talks about it as the next Noosa (though a coalition of urban refugees, anti-progressives and hips, have voted a staunch conservationist, Anudhi Wentworth, on to the council). Power boats and catamarans mingle with the prawn trawlers at Ballina; Bangalow has a French restaurant; Lismore gets Cold Chisel, Split Enz, Dollar Brand, Bob Barnard and Mike Noll; punk rockers play the high school socials; moon dances have spread from Main Arm to Ewingsdale, Fowler's Lane and Blue Knob. The bitumen has reached Repentance Creek, the macadamia plantations have reached Eureka, and you can't even find a parking space at Lennox Head on Saturday mornings!

Where's it all going to end?

THE COAST

To understand that, you have to understand how it all began. And I suppose the people who started it all, who first created their own independent sub-culture on the north coast, were the surfers. At the start of the Sixties, long before flower power or Haight Ashbury or even the concept of a counter culture had got going, board riders in Australia had formed their own distinctive coterie which focused on waves, dope and sex. Unlike the beach-locked clubbies, they were freewheelers who travelled up and down the coast in search of the best waves for their malibus, pigs, and hot dogs. And the place they settled on, and turned into a sort of base, was Byron Bay.

There is something very Australian, very haphazard and unprepossessing about Byron Bay. It is one of the oldest towns on the east coast, with a century of living suspended in its place names. Captain Cook, who discovered it, named it not after the poet Lord Byron (who wasn't even alive then) but after a fellow sea captain. The local council didn't realise that and named all the streets after poets (Donne, Burns and Milton Streets), authors (Carlyle, Kingsley Streets) and playwrights (Jonson and Massinger Streets), The high escarpment behind the bay is dotted with names like Cooper's Shoot, Skinner's Shoot and Possum Shoot, which mystified me until I found that was where the early timbergetters used to shoot their logs over the edge on to the plain below — Byron began as a timber mill, the planks being floated out to waiting schooners from the point which surfers call The Pass.

Then it became a whaling port, and a jetty half a mile long was built out into the bay to service the whaling ships. Fifty years ago whales were so common that you could see 20 or 30 in the bay in one day; Tony Kibblewhite, a retired estate agent, swears they used to scratch the barnacles off their.backs on Cocked Hat rock. You still see whales occasionally, and schools of porpoises every day. But the whales were hunted to near-extinction, the whaling station closed, and the derelict jetty was finally pounded to pieces in a cyclone. Byron began a long slide down into obscurity. The local milk factory closed; a mining company began sieving the coastal sand for zircon rutile, leaving ugly scars behind it; people began drifting away. Isolated from the main Pacific highway, Byron fell asleep.

It still feels a bit like that. You drive across the salt flat which makes the town a landlocked island, past the auto wreckers and the fish shop with the petrol bowser outside, bounce over the railway tracks, turn left, and there still is the barricade of dumped rocks to keep the sea from pouring down the main street as it did after the 1954 cyclone; and the double-storey Heath Robinson surf life-saving clubhouse nailed together out of saltstained planks; beach fishermen at dusk, remnants of the old wreck at low tide, the stench from the meatworks drifting over the town whenever the westerly blows.

At such times I am assailed by a heart-wrenching sense of isolation, and FRESH BAIT boyhoods, and time slowed to a lame stumble.

By the time I went there to live in the mid-Sixties, however, to write my first novel *Don't Talk To Me About Love*, it had begun to stir.

Surfers had taken over the "Palace", a ramshackle building near the jetty, and half a dozen houses along Lighthouse Road; Bob McTavish, Russell Hughes, Ken Adler (who opened the first surf shop) and late world champion Nat Young lived round about. The tourist boom was getting under way, motels sprang up, shops like Neverland opened: batik from Indonesia, trendy gear from Melbourne, homemade clothes from Mullumbimby. The old Pier Astor pub became the Surfside; Chincogan, a lovely rock group built around former Id keyboards musician Ian Walsh and named after the twin peaks behind Mullumbimby, played at the Great Northern; later Mexican Mick, from Britain, opened his restaurant down near the Norco factory. Weekenders were built along the coast at Watego's Beach, New Brighton, Pottsville, Angourie.

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There were a lot of Californians around, most of them young, aware refugees from the American Dream in search of some final frontier — and making do, for the while, with Byron. Many of them have stayed on.

They included Roy and Di Miesel, who rented an old shed, painted it glossy crimson, and call it *Bare Nature*: sandals, beads, Buddha posters, surfboards. Another Byron regular is George Greenough, kneeboard rider extraordinaire, designer, cameraman, and maker of such surfing classics as *The Innermost Limits of Pure Fun.*

In the last few years Byron has taken off.

A lot of new money has flooded in, there are scuba and hanglide and windsurf shops in the main drag, new restaurants have opened; it's become *the* place to go. You can swim topless at Watego's, naked at King's Beach, and along Seven Mile Beach anything goes. The Easter Classic attracts the hottest amateur surfers and spunkiest girls on the coast.

It's the surf, in fact, which is still the focus of life on that coastal strip. Because it's the most easterly point on the Australian continent it collects just about every swell (and wind) which strikes the coast, and it's shaped so that whether the swell is southerly or northerly, the wind east or west, *some* surfing spot or other picks it up. It means the surf is inconsistent, but along that few miles is the greatest range of surf types in Australia:

Lennox Head: a very long, very fast, very hollow wave which breaks powerfully over the only rock bottom in the area, and attracts performance surfers from all over the world. Bob McTavish, surfing guru and board designer, has built himself a house high on the headland so he can look "straight down the tube!"

Broken Head: a thin, almost perfectly shaped tube where you can be regularly locked in.

The Pass: a walling righthand wave which gives you an incredibly long ride, closes out at eight feet, and has lately worked only intermittently.

Watego's Beach: a ridge-enclosed beach where waves wrap around Cape Byron and peak over a sandy bottom; "you've got your own paradise here," American surfer Phil Edwards told the locals many years ago when he surfed there for Bruce Brown's *Surfing Hollow Days*. Lately it's begun to break off the far point, where the munchies are.

Tallow Beach: on the other side of the Cape; when a northerly blows out the Pass and Watego's, Tallow still works.

Byron main beach: a typical shore break, fast, small, and infested with surf nazis.

These days there is a cluster of surfboard factories on the Byron industrial estate — Sky, Jet, Mark Richards, Reno Abellira — plus San Juan and Bare Nature in town. A few miles north the Harlem Globetrotters opened a holiday camp; further north still, near Brunswick Heads, a syndicate originally fronted by singer Pat Boone has invested several million dollars in a planned seaside housing development called Ocean Shores. It has an 18-hole golf course, town houses, bitumen roads, and a scattering of expensive, architect-designed houses. There is a bridge over the lagoon which forms one border of Ocean Shores; on the other side, facing the open sea, is a straggly line of saltlashed, weatherbeaten fibro shacks built as weekenders by farming families years ago. They look desolate and forlorn, and yet full of character, against the planned housing estate; almost the old and new Australias.

I like Byron still. It's a friendly place, doesn't demand too much, gives a lot. Nobody hurries — except maybe the local doctors. People have got time to talk to you, and time to leave you alone. As well as surfers there are farmers, factory workers, fishermen, shopkeepers, white collar workers, Aborigines, drop-outs, plus the usual quota of tourists and holidaymakers. Felt hats in the Great Northern bar, racks of kneeboards on VW vans, posters for Woody Allen at the broken-down Literary Institute (now become community centre), bare feet on sun-stricken bitumen. Though, as the subdivisions spread, the coast fills up . . .

Yeah, it's changing. But my mind-pictures of around there are of things that don't change much: Lennox on a storm surf, cars jammed along the headland, surfers in wetsuits tracking waves, spray, rain; what the night sky looks like from Watego's, the cape towering over your head and that white, ever-moving, paternal beam probing the Julians, Brunswick Heads, the Milky Way; or one quiet, crystalline day off the point, green water and wave-fractured light, when I suddenly saw a school of porpoises leaping and flashing and slicing through water-spray towards me like harbingers of . . . death? the future? destiny?

Move while there's time.

ALTERNATIVES

The beach is playtime; the country is where the real living's done. At least, that's how it seems on the north coast. When I was living at Byron I used to get tired of the surf/sun/rage syndrome and go driving into the hills behind the coast; it was like passing through a time warp, the passive/work obverse to the coastline's active/play. When you live near the beach you're continually confronted by the sea, the salt, the wind; it's the active principle in the Australian landscape, an omnipresent challenge, to master through surf, sail, glide; it's like being on perpetual holiday. The country, however, is the passive principle: quiet, all-enveloping, where everything is long term and people have a chance to evolve slowly in rhythm with the seasons. A real alternative — to the city and the sea.

And so in the country districts of the North Coast a quite different culture has grown up which is linked to the surfing subculture, but apart. (I have a mate, an electrician, who started off as a surfie and still drives around with a board on top of his 4WD; but he's built a shack for himself and his wife and three kids in the forest at Frog Hollow, tills the land, and battles ticks and goannas and nitrogen deficiency; he argues, fiercely, he's not a "hippie", but he's certainly not a surf rat any longer.) After the surfers had discovered the Rainbow Region a new wave of people came through: hip kids, drop-outs, freaks, heads, artists, musicians, self-sufficient farmers, mystics, religiosos, the whole panoply of alternative life style individualists. They used to be called hippies, then new settlers, and now alternates is the common word.

They found hallucinogenic mushrooms growing wild amid the cowshit, took over old farmhouses and abandoned cowbails, grew their own grass, set up informal communes in places like Mullumbimby and Main Arm, and climaxed it all with the Aquarius Festival at Nimbin.

Now that culture is firmly established. It's even got power: when the Forestry Commission tried to log Terania Creek rainforest it suddenly found itself confronted with thousands of alternates who set up an encampment at the forest entrance, roped themselves to the tops of trees, sabotaged sawn logs, bedecked bulldozers with flowers, sang songs to the virgin bush, and ran an effective media campaign which finally forced the NSW Government to halt logging and hold a marathon inquiry, which has yet to present its report. In a way that confrontation demonstrated how the counter culture has become consolidated: the protestors included lecturers, conservationists, vets, craftspeople, architects, media makers, lawyers, psychologists — a fair cross-section of the people who have moved into the north coast in the past few years.

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It's a dispersal, in a way, and yet the core remains intact. The Tuntable Falls commune has proved amazingly resilient, despite police raids and the occasional internal stress; in the past two years there has been a manslaughter and a rape, but they were aberrations.

Bodhi Farm and Dharmananda are typical of the more formal and more religious communes in the district; they have just about won their right to hamlet development, despite opposition from Lismore City Council and conservative pressure to force all new settlers' buildings to be "up to standard". Alternative habitats, alternative drugs, alternative foods, alternative medicines and alternative consciousnesses flourish amid the alternative life styles.

Nimbin's getting itself together, too. The butter factory has been converted into a bush theatre and co-op; there are craft shops, health food shops, a media centre which publishes the Nimbin News, a bush band, dances at Blue Knob, a free school — it's more organised, more middle class than Tuntable. Around Nimbin a commune may mean half a dozen families living in separate houses on the same farm, though there's a fair bit of sexual experimentation as well. Marijuana and gold-tops grow easily, and there aren't many busts.

In a funny way it's logical that all this should have occurred in New South Wales, rather than further up the coast. "The Queensland border starts at Murwillumbah," educationist Gordon Lang, who pioneered the educational smorgasbord concept up here and has founded his own mountain university near Mt Warning, told me once. He's right. Though it's in NSW, what the locals call Willum (to distinguish it from Mullum, ie Mullumbimby) is the start of those deadly red-neck banana-and-sugarcane towns you find all up the Queensland coast. The north coast is different. As Nifty Neville Wran said at the Lismore Workers' Club only a couple of months ago: "You've got no idea how far away from Queensland it feels here." It brought cheers. Doug Anthony comes from Murwillumbah and opened his election campaign at the Tweed, which is as close as you can get to Johland without actually being in it.

Make no mistake, this is a conservative area politically. Anthony's the local federal member, and another Country Party politician, Bruce Duncan, is the State member. Country Party members and conservatives dominate the local councils, the chambers of commerce, the town hierarchies, most institutions. When Lismore City Council started a much-needed beautification campaign they suddenly had to pull a few forlorn trees out of the main streets because the Chamber of Commerce protested: they took valuable parking space away from would-be shoppers!

There is an uneasy balance between the old and new cultures. The alternates have brought purchasing power, skills and a new dynamic to many of these places, and the sharpest of the old Establishment cadres realise it. In Mullumbimby, hips, straights, farmers and nondescript mingle easily, herbal gear matches the hobnails. For those who harbor thoughts of making a move, here is a brief sketch of some centres:

Mullumbimby: as above. Small, friendly, countrified.

The Channon: idyllic village on the

back road to Nimbin; has a craft shop, store, school and open market; but last year was scene of conflict between communeards and Concerned Citizens of the Channon.

Lismore: big, zappy, provincial city; mainly straights, but lots of students, Aborigines, professionals and cosmopoles as well.

Murwillumbah: despite my strictures, it has a growing population of alternates, especially near Mt Warning.

Eureka: tiny, surrounded by groves of macadamia plantations; site of Elysian inter-school sports for bush kids; still some pockets of wildness.

Kyogle: timber town, bloody cold, for pioneers only.

Clunes, Eltham, Nashua, Dunoon: quiet English-style satellite villages, under Lismore's urban shadow.

Main Arm: the real thing; great moon dances, good musicians, close enough to Mullum to matter, far enough away to be itself.

A few warnings:

Old bush houses are hard to find these days, cowbails not much easier. Hardly any jobs. Dole no easier than anywhere else. To be self-sufficient you need land, water, somewhere to live, maybe some money to get started, the Essential Brushook, a strong right arm — and much optimism.

But then, so did everyone else.

THE BUSH

Behind everything else on the north coast is the bush. You can't escape it. It's not just your classic Australian bush, either, which Henry Lawson once described as "a wire fence and a few ragged gums, and add some scattered sheep running away from the train". A lot of it was rainforest, and though much has been destroyed the region still has some of the most precious rainforests left on the continent: dark, moist, jungle-like forests of beeches, palms, strangler figs, orchids, tree ferns, lianas and red cedars (what's left) where, as conservationist Keith Bashford says, "you can find God".

One of the most extraordinary areas was The Big Scrub, the largest subtropical rainforest in Australia, which stretched from Byron Bay in the north to Ballina in the south and inland to near Rous Mill, Corndale and Goonengerry. It was 1842 before the first cedar cutters worked their way along the rivers in search of furniture timber, and the 1860s before the first settlers followed in any number. An ancestor of a friend of mine, Terry Dorrough, visited the area then and thought it would take a century to clear it; he came back 30 years later and found The Big Scrub almost gone, felled, burnt, ringbarked, turned into grazing land for pigs and dairy cattle (and pumpkins), the creeks silted up, the Dorrough mill already running out of timber . . . today Dorroughby is a forlorn crossroads, the rainforest vanished, the closed school turned (ironically) into a Field Studies Centre where visiting schoolkids can learn about ecology, and what used to be.

Further inland, closer to the Great Dividing Range, it becomes wilder and more mountainous: ridge after ridge of uncleared blackbutts, flooded gums, tallowoods, brush box and turpentines, with just a handful of farms following the creeks and gullies which run up into the high country.

Much of the steeply sloping land which the pioneers cleared is going back to bush: first lantana and crofton weed and bracken, then regrowth trees like camphor laurel and sally wattles, and then the tall timbers of the real bush.

It's fantastic country for bushwalking, camping, or, if you're hardy enough, living in. Some modern pioneers have hacked homes out of the rainforest, living in shacks and humpies between the trees, sometimes in the trees themselves; one heavily committed young man was going to try to live on air.

> The region still has some of the most precious rainforests left on the continent.

Mankind began, however, as a savannah dweller, on the fringe between the forest and the plain, and today most north coast bushdwellers do the same: they live around the creeks and gullies and knolls and sometimes ridgetops which border the forests, send their kids to one-teacher schools or bus them into the high schools or teach them themselves, hold dances and fairmarkets, swap vegetables and chooks and avocados, play guitar, and, often, work work work . . .

It's a hard life in the bush, I've decided. Nothing comes easy. Of course, it's not nearly as hard as the pioneers had, or the poverty-stricken dairy farmers who tried to eke a living out of this rain-leeched soil; but many new settlers have virtually reproduced that life, working all day on the land, doing without electricity or meat or running water, scratching out a bare subsistence — or failing to.

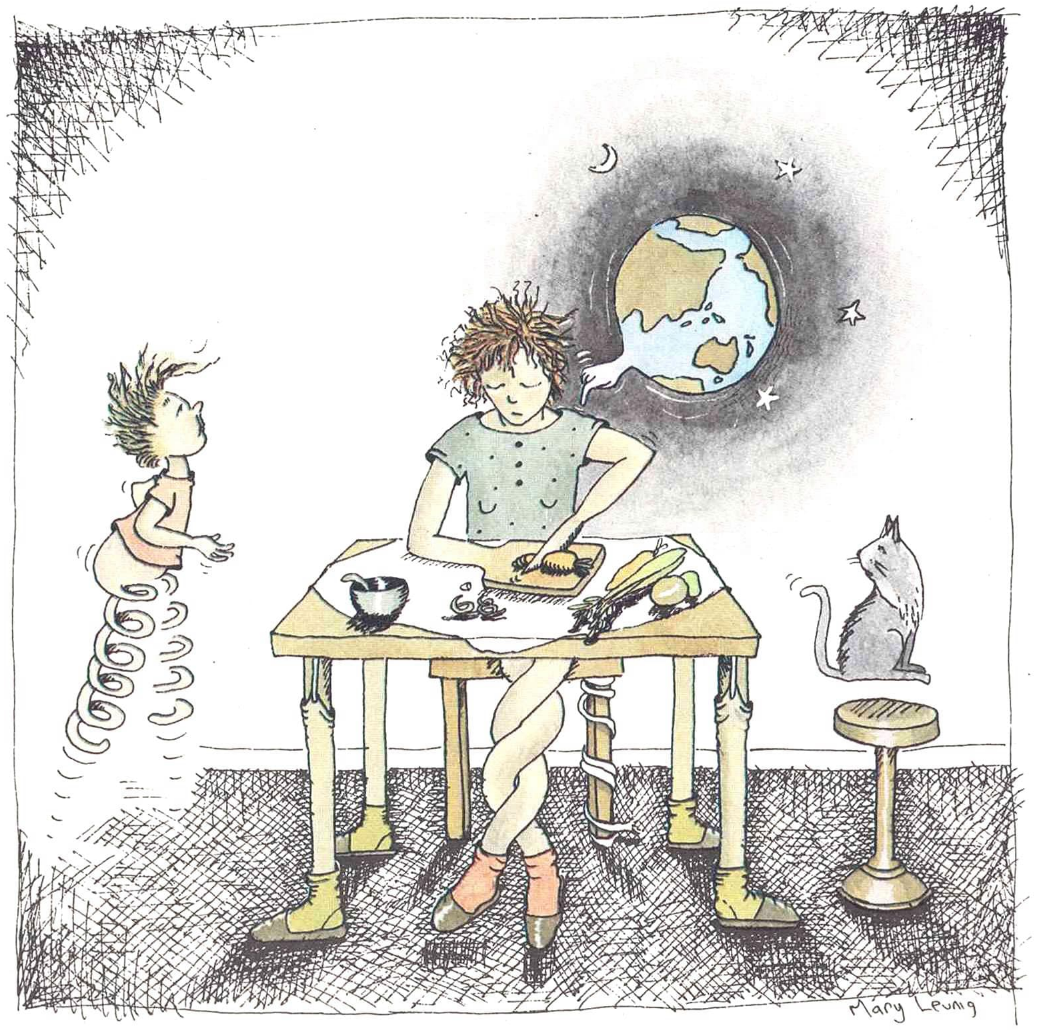
You get sick easily; there are ticks, leeches, snakes, subtropical viruses, millions and millions of insects (at night you sleep under nets); the summer heat enervates you, everything is an effort, you begin to understand the old jokes about manana-land. You're exposed to every extreme of weather, all the time, without respite: wind, the summer wet season, long dry spells when the creeks and water tanks dry up, heat, maybe a bushfire over the hill, sometimes a cyclone which rips in from the coast and blasts houses, trees, sheds; and always that strange lonely melancholy of the Australian bush — at least, that's how it feels sometimes. No buffers, no backups, no protection; everything is always unexpected.

Things die. Pets, animals, livestock, even the things you grow; I've seen more death, close-up, in the past three years than all the rest of my life put together. The slope down from the house is littered with the graves of birds, cats, chickens, ducklings, a calf; you begin to understand why country people grow coarse and unfeeling. A friend's wife, a kindhearted and sensitive woman, can't sleep at night because she "worries about the animals"; she gets depressed, morose.

It gets you down, just like it finally broke Lawson's pioneers and Steele Rudd's battlers. People drift into the bush, last a few years, drift out again. I sometimes think of the counter culture(s) as a rite of passage, a mythic role which people — especially young people — pick up for a while, and try out, and then discard as they pass on to the next. The bush is full of drifters, and loners, and discarded masks.

And yet, if you stay long enough, it grabs hold of you. Like the "wet", when the creeks flood, the paddocks are waterlogged, kids run around in gumboots and yellow macs, incessant incredible Biblical rain rattles against the galvinised iron roof, broken by sudden sunstrokes when clouds scud across the sky and rainbows jump across the mountaintops towards Nimbin. Or that first autumn morning when you can feel the cold blowing with the mist down from the range, and it's time to gather firewood for the potbelly stove, and everything seems possible. "I love it, I love the cold," said Rusty Miller, ex-Californian, surfer, harmonica-blower, woodsman, slapping his arms coachman-style across his chest. Or that extraordinary, magical time on late summer afternoons, the heat gone, the bush darkening imperceptibly towards dusk, everything still and absolutely silent before the cicadas begin, horses and trees and goats and fences transfixed in some domestic stasis, when everything — people, landscape, you, me — seems to fall into a dream of tranquillity . . .

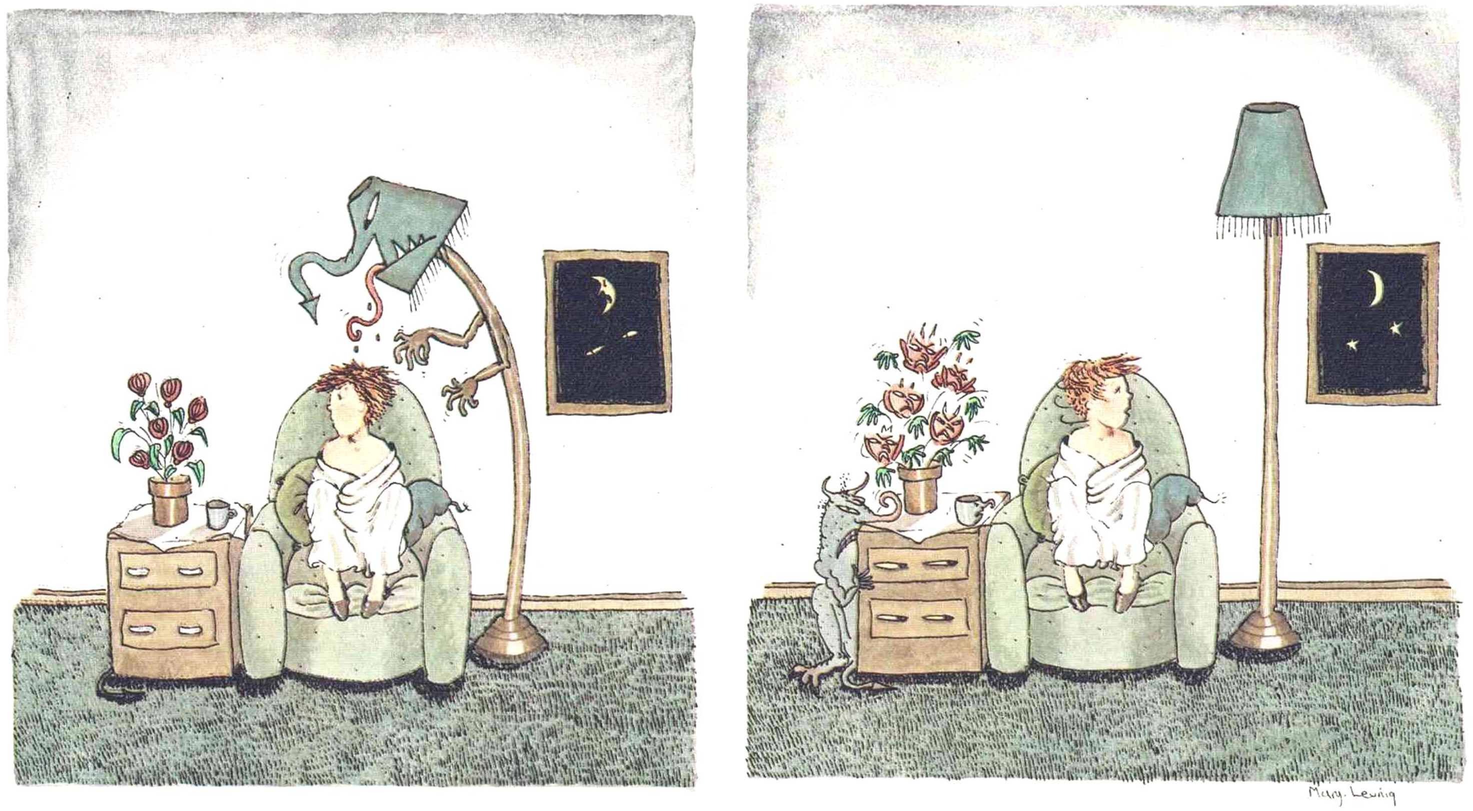
Just remember: *the life you start is the life you bring with you.*

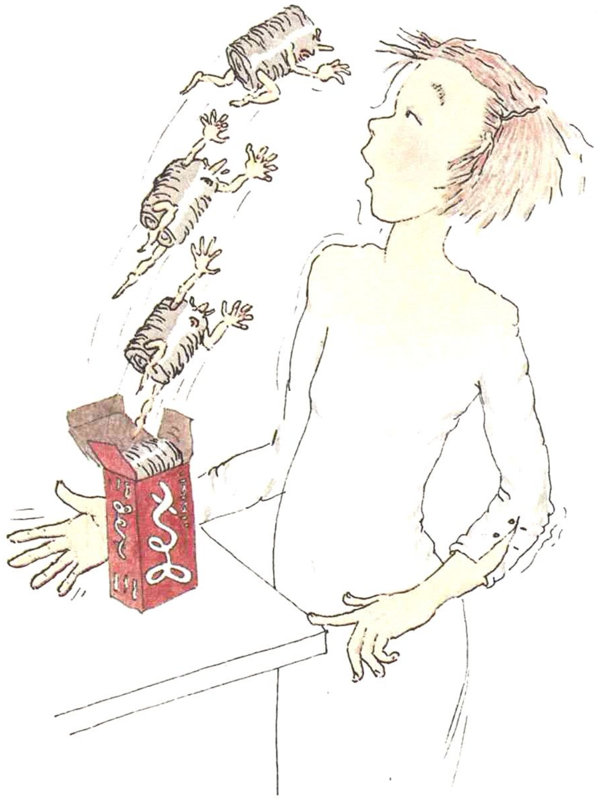


In this country the little lady, the old shiela, the trouble and strife, the missus has got it more than somewhat rough. We are still basically a nation of single breadwinners with housekeeper/slave/spouses. The housewife's lot is often a frustrating one. For artist Mary Leunig, the dreams of the everyday housewife are funny/sad affairs, where the kids run riot and even the wall hangings are hostile.

WOMEN'S ROLE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARY LEUNIG


Mary Leunig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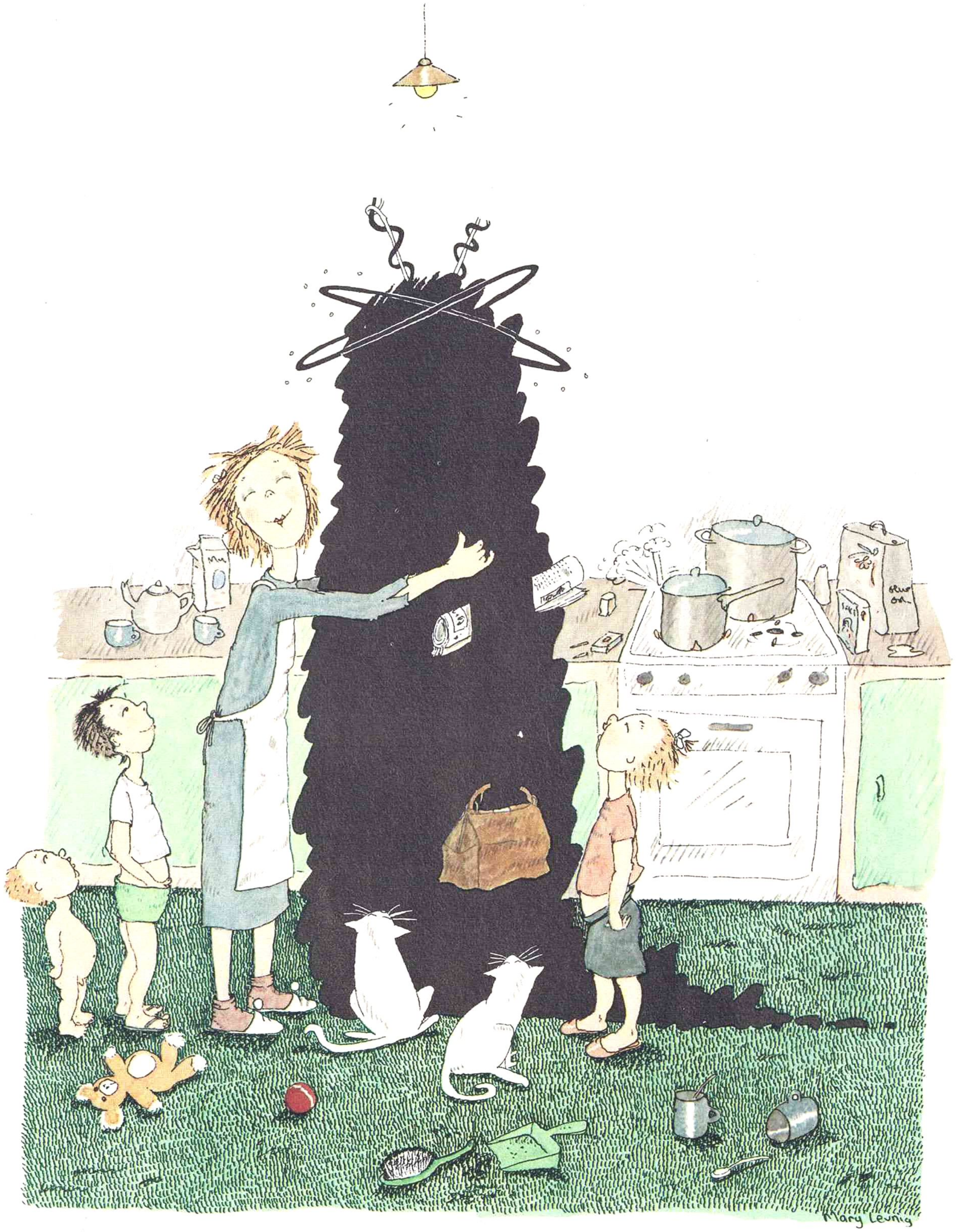
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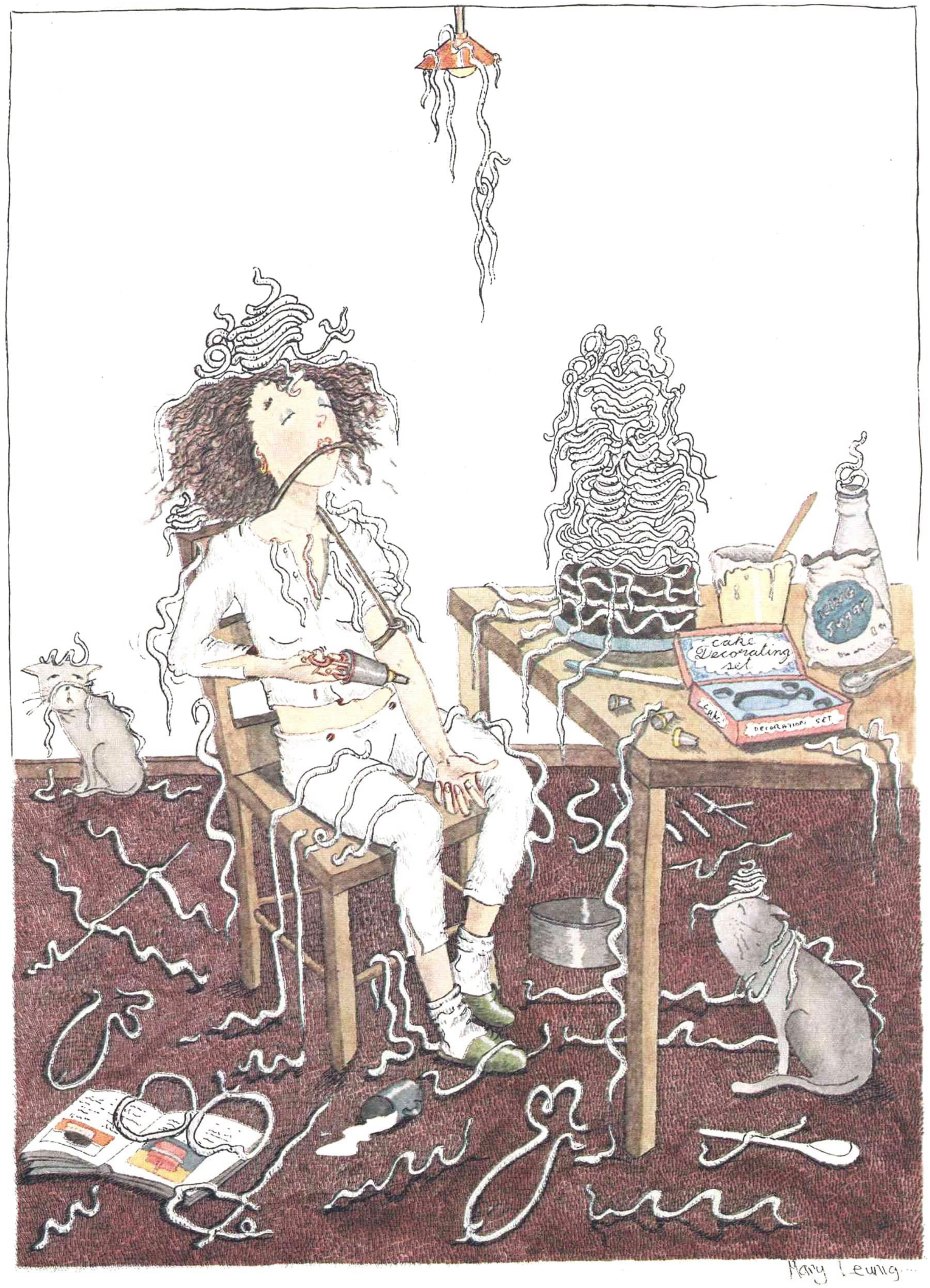
Mary Leunig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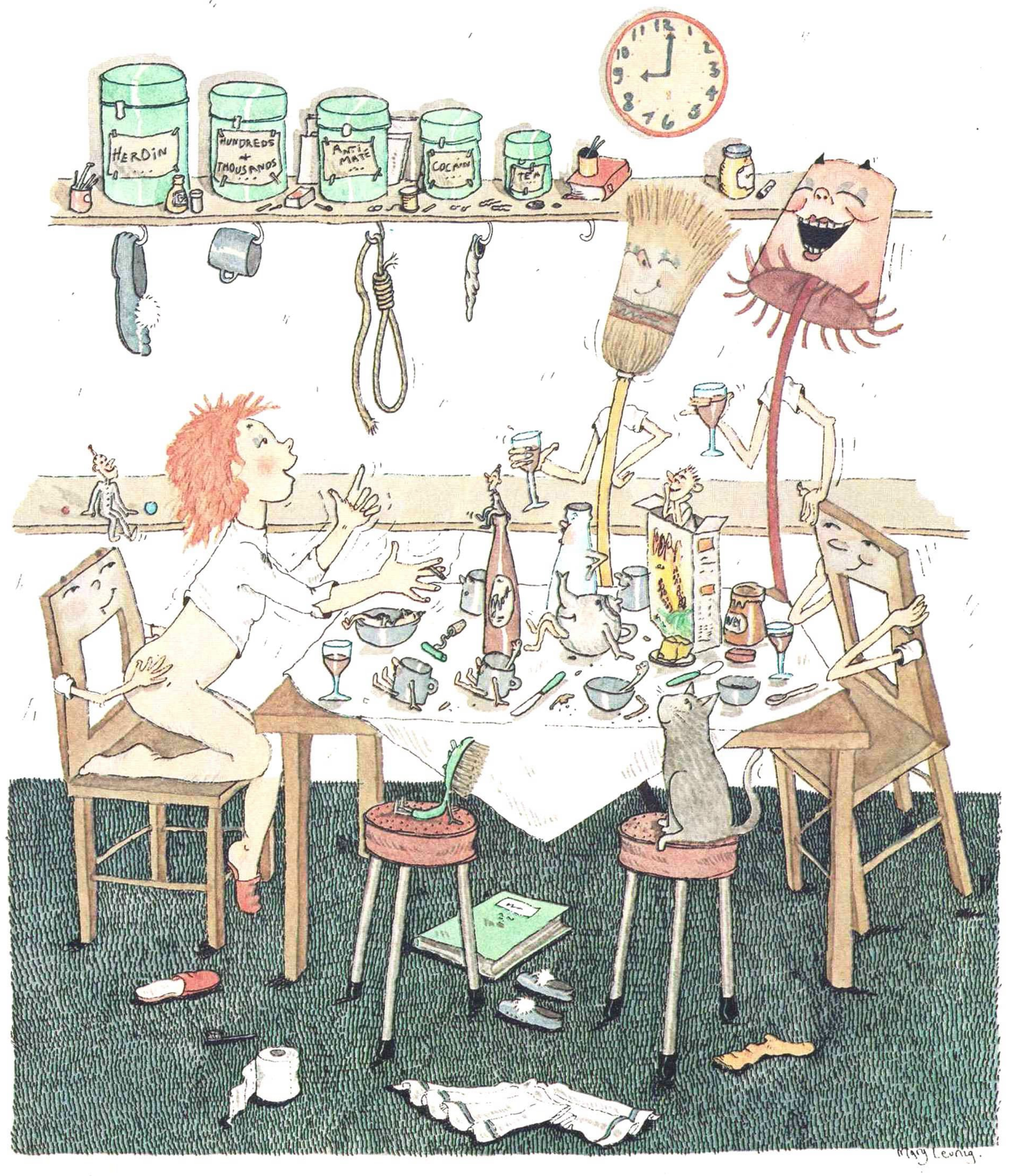
DECORATION SET
Icing Sugar
Mary Leunig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HUNDREDS + THOUSANDS
ANTI-MATE
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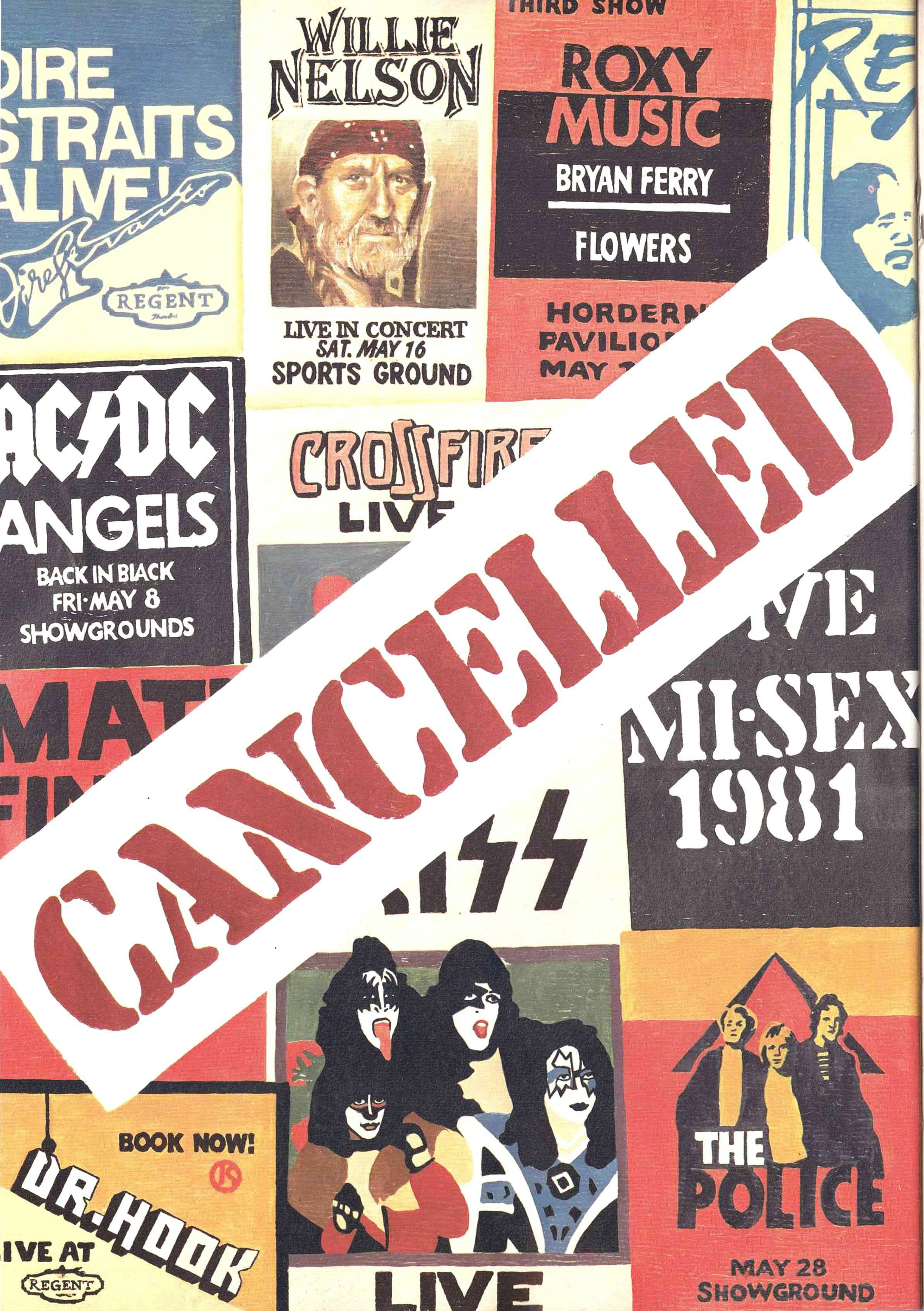


Illustration by Janet Serov

Australian concert goers won't be seeing many new acts this year.

THE ROCK 'N' ROLL RECESSION

BY CHRIS PRITCHARD

For a few nights last November, Elton John, George Benson, Isaac Hayes, Bette Midler, Tina Turner and Black Sabbath were fellow guests at the Sebel Town House Hotel on the edge of Sydney's Kings Cross. Kiss had been there just before. And downtown, workers wheeled pinball machines into a suite at the Sydney Hilton in preparation for the imminent arrival of Roberta Flack, who had requested the toys.

Looking back on the situation that month, the casual observer may suppose that the concert business is booming, that rock is rolling its backers toward massive profits. But it's a misleading picture.

While the promoters remain outwardly buoyant — they would smile even as their office furniture is being repossessed, one industry source remarks flippantly — there is a mood of unease in the rock-and-pop concert industry, sparked by a recession in the United States and British concert promotion business. Promoters in both countries are being driven to the wall by a simple situation: there are not enough bums on seats.

What happens to the concert promotion business overseas has some effect on the market here. A shortage of new big drawcard acts is viewed in the business as a direct consequence of the current recession. However, recovery isn't likely until a major new music fad of disco dimensions materialises. That's the *Catch 22* promoters are now facing.

Nevertheless, just as other branches of business and industry in Australia have escaped the full impact of foreign recession, so the concert promoters here are surviving. They are hurting, sure, but indications are that they will manage to squeak through the current period without experiencing the same contractions of business that have brought gloom elsewhere.

But there survival will not be achieved without cost to the concertgoer. The price: a noticeable drop in the number of top foreign acts coming here during the rest of 1981 and a disinclination, on the part of promoters, to gamble on acts which aren't almost certain money-spinners.

In 1981 Australia will inevitably see fewer acts which have had only one blockbuster hit and may thereafter be headed for oblivion. There won't be as many oddities or entertainers who depend on a cult following. Our concert diet won't be drastically cut — but it will be unusually bland.

"Even though things aren't as bad here as in the United States and Britain, it's a rough time for the concert industry," Melbourne-based promoter Paul Dainty contends. "As a result, people who bring out overseas stars will be less adventurous. They'll stick with the old faithfuls."

Anthony O'Grady, managing editor of the rock newspaper *Ram* agrees. "Concert promotion in Australia used to operate on a cushions of air," he maintains. "There was plenty of money around and, even if promoters made mistakes, they'd still make a profit. There's still a lot of money to be made but the mood is definitely cautious."

Caution is understandable, considering some of last year's loss-makers. Among them are:

- Boz Scaggs: Industry scuttlebutt is that the loss was in the region of $100,000 to $150,000. Record buyers, perhaps rendered comatose by Scaggs' laid-back sound, weren't sufficiently motivated to see their favorite entertainer live.
- Rita Coolidge: According to Dainty who promoted the tour it was a minor loser, to the tune of about $15,000.
- The Village People, supported by the Ritchie Family: Despite a huge publicity campaign, the tour reportedly lost

money. The failure was strange, however, considering that *Can't Stop The Music*, which starred the same over-produced disco group, made money in Australia even though it lost elsewhere. (A later music movie *Xanadu*, perhaps even more awful, was also a loser almost everywhere except Australia.)

- Leon Russell/Amazing Rhythm Aces: All sources interviewed agreed this tour lost money, apparently because of a failure to keep down overheads. Musically, it was great value. Financially, it was a prime loser. The tour party was too big to be economical.
- Isaac Hayes: he filled Sydney's St George Leagues Club most nights he played there. Ageing Isaac had great appeal among a "mature" female audience which oohed and aahed after every cue from the past his prime singer. But Hayes brought too many musicians and back-up singers for the tour to have any chance of financial success. A source familiar with the financial details of the tour comments: "Hayes was such a hit with the poker machine ladies that he'll probably get another chance — but next time there'll be a tougher deal and he'll have to leave most of the entourage at home and perhaps use local back-up singers."
- Gary Numan: The tour is believed to have been a marginal loss.
- Tom Petty: He's in the same league as Numan.
- Gerry and the Pacemakers: Gerry Marsden sometimes played to no more than 60 nostalgic fans on his Australian club circuit tour last year.
- Kiss: most sources say money was lost on their heavily-hyped Australian tour. Promoter Kevin Jacobsen insists a profit was made. (More about Kiss later.)

On the predominantly New Wave pub circuit — some of the acts appeared at smaller concert venues — these bands are widely believed to have been losers for their promoters; UK Squeeze, XTC, Magazine, The Tourists and deservedly, the hideously mini-talented Wreckless Eric. Eric was evidence that some British bands, going hungry on their home turf, see Australia as a source of easy money — despite their lack of musical ability and their all too obvious lack of any star quality. Eric also provided Australian New Wave fans with the opportunity to prove they weren't dumb punks.

They weren't conned.

A British rock critic wrote recently of the situation in his country: "When times are lean, fewer new acts are given a break. Less new talent will be discovered. There's a reduced chance of a new direction emerging in popular music. We'll probably have to put up with the current 'sameness', where many new bands have a stale sound, until the financial situation improves."

The condition of the United States concert industry is now unusually weak. It has been pummelled by a variety of factors and so far hasn't been able to arrest the slump.

Promoters there report a 30 percent drop in business in 1980 compared with 1979, and they don't foresee an imminent improvement. Superstars have flopped across the nation in the past 12 months. Some groups wisely cancelled tours to spare themselves public humiliation.

Among groups which have failed to fill houses in American cities in recent months are Queen, The Who, The Eagles, Fleetwood Mac and Supertramp. Alice Cooper took evasive action: in 1979 he filled the 17,000-seater Forum in Los Angeles but late in 1980 he claimed overwhelming success by packing the city's Greek Theatre, which holds a mere 4800 fans.

Late in 1980 Kiss, heavily-hyped in Australia, had no plans whatever to do a US tour, apparently having little faith that pubescent America would be sufficiently stimulated to buy tickets.

> With no fad with mainstream appeal, promotors can only hope they survive the poor state of the industry.

In isolated instances, throwing money at the problem has worked. Pink Floyd was a sell-out in the United States on its most recent tour, a success attributed largely to almost $1.2 million spent on production. It was the most successful US tour of the year — but not every group warrants extravagances such as the blowing up of a brick wall on stage each night (Bruce Springsteen was another isolated hit — thanks to his publicists' skill in lining up cover stories in both *Time* and *Newsweek*.)

When, usually for sound economic reasons, the extravaganza isn't produced, the audiences stay away. Queen, a sellout with an earlier stage show, cut back to lights and smoke on their latest United States tour.

Since late 1979 then, there have not been enough people wanting to see top rock acts. Fans who would buy tickets for almost every concert have all but disappeared. Some concertgoers have given up the habit totally. Others are being far more selective in their ticket-buying.

Record companies in the US have been pulling in their horns. Lavish sums splashed with little restraint, on concert promotions and tour support have been severely cut back. Some industry-watchers have termed it an over-reaction. The result, however, has been fewer bands touring. And some of those now touring are doing so after losing record company backing.

Instead they are sometimes investing their own money in tours that are shoestring affairs when compared with what they would have undertaken in 1979. Roadies are pared back, with artists helping to lug and set up their own equipment, parasitic hangers-on have been stripped of their fancy titles and sent home. Costs are closely watched.

About 18 months ago, a new US band signed by a major label would receive $30,000 to $100,000 in tour support in the first year. Now newly-signed bands, desperate to push themselves, are borrowing to invest $10,000 a week in touring. Better established acts are doing the same on about $20,000 a week. Top-liners faced with bigger investments are touring less. On-the-road inflation has spurred financial managers' demands for cutbacks. Fares have soared and hotel rooms that averaged $32 in 1979 are $65 to $85 a night now, with suites showing an even more exaggerated climb.

Promoters in rock's biggest market face the immediate future with gloom. Barry Bell, of New York's Premier Talent Agency, was quoted in *The Wall Street Journal* as saying: "Every time I think it looks like business is getting better it only gets worse."

Despite all the factors mitigating against an imminent resurgence of the US concert industry, promoters believe good times will return — as soon as their hoped for new music fad is found.

But so far that craze eludes discovery, evidently unready to be found before its time. In post-disco panic, record companies spent millions trying to hone and refine punk into New Wave. They discovered that Americans didn't relate to the alienated and anti-social themes dominating British punk. One writer noted that US music, particularly Californian material, was preoccupied with having a good time, with love, sex and a life filled with enjoyment, while much British punk was a vehicle for resentment, unlikely to appeal to the US lifestyle.

Even homogenised, American-style New Wave hasn't broken through to approach the popularity of the most recent mass craze, the demon disco. At its height in the US, failed radio stations were switching to all-disco formats and scooping up dollars. Now, with no fad with mainstream appeal, promoters can only hope they will survive the present poor state of the industry. Some haven't made it, quitting or declaring bankruptcy.

Everything that's true about the US situation also applies in Britain — except that Britain, in the grip of Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's experimentation with monetarist economics, is in far worse shape. Ticket prices have risen 50 percent in the past two years, compared with 30 percent in the US.

While American soft-rock bands can find steady employment on the hotel cocktail-bar circuit (Holiday Inns soak up thousands of musicians), there's no equivalent outlet in depressed Britain. Many band members have never been in hotels and are happy to play in pubs for a couple of tenners and a few beers.

To US or British promoters, the Australian concert industry — though smaller because of our lower population — looks healthy when compared to their own. But in their own way times are hard here too. Just as Australia has been cushioned from other harsh economic realities, so the concert industry here isn't exactly ailing. But most well-connected sources in the industry nevertheless confirm there will be a leaner than average diet for concertgoers and club audiences in 1981.

Paul Dainty, a major Australian concert promoter, supports this view adding that the era of the big concert in this country is over, as much as it is in the US and Britain. Inflation's a factor here, though less of a concern than overseas. Out-of-work Australian kids with no spare cash aren't numerous enough to alarm promoters.

But other factors are every bit as worrying as they are overseas. Dainty agrees that Australian audiences have become more sophisticated. "Six years ago they'd go to see anything," he recalls. "Four years ago they'd expect a well-produced sound and light show. Now they expect the performer to walk on water — and when he doesn't there's a feeling of disappointment that results in their not bothering to buy tickets for some other show. It's extremely difficult to live up to the expectations of today's audiences; they're cynical, they're sophisticated about their music and inevitably they're disappointed about some of the shows they see.

"Often it's not the audience's fault — and it's not the performers' fault either. Acts just can't live up to what their publicity machine promises they'll deliver. And the sound may be inferior, too. But audiences aren't accepting less than perfection. If it can't be delivered, they stay home."

Dainty, like overseas promoters, believes only a new musical craze will put things right. "People will go to concerts again," he predicts. "At the moment, all they can do is expect the same old stuff to get better and better." Meantime, he's hedging his bets by involving himself in tennis promotion.

New Wave isn't big enough to fill the Aussie void. In Dainty's view, "there isn't the talent. These New Wave people aren't strong enough personalities. And the new acts aren't coming up with the songs. The truly great songs of rock were produced by the older acts and the new stuff generally doesn't rival it." Without that vital element of "magic", the new bands don't have the pulling power to wrest potential audiences away from their home stereo systems and into concert venues.

Dainty noticed the steam going out of the Australian concert industry almost two years ago. "People stopped supporting the big concerts, preferring smaller and more comfortable halls," he says. "Fleetwood Mac played to 50,000 in 1977 at a single concert but, in 1980, they moved indoors, playing to 5000 a night over five nights.

"The trouble is that the really big acts are the old faithfuls, and most people have seen them at least once. But because the next few years are going to be tough in this business things will get worse before they get better and promoters will tend to play it safe.

> Audiences aren't accepting less than perfection. If it can't be delivered, they stay home.

"What this means is that some of the old faithfuls will be brought here again because promoters are aware that, while they might not break records any more, at least there'll probably still be a profit in it.

"Promoters have become reluctant to gamble, as they've done in the past, on interesting or offbeat acts which *might* make a profit or *might* fail dismally. All this makes for a less varied choice of acts to go and see."

In Dainty's view, one of the growing complications of the Australian market is that what is true in Sydney or Melbourne is often not true of today's market in Adelaide, Perth or Brisbane. A promoter may break even in the two big cities, relying on the others to provide his profit — but he'll find his hot act will inexplicably bomb there. Or the reverse may happen: the smaller cities will be sold out but he'll take a bath financially because the Sydney and Melbourne crowds give his promotion a wide berth. Industry insiders maintain the Australian concert-going public is notoriously fickle.

Money-spinners for promoters in the past year included George Benson, Elton John, Tina Turner, Roberta Flack, Paul Williams, Juliet Prowse, Janis Ian, Victor Borge, Roy Orbison, Leslie Uggams, Black Sabbath and, on the pub New Wave circuit, The Cure.

The few observations:

- Victor Borge (he's included here because rock concert promoters don't confine themselves exclusively to that genre; they also bring out classical performers and comedians) and Roy Orbison always do well in Australia because they have a large body of longstanding fans who are always rewarded with top quality, if highly predictable, performances.
- While the Juliet Prowse and Paul Williams tours are believed to have been profitable, they came at a bad time for the promoter who handled them both. A source who became involved after problems developed tells of bouncing cheques for bills connected with the tours and reveals that Australian vocalist/guitarist Mario d'Andrea, who opened for Juliet Prowse, was still awaiting payment several months after the tour.
- One US act, the Bellamy Brothers, was neither a success nor a failure in Australia. They turned tail and left before completing their tour. Reason: they wanted the promoter to provide cash up front. When the promoter wouldn't agree to the pay-before-we-sing demand, the act checked out of its hotel and headed for the airport. Given the narrow margin within which concert promoters are now operating, there are some in the industry who say the Bellamy Brothers' demand was not altogether unreasonable.

Rock acts scheduled to come to Australia this year include: Neil Diamond, and The Who. (The Who are among acts which Dainty calls "old faithfuls", the other acts are reasonably safe buys from a promoter's viewpoint.)

Other foreign entertainers set for Australian dates in the next few months are Al Martino, Barbara Eden, Florence Henderson, Danny La Rue, Gene Pitney, Frank Ifield, Guy Mitchell, Warren Mitchell, Phyllis Diller, The Temptations and the Four Aces. Again, a safe selection — though, as one entertainment industry authority observes, "the fact that Florence Henderson is a perpetual top act in Las Vegas doesn't guarantee an SRO season in Australia."

One promoter suggests a prime failing of the Australian concert industry has been to put too much faith in record sales. "This applies particularly to second tours — the group is a smash hit with its first album and tour so the promoters book them for a second tour — and more often than not, the next album's a fizzer," he argues. "Some records do well in Australia — then concerts by the same artists do poorly. Record sales aren't always a good guide. I mean, I could sell out The Rolling

Stones or Bob Dylan anytime just on event value, and not many people in Australia are buying their records just now." Who would he see as an utterly no-risk concert attraction for an Australian tour? "Barbra Streisand," he answers. But, after a pause, he sighs: "She's not available of course — probably never will be."

As promoters trim budgets to survive, they're becoming tougher on the artists. They won't pick up the tab for excess baggage in the form of unnecessary aides, superfluous roadies and the like. Crews, girlfriends, etc, are now being reduced to an unprecedented minimum — or the promoter will pass up the deal. The heady days of big tour parties, in which the drones outnumbered the workers, are over.

Since the market hit the doldrums, promoters have been using money-saving lurks which have hurt Australian artists. For a concert performance, Equity insists they hire two Australian supporting acts for every one foreign act. For club work, the ratio is an even tougher three to one. (The Village People managed to have US supports only — a result of Equity confusion during a time when control of local content was being switched from State to national level.)

Some promoters are keeping within the letter rather than the spirit of Equity regulations by counting the master of ceremonies as one of the obligatory local acts.

When Janis Ian performed in Australia she came on stage unannounced. Her main Australian supporting act was The Sinclair Brothers. And the second Australian supporting act was the "emcee", whose only function was to yell "Ladies and Gentlemen, The Sinclair Brothers", for which he earned $75 — peanuts in terms of the budget.

Then you have the more extreme version of this same cost-cutting device: when Victor Borge last performed in Australia the MC announced him on tape. This "Australian act" didn't even have to show after appearing once to record his announcement. At one show, however, as Borge walked to his piano he was announced yet again in identical tone — someone backstage had hit the "rewind" button after the first announcement and then mistakenly pushed "play".

Borge's other Australian support — additional to the recorded voice — was a competent but low-key act. An official of the promoter's company told a source: "Victor would be insulted if he knew how cheap the supporting act is." The source asked why the promoter didn't hire a more prestigious and expensive local act only to be told "No, there would be no more sales in doing that."

Barry Cavanagh, an equity official involved in ensuring promoters adhere to their commitments to use Australian supporting talent acknowledges the problem. "Often," he says, "they will go for the cheapest local act rather than the best or most appropriate." Australian artists frequently complain this gives local audiences — and foreign acts — poor opinions of available indigenous talent.

Cavanagh is aware of other tricks promoters get up to, too. "When the market's tough they'll try these things," he says. "But we're aware of them — and we've been tightening up much more to protect Australian entertainers as much as we can."

An abuse that's not uncommon in the ethnic market (and not unheard of in the mainstream market either) is for two contracts to exist. Equity sees one — but later it's learned that there's another contract under which the artist is working. Chinese, Greek, Italian, Lebanese and other restaurants often import singers and instrumentalists to boost their business. They are prime offenders.

The double-contract routine is a worsening feature of the business. Local ethnic entertainers as well as those brought in from overseas are exploited in this way. "Entertainers are sometimes so worried they'll be out of work that they'll go along with this kind of thing and work for very poor pay," Cavanagh says. "When there's a dispute over claiming money that rightfully belongs to the artist we get told on occasions 'Oh, don't upset them because they may not hire me again'."

> ‘The heady days of big tour parties, in which the drones outnumbered the workers, are over.’

A Sydney music industry executive says of promoters' current caution: "Don't expect the situation to change — this isn't the time for promoters to try to broaden tastes. In the present climate they want to concentrate on bringing back the tried and trusted acts. Their conservatism is a pity because there'll be little that's new to awaken the palate.

"Only two factors will change this: rebellion against paying to see the same old acts, forcing promoters to bring out new acts in order to survive — or a new craze, which shows no sign of materialising, with new songs and new stars."

As proof of a play-it-safe approach, promoter Kevin Jacobsen plans to bring Kiss to Australia again late in 1981 — or at least that's what he indicated in an interview just after the painted popsters left Australia late last year.

There are many in the industry who treat the claim with considerable scepticism, believing Kiss was a money-losing tour and that if the group return it'll be for a shorter, financially scaled-down tour. It's just not accepted in the concert industry that a Kiss tour of the same magnitude as the one mounted late in 1980 will be staged in Australia again.

Promoters traditionally don't like to speak about losses. In retrospect, they tend to talk about almost all their efforts as resounding successes. It's a business built on "front" and nerve.

Jacobsen says he made money on Kiss. He speaks proudly of the 98-strong touring party, of selling all but 2000 of the 40,000 Sydney seats, of selling out in Melbourne and of doing poorly only in Wellington, New Zealand, because of rain. "Of course we made money," he laughs. "And the guys said they'd never been so well-treated as by my organisation."

But what of Tony Higgins, marketing director of Plough Australia Pty Ltd, who was reported as selling little more than 50 percent of specially prepared bags of Kiss make-up? Or the unfortunate Bill Bailey of Aredol Pty Ltd who sold only 419 of 20,000 $10 Kiss medallions? These failures seem to indicate that Kissmania is not as virulent as the contrived hysteria which preceded and accompanied the tour?

Jacobsen scoffs at suggestions seat sales weren't as good as claimed and says the sellers of Kiss paraphernalia failed only because they were ill-informed.

"You can sell all kinds of things at concerts in the US," he argues. "But Australia is different. Our own research shows the kids don't have more than $5 to spend on average at a concert after they've bought their tickets.

"Look, when we had Peter Allen playing to a full house of 2000 people on his opening night we had his records on sale in the foyer. We sold only two albums! That's a fact of life in the Australian concert industry. It doesn't mean an act's unpopular. We were very happy with Kiss."

The over-selling of Kiss does not reflect well on the Australian daily media. That consumer resistance to the hype was evident is a credit to the fans. (The promoters were disappointed by the smaller-than-expected number of kids who turned out in front of Sydney's Town Hall to pay homage to the rock musicians.)

From the moment the Kiss tour was first announced, the nation's daily newspapers converted their rock reportage to straight fan magazine drool-and-grovel stuff. Apparently awe-struck reporters chronicled almost every move of the visitors uncritically. It was a publicist's dream. Kiss was regularly front-paged and treated as if it were the world's hottest rock property, which it isn't.

No one bothered to mention that Kiss hadn't exactly excelled on a European tour preceding the Australia-New Zealand visit — or that the band had played to only a couple of thousand in London. No one reported that Kiss, supposedly at the pinnacle of rock entertainment, had no plans for a forthcoming US tour. No matter, the admiration machine had other morsels to feed the public.

One reporter breathlessly related, high up in his story, how he had been the only writer *invited* to accompany Kiss on a Sydney harbor cruise. Another revealed "exclusively" that a band member was in the habit of taking photographs of the "naked women" with whom he slept. Presumably, the rock star's fully-clothed bed-mates were cast in bronze?

Kiss, in the pop industry, is not numbered among 1980 Australian tour successes. Rather it's seen as an example of heavy hype's failure to create artificially bullish business conditions. It's arguable that Kiss, without the swamp of shallow hyperbolic, free publicity, may have had a devastatingly dismal Australasian tour. But, even with media hard-sell, the predicted level of kiddie desire wasn't attained.

(There are doubts, too, about whether the Willie Nelson tour, in February, made money. Again, the media co-operated in heavy hype. But industry insiders question the wisdom of putting Nelson who appeals to an older crowd, in large venues rather than comfortable theatres. There was no difficulty in getting seats and some Nelson fans reportedly stayed home because they didn't like the idea of going to big concerts. Before the tour, an instant sell-out had been predicted.)

Ram managing editor Anthony O'Grady remarks on how wise today's audiences, particularly the kids, are. "They make up their own minds nowadays," he says. "They rely on word-of-mouth rather than the publicity machine. On the pub circuit in the past years, the imported bands that didn't deliver did well on the first night because of curiosity value.

"But then, because of word-of-mouth, business dropped right off. The kids would say 'Oh, don't bother going — they're not as good as Cold Chisel'. They compare them to their favorite local band. And, as a result, the big rush of imported bands on the pub circuit is over. The kids think the best local bands provide better value.

"Of course, the local bands are having a tough time, too. Record company backing isn't as lavish as it was. They have to struggle for themselves."

One popular Australian group, Jimmy and the Boys, earns $9000 to $10,000 a week — but its costs often run to $8000 to $9000 a week. Obviously, they search hungrily for the all-too-rare deals that will yield better returns for a few weeks, to make the effort of hanging in and waiting for a hit record worthwhile.

Among the uglier products of promoters' current fear of a mean and fickle market is their reactivated enthusiasm for "door deals". This means the band gets a percentage of ticket sales — of money paid by people passing through the door. "Bands don't like these kind of deals — but often they agree because it's the only way they work," O'Grady says. Equity's Cavanagh gets angry at the mention of door deals. "We won't let foreign artists play here under those types of contracts — the promoter puts himself in a no-risk situation and the performer doesn't know if he'll end up making any money," he fumes. "We fight it in the case of foreign artists to prevent promoters subsequently telling local performers they'd better accept these deals because the big-name foreign stars don't mind."

(A variation some local bands find acceptable at big pub venues is for the house to get all the booze profits and the group to keep all the door money — sometimes as much as $5000 for a night's work, which is good money for indigenous bands working their home territory.)

> ‘The big rush of imported bands on the pub circuit is over. Kids think the best local bands are better value.’

In the Australian industry it's widely expected that cautious promoters will more frequently announce tours by foreign performers, to which they aren't yet committed, to judge the response before signing contracts. "I think a lot of names will be run up the flagpole in the coming months to see who salutes," O'Grady predicts. At the time of writing, one name up the flagpole is Stevie Wonder. A possible tour has been suggested for late this year. At this point, betting on it would be extremely premature. More likely to show are the old faithfuls, referred to earlier.

The record industry in Australia has been dented far less than the concert business. Record companies are secretive about sales but retail outlets and other sources say recording executives have less to worry about than their US and, particularly, their British counterparts. Sales aren't rising — but they haven't dropped alarmingly. "The industry hasn't advanced much in the past few years," according to David Kent, publisher of *The Kent Report*, an authorative industry guide. "But I think the use of blank cassettes for taping is a worsening problem, far more than any drop in interest in the music."

Kent adds that sales of 5000 to 10,000 are still needed, as they were three or four years ago, to get an album into the Top 40. (Sales of 20,000 turn an album "gold" in Australia, compared with 50,000 for a single. Sales of 50,000 for an album earn it a "platinum" tag.)

Australia's concert tour promoters are being forced to find new backers in the present tight-money situation. While some use their own money, others are broadening their range of backers. A few have run out of sources of capital having produced for their investors loss after loss after loss.

The backers' identities stay private. They come from a wide range of backgrounds, having in common a reasonable level of liquidity which they are prepared to commit in part to the risky rock concert business (they're often the same people who back theatrical productions).

Because 10, 20 or 100 investors like these may back a tour, a promoter may well have none of his own money in it. If he loses, it's not his money and he continues in business. This system works well if he doesn't exhaust his supply of backers. The occasional smash-hit tour, strung between the losses, helps keep investors beating a path to his door. Because they often don't know the rock business, some end up investing in turkeys.

A promoter can end up making money on repeated losses by keeping his expenses and/or fees excessive. The backers, in these instances are the only losers.

A bright spot for consumers at the moment is that music fans can normally wait, with minimal risk, until the day of a concert before making a decision about buying tickets. Impulse concert-going is now an attractive alternative to reservations (many Kiss fans did just that, soaking up some of the empty seats). It's possible to wait for the reviews — or friends' opinions — of first-night performances before deciding whether to shell out on tickets.

O'Grady of *Ram*, who sees most foreign acts touring Australia, confirms "there's absolutely no need to buy tickets well in advance for concerts these days."

Promoters find the situation increasingly perplexing. They have no answers and have stopped speculating about how to breathe vitality back into their industry. The condition of their business is beyond their control.

Echoing the resigned opinion of others, Dainty maintains: "All we can do is wait until things get better."

When this will happen remains an unknown. But there are few who believe a resurgence will come without a new fashion in music to spark it.

Australian theatre companies
are going to have to do something dramatic
if they want to survive.

IS THERE AN AUDIENCE IN THE HOUSE?

BY MALCOLM FRAWLEY

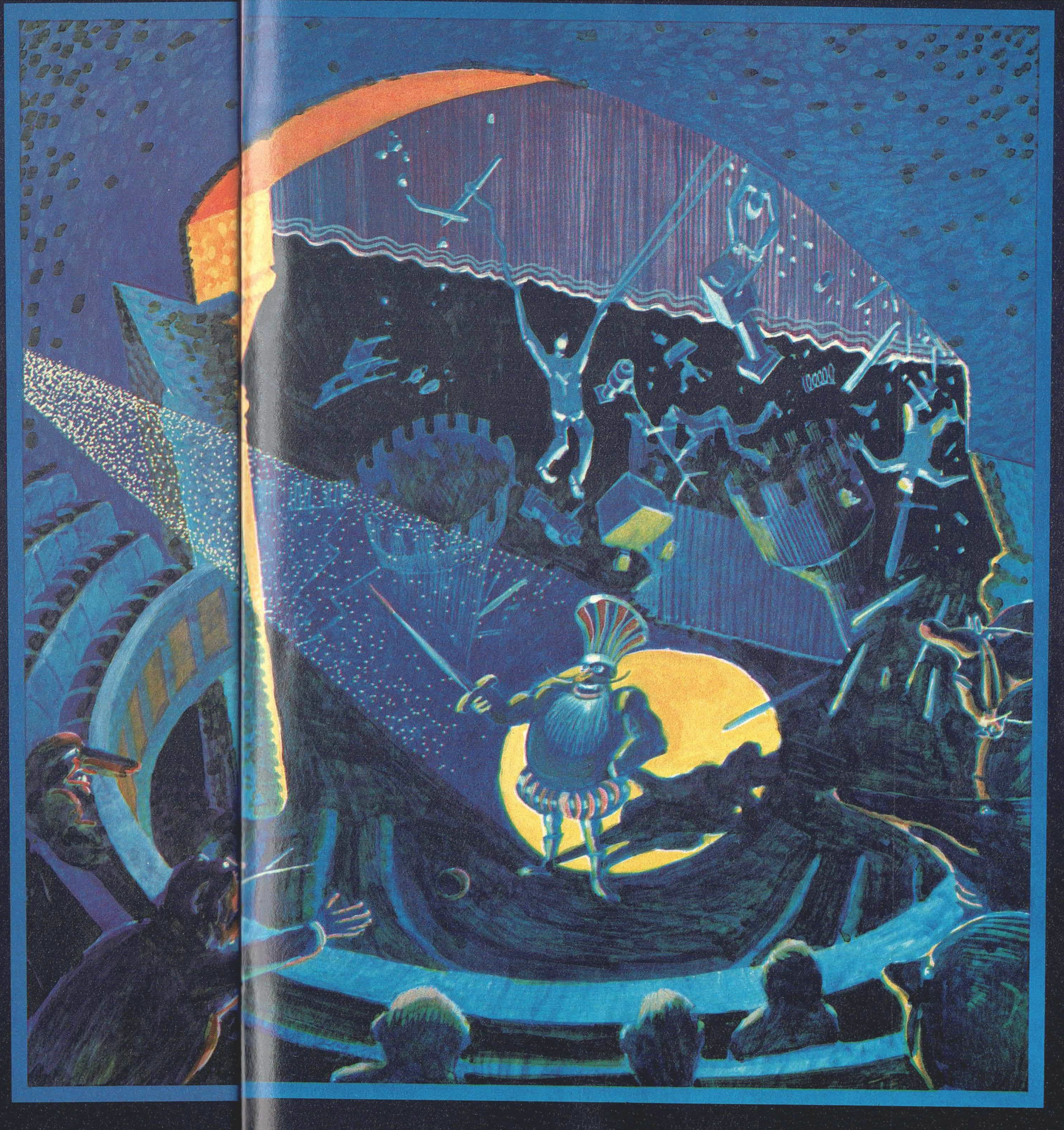
If the closest you ever get to a live theatrical experience is the trifecta of beer, poker machines and The Dubbo Brothers at your local RSL Club, don't worry, you're in good company. Live theatre in Australia is about as popular as multiple sclerosis, and often just as enjoyable for its hapless victims. One reason for the sorry state of Australian theatre is that it closely resembles the well-known bird that flies in ever-diminishing circles, eventually disappearing up its own bum. It is painful for a theatre-going public to pay (approximately) twice as much for theatre seats than it would for cinema seats. It is even more painful to sit in those seats and endure, season after season, programming that exhibits all the symptoms of tunnel vision. Yet, instead of driving out of that tunnel and opening up the appeal of theatre to a much wider audience, at which time seat prices could become more competitive, the trowel has been reached for, and daylight is slowly being bricked out. The analogy is obvious — theatre in Australia is gradually burying itself alive, and to be rescued it must, collectively, throw in the trowel.

Like most of the arts in this country, theatre could not survive without heavy subsidisation from State and Federal governments. But while film is apparently flourishing and almost anybody can get a camera rolling with public money, theatre is flying in those ever-diminishing circles. The irony is that the companies whose sights are most firmly set on the "target" at the end of those circles are the companies that receive the most attention from the relevant funding bodies.

Monopolisation is supposedly unethical in a free enterprise society, but given the increasingly inflexible attitude of government funding, it is not beyond belief that each capital city could eventually end up with one token theatre, which must be an enticing prospect for the various Arts Councils, as it would make book-keeping that much more simple. And, as incredible as it may sound, book-keeping appears to have a higher priority than art; possibly because it is easier to define.

When subsidies are handed out each financial year, the situation resembles a Mad Hatter's tea party. The Mad Hatter is of course the body dealing out the

Illustration by Tony Edwards



bickies. For White Rabbit substitute White Elephant, which can symbolise legitimate theatre. Finally, if anyone ever knew how it feels to be lost in a Wonderland, it's the Alice of a thinly-disguised fringe theatre. When seats are taken at the table, both guests are poured a cup of tea. That's only polite, after all. When you start looking for something to dunk, however, you notice that all the Iced Vo-Vos have ended up on the plate of the White Elephant — poor little Alice having to content herself with the crumbs from a solitary Milk Arrowroot. It's as if fringe theatre has been placed on a permanent fast, to compensate for legitimate theatre's obesity.

The party is over. The guests go home. And legitimate theatre sits back on its fat annuity devising ways and means of spending (sometimes squandering) every last cent, thus becoming eligible for the same amount next year. In sharp contrast, fringe theatre sweats blood to get before its public, in the forlorn and misguided hope that, if it tries a little harder it may be rewarded with a little encouragement. It is inevitably rewarded with as little encouragement as possible, being patronised and condescended to by both its legitimate big brother and its bastard relative, the press.

It is difficult to ascertain why this attitude exists. "Fringe" is an integral part of theatrical evolution, just as apprenticeship is an integral part of many trades. And, if you don't believe that apprentices eventually become the experts in their field, you have your oxy-welding mask on back to front. Film star Bryan Brown, Elizabeth Alexander and Chris Haywood all paid their dues in fringe theatre before going on to legitimate success. And most of Australia's recognised playwrights had their work first performed in "tin sheds". It follows that the Bryan Browns and David Williamsons of tomorrow are working in fringe theatre now. But, far from being nurtured, their development is being actively retarded by the recessionist policies of those financially responsible for the arts.

Legitimate theatre continues its largely unadventurous programming (Do we really need to see Hamlet again? Particularly as so few Australians know, or even care, what the hell Shakespeare is all about anyway.), playing to an unchanging clique that suffers its regular shot of culture for much the same reason that a libertine suffers his regular shot of something else. Fringe experiments, deliberately provide an alternative and enlarge the appeal of live theatre by enlarging live theatre itself. And despite the continued attempts at assassination, its bullet-riddled body refuses to lie down.

Asking "Is there an audience in the house?" is purely rhetorical. I know there is. In a population of 14 million there must be more than the present live theatre audience of less than one percent who get tired of video valium. Although shovelling money into the same old coffers merely perpetuates theatre as elitist, catering only for that less than one percent. Money should also be invested in finding out how many more percent would be interested if there were something interesting to see.

The move from an armchair to a $10 seat to Chekhov requires an enormous amount of energy and self-determination, but it could be coped with much more fluently if there were a few resting places in between. These resting places can be created by actively encouraging fringe theatre. The cultural cringe in Australia exists only because there also exists that elite group who wish to keep culture to themselves. However, whereas the press may belong to Murdoch — he pays for it; and Queensland may belong to Joh — he gerrymandered it; the arts belong to everyone, and performing in a pub rather than a palace does not make that performance any less legitimate. It is all theatre.

> ‘An actor is the most misused and misunderstood animal in the entire theatrical arena.’

As the western world gears up for World War III, perhaps the theatre industry should also be gearing up to entertain the troops. In war-time, the elite sit behind desks and play chess with real pawns, and they just may enjoy a spot of culture to take their minds off interminable Dear Madam letters. The boys in the trenches however, have a lot more to take their minds off, and it's my suspicion that they'd prefer a Rod Quantock or a Boom Boom la Berne to a Shakespeare or a Chekhov.

To pave the way for those resting places, and for all those who may feel tempted to put their feet up, I include a simple background, slanted largely from a fringe point of view, explaining some of the components of theatre in Australia, 1981, beginning with:

A is for Actor — the most misused and misunderstood animal in the entire theatrical arena. Because of his vulnerability he is preyed upon by all the other animals, and mostly with great success. He is expected to work long hours, in a truly-exhausting occupation, for a wage that is far below the national average — even in a legitimate theatre an actor usually takes home less than $150 for a full week's work. He is discriminated against in almost all matters of finance — buying a house is a dream that will rarely come true. He will not be able to retire at 65 with a golden handshake and long service and superannuation so, somehow, he has to try to prepare for his declining years. He is never in line for promotion and will never benefit from his seniority — in effect, years of experience mean nothing. He is a professional person who is rarely treated like one and, should he need to serve drinks or drive a cab to eke out his meagre existence, then it is considered that he isn't really serious about his art. An actress has it just as bad, or worse.

B is for Ballet — which is, of course, "culture", and therefore, legitimate. The Australian Ballet is subsidised by you and I to the tune of several hundred thousand dollars a year. But if you and I wanted to see where our money was going, a performance of Cinderella, featuring Robert Helpmann, would have cost us up to $35 per seat for the pleasure.

C is for Critic — a truly rare breed of animal that can be recognised by his advanced years and his apparent lack of qualifications for the job he is being paid to do. The old adage of "if you can't do, then teach; and if you can't teach, then criticise" is gloriously apt for the Australian strain of this beast who has almost without exception never written, acted or directed in his life. The obvious question arises — "Where does he come from?" — but, as most performers are more concerned with "Where he can go", the origin of the species has rarely, if ever, been defined. Most critics are simple journalists whose careers in the sporting, sewing or social columns have been diverted, at the whim of their editors, into the totally different field of theatre. Unfortunately, as he is a professional (ie. he gets paid to write) the conclusion is drawn by both the critic himself and his readers, that he is an expert. Sadly this is not the case, though try to convince the critic, one of whom defended his expertise by stating "I am qualified to do this because I have been doing it for a very long time". All those involved in the performing arts are at the mercy of the critic, a situation that makes his role appear far more important than it actually is. The term "critic" must shoulder much of the blame, those tarred with this epithet feeling always obliged to criticise. The critic's point of view is only ever one man's opinion. Perhaps "reviewer" would be a more positive title.

D is for Director — the theatrical equivalent of the circus ringmaster. He is in charge — he cracks the whip — but his total contribution is often difficult to assess. Principally, the shape and substance of a production is in the hands of the director. To an actor, he also doubles as a father figure. To a writer, he can be an insensitive megalomaniac who tries to convince you that he knows more about your play than you do — and sometimes he does. Because the director is in charge he should bear full responsibility for the production. If an actor is poor, it is equally the director's fault. Likewise, if the script does not work the director is partly to blame. In this country, however, the director leads a charmed life. Critics regard him as Congress regarded Richard Nixon — although he is the boss, everyone else takes the fall. This relates directly to the critics' basic ignorance of his role. It's not really fair to criticise someone when you don't really understand what he does. Lighting and clever sound effects are not direction. It encompasses every facet of the production, a responsibility that accelerates the ageing processes of all who take on this position.

E is for Equity — the official union of professional actors. No single line of endeavor needs unionisation like acting does, but Equity often fails to win the confidence of those it has been formed to protect. It may grab headlines over keeping Australian films Australian, and it has secured good rates of pay for actors in film and television, but it all too often leaves its members wondering whose interests it has at heart. For instance, Equity recently negotiated an advertising contract that will limit all speaking roles in commercials exclusively to card-carrying members, then immediately threw open its books so that models could join up and take full advantage. Its victories are often this left-handed, its ideals more along the lines of quantity than quality. Equity shares little in common with other unions in Australia. It is not overtly politically-motivated, but it is overtly lacking in any real muscle. It is better than having no union at all, but how much better is debatable.

F is for Fringe — and, whereas other countries support a very organised alternative theatre market, in Australia fringe is barely tolerated. All small companies fall under this classification, even if they do receive the odd Milk Arrowroot crumb. Mime, clowning, political, gay theatre, women's theatre, ethnic theatre, pub theatre, street theatre, theatre theatre: critics rarely receive it enthusiastically as the seats in a fringe theatre are not always comfortable, and are occasionally occupied by people in thongs. They also find it difficult to identify with material that is aimed at an audience some 20 to 40 years their junior. *Sydney Morning Herald* theatre critic H.G. Kippax has described it as "pop" theatre, which illustrates, in one fell swoop, how out of date our judges can be. Fringe productions are often raw and rough, but they have a nagging habit of relating to their public; either confronting their audiences with relevant issues, or encouraging them to laugh at themselves (although generally without the legitimate cynicism of our major writers). Fringe theatre is very much a hit and miss affair, usually because it takes bigger risks — it goes for more. As "pop" as it may be, the fringe of today is the legitimate of tomorrow and it follows that the unruly child must be groomed as the sophisticated adult it will one day become. If it isn't, then theatre may well wake up one morning and find no one left to get out of bed.

G is for Grants — the annual assistance handed out to those deserving by the State and Federal governments. It's all very predictable, the same people get it every time. As I noted before, theatre could not survive without this aid. But looking at the ticket prices being charged by the subsidised companies, if you get the feeling you're paying twice for the pleasure, you're probably right.

H is for "Hair" — which, more than any other single production, opened the gates and cattle-prodded Australian theatre through into the permissive age. Nudity, swearing, and bitter satire all became real strings to the writer's bow because of this production's enormous commercial success. It was also instrumental in creating an indigenous star system as many artists who were first exposed in *Hair* are famous today — John Waters, Marcia Hines and Reg Livermore to name three.

> ‘It's very degrading to be treated like a commodity, particularly when you are paying for the pleasure.’

I is for I — in other words me, the author of this piece, Malcolm Frawley. I am the artistic director of Axis Artists, a fringe company in Sydney which operates out of The Axis Funhouse Supper Club, which is contained in The Ramada Inn, Crows Nest. My company is one of the few fringe groups lucky enough to have a regular space to perform in. I defend my audacity in composing this article very simply — I write, I act, and I direct, and that puts me three up already on most people who dare to comment on theatre. This is my 10th year in the business. As theatre has nodded off in the last few years, I am doing my bit to wake it up before it slumps into a coma.

J is for Joan — the only Australian presently working in "theatre" (specifically in opera) who can unashamedly call herself an international star. This does not augur well — one out of 14 million, though the argument may be raised that a Sutherland or a Helpmann (for instance) comes along only once in a lifetime. Sir Robert has virtually retired. "La Stupenda" is now in her fifties. Younger artists must be encouraged, or there may be no one to take up their banner.

K is for Culture — well, phonetically anyway. *Webster's Dictionary* defines culture in several ways. The legitimate interpretation would be "the training and refining of the mind, emotions, manners, taste etc". Fringe however, would find "the concepts, habits, skills, art etc of a given people in a given period" a much more accurate definition.

L is for Legitimate — a term encompassing any company that is subsidised to the tune of $50,000 a year or more. (And the "more" can be a lot, lot more.) If you can't get the cash, there now exists a method of "going legit" that could best be described as legitimacy by association. All you have to do is wangle a late-night presentation at Sydney's Nimrod Theatre. Michael Matou's version of Lindsay Kemp has already made the transformation. Geoff Kelso and Cathy Lowndes' pub theatre-like musicals have become respectable. And even Fifi and Rrats, the punks' punks, have made oral sex "legit" by aborting the baby they conceived at Stranded night club on to the stage of Nimrod's Downstairs Theatre. The point is that these pieces were no better, were not even different, when they were performed in the Nimrod than when they had been performed to fringe audiences in less salubrious surroundings. If you hail from Dubbo or Double Bay, you're still a human being. If it's on at the Opera House or the Orient Hotel, it's still theatre.

M is for Management — and, though real management is only available to a handful of artists, most are represented by an agent. The agent is affectionately known as a leech, parasite, or blood-sucker and his job is to find work for his clients and negotiate a fee for such work, at which time he is paid by those clients a commission from that fee. Although they are being paid by their clients, many agents make an actor feel he is being done an enormous favor for which he will one day (really) pay. This is impossible to justify, as an agent's services are far from benevolent. Because the agent's priority is always to make money he is often ignorant, and occasionally unconcerned, about his clients' needs, treating them more like commodities than the vulnerable, insecure human beings they are. It is very degrading to be treated like a commodity, particularly when you are paying for the pleasure.

N is for Nimrod — which is, of course, Australia's premiere theatre company. It has carried the flag in Sydney for the past 10 years, and has been responsible for many memorable productions, as well as some it would sooner forget. The Nimrod began in the fringe but has for some time been firmly entrenched as legitimate. Its commitment is to art and its policy to educate rather than entertain, but both at the same time if possible. Opening nights are a gay whirl of familiar faces all striving to be seen and recognised. The Nimrod is most famous for its treatment of the classics, but I can't help feeling that's exactly what they get — the treatment. In the early Seventies, the Nimrod (along with the Australian Performing Group in Melbourne) was instrumental in putting local playwrights on the map. It has achieved much and has the potential to achieve much more, as long as it resists the temptation to put its feet up and count sheep.

O is for Opera — and, if you thought that ballet was expensive, you ain't seen nothing yet. Even without the presence of an international star ticket prices are awesome and, no matter how good the singing is, as theatre it can be excruciatingly dull, and is definitely an acquired taste. One question — considering the progress made in both dance and drama, and taking into account the immensity of its yearly grant, isn't it time that The Australian Opera actually came up with an Australian opera?

P is for Playwright — who is simply the person who is blamed when a production doesn't work. As most critics are failed and/or frustrated playwrights anyway, it seems only fair they should extract revenge on those who have the bad taste to get their work produced. Some playwrights, over the years, have developed an immunity. David Williamson's royalty cheques are sent to a post office box on Olympus, apart from which he's about seven foot tall and no critic could tip the bucket without first standing on a chair. Alex Buzo also escapes regular savaging, even when he deserves it, but then he looks so much like a playwright, with his gold-rimmed specs, and his little cap, and his greying side-burns. Most other playwrights, from audacious Louis Nowra to loquacious Bob Ellis, get it from every direction. They are expected to produce a masterpiece on opening night, without the luxury of out-of-town try-outs, or even behind-closed-doors workshopping, or even a couple of nights of the run, to iron out the bugs. Their work is exposed, naked and raw, the minute the bandages are removed. Were they granted the time to perform cosmetic surgery, the polish that is always lacking would often be there.

Q is for Qualifications — a contentious issue, as it is often difficult and sometimes impossible, to define a person's qualifications for an artistic position. An auditionee for the Melbourne Theatre Company was told she would not be considered because she hadn't trained at the National Institute of Dramatic Art, yet, having been to NIDA does not necessarily make you more qualified than someone who trained in Adelaide, Melbourne or the School of Hard Knocks. The letters after your name are only letters — it's how you use the training you have received that counts. Likewise, a director is no more of a director simply because he possesses an arts degree. Talent is instinctive — it can be sharpened, but it can't be taught. Irrespective of this obvious truism, most important theatre work is limited to those who trained at NIDA, yet another sorry example of the elitism that is sending our theatre to sleep.

R is for Regional Theatre — which is created to stimulate a community from its own backyard. Country towns have always been at the mercy of the various Arts Councils' tours, but in some places, a professional or semi-professional regional company has been devised to cater directly to the tastes of the community within which it survives. This type of theatre must be nurtured by the various funding bodies, and encouraged to raise issues of primary relevance to its audience. (For instance, the Hunter Valley Theatre Company recently commissioned a work examining the cause and effects of the infamous Star Hotel riot.) If you don't have regional theatre out your way, start demanding it.

> "There is theatre somewhere that is just for you. And you are the only ones who can keep it alive."

S is for State Companies — the previously-mentioned tokens that absorb most of the subsidy in each of the capital cities. We need them but we don't always want them. We've got them but we can't always get to them. Some are definite assets, others decided anachronisms. The newest — the Sydney Theatre Company — appears to have been very successful in its first year of full-time operation, and even reasonably adventurous. (Although the Old Tote was no hard act to follow, as it was snoring when I was in nappies, and only ever woke to take another tablet.) The Melbourne Theatre Company is probably the most established of the State Companies, to the point now of having spread, octopus-like, into almost every available theatre in the city. This obviously provides more theatre, for more people to see — but it becomes more and more inbred. It is alternatives that are really needed, not clones with different colored hair.

T is for Theatre Australia — our national organ (founded in 1976). This monthly magazine is full of words and pictures, but you'd learn just as much about what's happening from the Saturday morning classifieds. Its intentions are obviously honorable, and it does draw the far-flung outposts of the industry together, but like the funding bodies that keep it afloat, it blithely ignores the entire spectrum of fringe theatre. The performing arts most definitely need a voice. At present, *Theatre Australia* is only a hoarse croak.

U is for United — a state that is as difficult to achieve as Utopia. Like any other business, theatre is competitive, but there is no future in a situation where State Companies swallow around $500,000 a year (each) and many fringe groups stage entire productions for less than $500 (of their own money). There has to be a little more give and take, and a little more exchange of ideas and resources. The fringe company of today is the hope of tomorrow. It must be nurtured. The transformation from juvenile delinquent to responsible adult may be a laborious one — but isn't that what being a parent's all about?

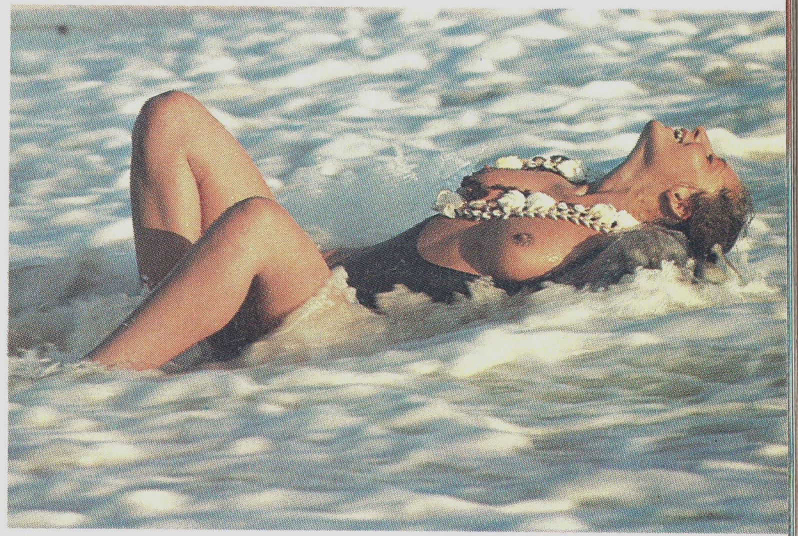
V is for Value for Money — and, if it isn't a major concern of those providing entertainment, it certainly is of those consuming it. The performing arts cannot survive without an audience to perform to. Let's not price ourselves out of existence.

W is for Williamson (JC) — the name that has always symbolised commercial theatre. The Eighties may well see the end of commercial theatre as we have known it. This year sees *Evita* a hit, but hits are becoming fewer and farther between. The world of commercial theatre has largely been inhabited by musicals — big casts, big budgets, for big theatres — but the deck has really been stacked, with wages and inflation in one hand, and the need to make a profit in the other. Any commercial management must now have a big hit to go into the black — a mild hit isn't enough. Consequently, fewer risks can be taken, and only sure fire property produced.

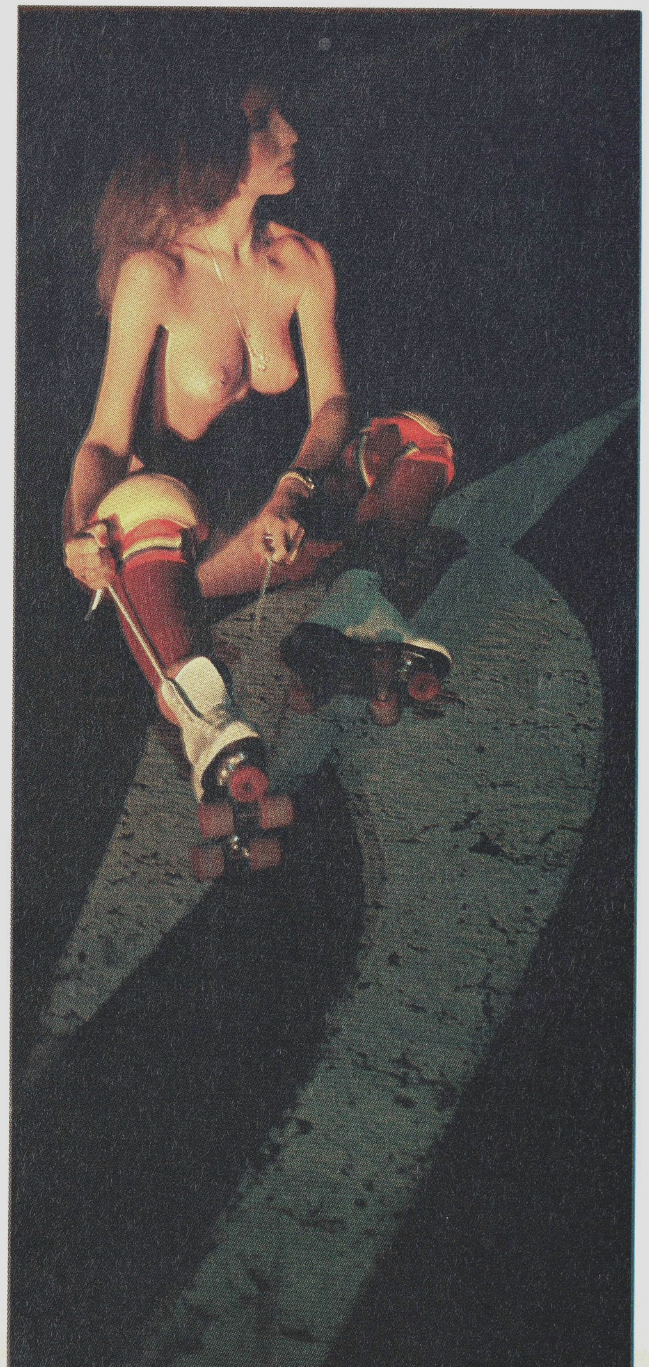
X is for . . . — you can't be serious. Nothing starts with X.

Y is for You — the people we are all trying to attract to our work. You may have grown up with a mental image of theatre as "dull and boring and full of 'thees' and 'thous' " (I know I did), but there is much more happening if you only take the chance and look. Whether your thing is to laugh, cry, sing songs or throw bombs, there is theatre somewhere that is just for you. And you are the only ones who can keep it alive.

Z is for Danger — because, when it starts to breed, it looks like this — *zzzzzzzz*. And that, in theatrical terms, means death.



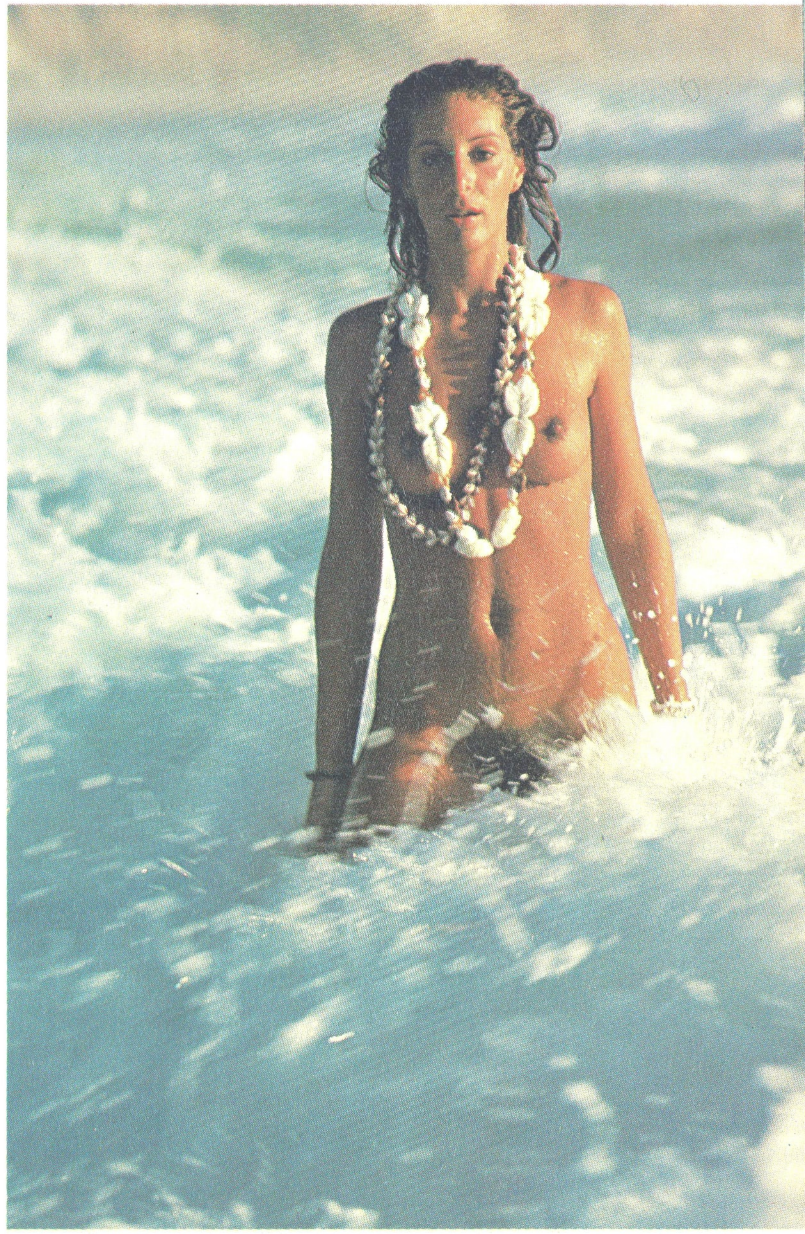
JANET



FAST MOVER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER GLOVER

Sydney has a new outdoor attraction now that dark-eyed Janet Norian has taken to the streets on rollerskates. Janet has been turning heads with her skating antics and her stunning 35-25-35 figure wherever she goes. "You feel free on roller skates," says our 21-year-old Pet. It's good exercise and it's exciting too."



Janet moved to Australia 10 years ago. She's still an American citizen and although she'd like to return to the West Coast soon to see old friends, Australia is home. "I love the beaches here in Sydney. They're smaller, and more cosmopolitan. In Australia the beach is a place to meet people, it's a social scene."

This self-assured young lady knows where she's going when it comes to her career. She enjoys clothes and the world of fashion and would one day like to own her own boutique. But when it comes to men she's not so sure. "I haven't been out with many men. One night stands don't suit me. I'm too choosy I guess."

"I like a man who'll make me laugh," says Janet. "Age is irrelevant as long as he's well dressed and personable. Our American born Pet says she's yet to meet her ideal lover, but she knows what she wants from a relationship. "I'm more persuasive than demanding," she says. "But sometimes I move too fast and scare them off."

BILDERBERG
PYRZAKOWSKI

A Penthouse reporter infiltrates for the first time the most exclusive private meeting on earth and discovers a horrifying truth about the people who run the world.

THE GNOMES OF BILDERBERG

BY CRAIG S. KARPEL

There are those who believe that the world secretly is ruled by the Central Intelligence Agency. There are those who believe that the world secretly is ruled by the Skull and Bones Society of Yale College. There are those who believe that the world secretly is ruled by the Council on Foreign Relations. There are those who believe the world secretly is ruled by The Trilateral Commission. There are those who believe that the world secretly is ruled by the Bavarian Illuminati, despite evidence that the strings are really being pulled by the Rosicrucians. But there is one point on which all who believe that the world secretly is ruled by somebody will agree: the ultraelite that rules those who appear to rule us, the shining eye at the top of the pyramid on the flip side of the dollar bill, meets each year in a mysterious, tightly secured conclave known as "Bilderberg". And it's true. I know. I was there, at Bilderberg 1980, the first journalist in history to infiltrate the most exclusive private international gathering on earth. I emerged, having discovered the deepest, most closely guarded secret of Bilderberg,

Illustration by Tony Pyrzakowski

which I am privileged to share, in all its horripilating ghastliness, with you.

In April of each year, about 100 of the Western world's most influential individuals converge on a small hotel somewhere in Europe or America for the two-and-a-half-day Bilderberg meeting. The Bilderberg meetings have been a major factor in the unwritten history of the past 27 years. The interpersonal links forged at the conference were, for example, instrumental in bringing German Socialists into the Western system in the 1950s, in resolving the discord caused by the Anglo-French invasion of Egypt in 1956, and in effecting the refusal of the European nations to give landing rights to the United States' airlift to Israel during the 1973 war. The Common Market was nurtured at Bilderberg, and the meetings were a catalyst in the process by which Britain decided to join. The Trilateral Commission, which, heaven help us, taught candidate Jimmy Carter everything he knew about foreign affairs and supplied him in 1977 with a prefab administration, germinated in the 1972 Bilderberg meeting.

Among those who have participated in the conferences are top personnel of such publications as the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, *Time*, *Newsweek*, Britain's the *Economist*, Germany's *Die Zeit*, Italy's *La Stampa*, and France's *Le Monde*. Yet in the 27 years that the conferences have been held, no first-hand account of a single one of them has appeared in any major medium.

This peculiar lapse has three causes. First, the media personnel who have attended have been invited, not as working press, but as full participants. They understand that should they publish stories about Bilderberg their calls to the priceless sources that can be developed at the conferences will thereafter not be returned.

Second, efforts are made to discourage and deflect press coverage. It is difficult to obtain any information about an upcoming conference. Security arrangements at the gatherings are forbidding.

Third, and perhaps most significant, is the press' lack of inclination to explore the nature and structure of power. In part, this stems from the indolence of media personnel, grown intellectually sluggish from sucking on the teat of government handouts and programmed leaks.

The result of this amalgam of discretion, security, and laziness has been a *de facto* news blackout of one of the most remarkable and important institutions of our time. That blackout ends with this article.

The first step in getting into the 1980 Bilderberg conference had to be to find out where and when it was to be held. No press release or other public announcement of this sensitive information is ever made. So I must improvise.

Bilderberg Meetings are not listed in the *Europa Yearbook* or in any of the other standard reference works containing addresses of international organisations. The foundation is organised under the laws of the Netherlands. A contact at the Dutch Embassy in Washington is able to obtain the address of its office for me. I write:

"The undersigned is conducting a study of emerging patterns of international co-operation and in this connection would appreciate receiving information literature regarding your organisation's activities and publications.

"Also, to be informed of the date and location of the next plenary meeting to be sponsored by your organisation."

"Many thanks for your consideration."

I get back a politely typed letter from a Mrs Hagerdoorn, who informs me that "the executive Secretariat is in The Hague, but there is also an American office in New York. American Friends of Bilderberg, Inc . . . I have sent a copy of your letter to this address, and I am sure you will hear from them shortly." My question about the date and location of the conference is ignored.

> ‘In the 27 years that the conferences have been held, no first-hand account has appeared in any major medium.’

A month goes by. Nothing from American Friends of Bilderberg. I write them a letter identical in wording to the one I sent to Bilderberg Meetings. There is no response.

It's time to take off the gloves.

American Friends of Bilderberg, Inc., retains a New York public-relations man to conduct its office. My assistant telephones his secretary.

"I'm making reservations for my boss, who's going to be at the Bilderberg meeting," she says, "and I need to know the name of the nearest airport."

"It's Cologne," says the unsuspecting secretary.

"And how far is it from there to the conference centre?"

"It's about 45 minutes away. But there'll be transportation from the airport to Aachen."

Aachen . . . centre of Catholic resistance to Hitler.

The conferences always run from a Friday through a Sunday, usually in late April or early May. My assistant takes a shot. "What time are most of the conferees flying out of Cologne on the 27th?"

"You mean the 20th," says the secretary.

Bingo. "Let me see here — right, April 20th."

"Well, the meeting concludes with lunch on Sunday. So most of the participants will be leaving that afternoon."

"Okay, thanks much."

"You bet."

I call my travel agent and ask him where he would stay in Aachen, West Germany, if he were secretly ruling the world.

"Only one possibility," he says. "The Quellenhof. Old, five stars, plenty of class."

"Book me in there as a single. Arrive Thursday, April 17, depart Sunday, 20. Me and the elite have a date, only they don't know it yet."

But the agent calls me back. "I telephoned the Steigenberger reservation service in Manhattan. They said the Quellenhof's completely booked for the dates you want. So I telexed the hotel. And sure enough — they have nothing available. Over the weekend in April? I can't see it."

"I can," I say. "Don't worry about it. Catch you later."

I write to the hotel as follows:

Gentlemen:

I am planning to be in Aachen for the Bilderberg meeting and wish to reserve a single room with shower, arriving April 17, 1980, departing April 20.

Kindly write me, confirming the above arrangements.

I receive a prompt reply:

Dear Sir:

We have received your request and hasten to let you know that reservation orders concerning the event "Bilderberg Meeting" are to be directed to the following address:

Dr Fr Schoser
Deutscher Industrie und Handelstags
Adenauer Allee, 148
5300 Bonn

We should be glad to find your requirements at the reservation-list and remain

Sincerely,
STEIGENBERGER PARKHOTEL QUELLENHOF
Direktion
/s/ Kurt F. Seidler

Deutscher Industrie und Handlestags is the West German Association of Chambers of Industry and Commerce, headed by Otto Wolff von Amerongen, Cologne industrialist and a key Bilderberg figure. Schoser is the organisation's executive director. Evidently DIHT is acting as the Aachen meeting's local sponsor. I compose a letter to the group and arrange to have it sent out on the letterhead of a building-supply company owned by a friend:

Dear Dr Schoser:

I am writing to you at the suggestion of the direction of the Steigenberger Parkhotel Quellenhof in Aachen.

I am planning to visit Aachen on business from April 16 through April 23, 1980. I would like to stay at the Quellenhof. I am, however, informed that all rooms are being held by you for a conference that will take place for several days during that period.

May I prevail upon you to see whether you still anticipate requiring all the accommodations at the hotel for this conference, and, if you can spare a room or suite, to notify the hotel so that it can make a reservation in my name?

I would appreciate your writing to me, letting me know whether this will be possible so that I can make other arrangements if it is not.

Many thanks for your kind assistance.

Weeks go by. There is no answer from Schoser. I make reservations at a small hotel around the corner from the Quellenhof and book my Cologne flights, in via Paris and out via Zurich.

I call the New York P.R. man.

"I understand you handle Friends of Bilderberg, Inc.," I say.

"Handle?" he says. "Well, not precisely. I'm assistant secretary of the group. What can I do for you?"

"I'm going to be doing an article for *Penthouse* on the meetings. I'm going to be in Aachen, and I'd like to get into the Quellenhof."

"Oh, I'm afraid that wouldn't be possible," he says. "The hotel will be closed. Only those who are attending the meeting will be allowed to enter the building. It's a rule of very long standing."

"I know," I say. "That's why I'm calling you. I want you to make me the exception that proves the rule."

"But it's not up to me, you see," he says. "It's up to the Bilderberg Meetings people over in Holland. I'm certain that if you write to them, they'll be happy to consider your request."

I get a hunch. "What's the address there?"

"I don't have it on my desk right now. And unfortunately my secretary has stepped away. I'll drop you a note with it. How's that?"

That's precious. The guy who runs the office of American Friends of Bilderberg trying to get me to believe he doesn't know the address of the organisation he's the American friend of.

"Let me explain something to you. No one has ever succeeded in keeping me from covering a story. You're not going to be the first. If you don't want to, you needn't tell me the address of Bilderberg Meetings so that I can write them. I can get it very easily. It's printed at the top of the letter they wrote me, suggesting that I write you."

"Hmmm," he hmms, "I see."

"Now what I'd very much appreciate at this point is that you put an end to this very tiresome runaround and write to The Hague, requesting that I be admitted to the hotel. Is that agreeable to you?"

"Yes, well, okay then," he says. "I'll see what I can do and get back to you."

Too much time passes. I call back. He says The Hague has not yet answered his letter.

"Listen, I'm holding plane and hotel reservations for Aachen. I'm going to be there one way or the other. When I come back I'm going to write about it. I appreciate your position. I know that you would prefer not to have any press coverage. I understand that the prospect of my being there must be very disturbing to you. But I suggest that since I'm going to be writing about Bilderberg regardless of what you do, it would be in your best interest to co-operate with me."

> ‘The 1980 meeting would be the most critical in the history of Bilderberg. And I would be there.’

"I'm trying to, Mr Karpel."

"I know you are. But I don't want to hear about letters to The Hague not being answered. If this really is so, and I have difficulty believing that it is, cable The Hague. Telephone The Hague. Send a bank courier to The Hague, but get me an answer. In the meantime, I'd be grateful if you would take the matter up with your fellow officers of American Friends of Bilderberg. What I write will have a direct and immediate impact on them, and I think the most prudent course they can take is to see to it that I am not antagonised."

"I'll see what I can do."

He calls back. "I've discussed your request with Mr Bundy, who's the honorary secretary-general of the Bilderberg Meetings for America. I hope to have an answer for you shortly."

I do not get an answer shortly. It is getting close to the date of the meeting. I call him yet again. He tells me that the question is still under consideration.

"Consider this," I say. "I'm going to get inside the Quellenhof during this conference. The only question is whether I will get inside it with or without your co-operation."

"Mr Karpel," he says, "even the participants' *wives* won't be able to go into the Quellenhof. They have to stay at another hotel, nearby!"

"But I'm not a participant's wife. I'm a journalist."

We agree to talk again the following week. When I call him prepared for yet another fencing match, to my amazement he tells me that Bundy has agreed to play. I ask him to send me a note confirming this so there won't be any misunderstanding when I get to Aachen. He says he will.

More than a week goes by, however, and no letter. It is only days until my departure. My eyes narrow to slits. Steam begins to come out of my ears. I have my assistant call and tell him that since his letter evidently has been lost in the mail, she is sending a messenger over right now to pick up another one. In case the "replacement" letter isn't quite ready, the messenger will have instructions to wait.

An envelope is waiting at his office when the messenger arrives. The letter inside doesn't commit to anything. It wouldn't pass me into the Twin Cinema in Helena Montana, let alone into a Bilderberg meeting. It does, however, say, ". . . I suggest that you contact Mr William P. Bundy at the Quellenhof Hotel Thursday morning, April 17, should you not get any information from me earlier." I figure that this sentence will at least allow me to raise a stink if I get stiff-armed in Aachen, and I pack my bag . . .

The Aachen meeting was to take place in the early days of the deepest rift in European-American relations since World War II. The full horror of the spastic flailings of the midget in the White House was beginning to dawn on Europe. Jimmy Carter had spooked European leaders into instituting sanctions against Iran by threatening to take military action if they refused. Yet less than a week after the conference ended, he would take military action anyway. Carter had responded to the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan by speaking loudly and carrying a small stick. The people of West Germany looked at 16,000 Warsaw Pact tanks poised on their eastern border and swallowed hard. The 1980 meeting would be the most critical in the history of Bilderberg. Its agenda would be as encompassing as the emerging sense of crisis: "America and Europe — Past, Present, and Future," And I would be there.

Each flight into Cologne Airport that has Bilderberg participants aboard this sunny Thursday afternoon is met at the gate by a chauffeur engaged by Deutscher Industrie und Handelstags — and by me. I stand with arms folded, the stubby, antenna of my Wilson HH—400C walkie-talkie protruding from the pocket of my suit jacket. I nod gravely at the two municipal police officers opposite me. They nod gravely back. If you can't beat the security men and you can't join them, act like one.

The Quellenhof, four storeys of turn-of-the-century gentility, overlooks lawns bedded with flowers. All of its rooms have been reserved for the participants and their assistants. For those Bilderbergers who wish to take the waters, there is a bathhouse next door. Across a reflecting pool is the International Spielcasino, convenient in case any members of the power elite wish to put their chips on the line. In the driveway of the complex's underground parking garage, on the roof, and in front of the hotel are pairs of Aachen police in green uniforms with gold shirts.

I buttonhole William P. Bundy, editor of *Foreign Affairs,* ultraprestigious journal of the Council of Foreign Relations, American Friends of Bilderberg's secretary, and introduce myself. Bundy is a good sport. My presence means he has lost a round, but he accepts defeat gracefully.

BUNDY: So you're definitely doing this for *Penthouse?*
KARPEL: Look, I'm not picky. I'll do it for *Foreign Affairs* if you'll cover my hotel and air fare.
BUNDY: I'm afraid our economics aren't, uh, scaled for that kind of expenditure.
KARPEL: Well, then, it looks like I'm definitely doing it for *Penthouse.*
BUNDY: Wish we could afford to spring for that sort of thing. Part of the benefits of being a mass publication, I suppose . . .

Bundy introduces me to Paul B. Finney, executive editor of *Fortune,* who after the Aachen meeting will be superseding Bundy as Bilderberg's honorary secretary-general for the United States. Bundy and Finney appear so relieved that I am not wearing alligator clips on my nipples, a black patent-leather jockstrap, and snakeskin chaps that they seem on the verge of running me for the prime ministership of a small country — oh, say, Iceland. Finney in turn introduces me to Vernon E. Jordan, Jr, president of the National Urban League, and investment banker George W. Ball. The next thing I know I'm *tete-a-tete* with Marcus Wallenberg, the ancient Stockholm banker.

As other Bilderbergers see me chatting with the most powerful man in Sweden, they assume I must belong where I am. I feel myself blending in. I find that if I act as if I know the participants, they act as if they know me.

The presence of David Rockefeller is indispensable at Bilderberg. Rockefeller is not just the chairman of the board of Chase Manhattan Bank. He is, figuratively, the chairman of the board of the Western economy. But where is he? It's after dinner on Thursday, and no David.

I am seated next to the Bilderberg registration table, pretending to be fascinated by *Steigenberger Journal,* the house organ of the chain that runs the Quellenhof. A DIHT aide bounces over, bearing glad tidings. "David will arrive by private plane at twenty-two fifteen," he happily tells Franz Schoser, the German trade group's executive director. The men of DIHT and the ladies of the Bilderberg Secretariat decide to celebrate. A tray of Bloody Marys appears. It disappears. Several trays of Bloodys later, David's Grumman Gulfstream has had time to land, and the staff is feeling no pain. "When David comes in," the aide vamps, "we must put away the whiskey."

A Mercedes pulls under the porte cochere. The booze goes on the floor, and Schoser goes out the door. False alarm. Out from under the table comes the tray. Every time a Mercedes approaches, the same little ballet.

> David Rockefeller is, figuratively, the chairman of the board of the Western economy.

Another Mercedes. Who can be bothered to hide the drinks? Schoser wobbles out the door. He is back instantly, the picture of sobriety. "It's *him!*"

As the tray clatters to the floor, in walk David Rockefeller and James A. Perkins, former president of Cornell University and retired member of Bilderberg's International Steering Committee, now chairman of the International Council for Educational Development and director of Chase. Rockefeller is wearing a medium grey suit, a light blue shirt, a dark grey tie with a gold clip, and is carrying a tan canvas Pan Am bag. He is slightly stooped at the shoulders but, in all, looks 10 years younger than 65. He shoots a smile at the hostesses. Perkins walks up to the table. "Mr Perkins and Mr Rockefeller," he says, as if they didn't know.

As soon as they are safely on the lift, there are groans of relief from the Bilderberg staff and a tray of Bloody Marys rises from the floor.

The formal sessions of Bilderberg are absolutely private. A *Vomo Vogue* fashion spread of state police with pistols bulging under their tweeds is stationed at the door of the hotel's conference centre with strict intructions to keep out the press — namely, me.

However, the *Penthouse* reader's right to know is not to be thwarted by a mere dozen heavily-armed fops.

Once one is inside the Brussels Halls, there is no security. The conferees are seated in alphabetical order so that Sir Harry Tuzo of Marconi Space and Defence Systems Ltd, former British army commander in Northern Ireland, sits next to Victor H. Umbricht, the Swiss businessman (Ciba-Giegy A.G.) behind the International Red Cross, who sits next to Helen Vlachos, the Greek newspaperwoman who was a key figure in the opposition to the regime of the colonels, who sits next to Marcus Wallenberg. David Rockefeller is flanked by Romano Prodi, professor of industrial economics at Italy's University of Bologna on his left, and Lord Roll, the London investment banker, on his right. Henry Kissinger is in between Helmut Kohl, parliamentary leader of West Germany's Christian Democrats, and Walther Leisler Kiep, finance minister of the West German State of Lower Saxony.

The tone of the controversy is set at the first session, on Friday morning. The conferees can be divided into two categories. The majority, including most of the old Bilderberg hands, insists that nothing unusually disturbing is going on in the world, that the alliance will muddle through somehow, as it always has, and that a business-as-usual approach to world affairs will suffice. A minority holds that the use of Soviet troops in Afghanistan, traditionally considered a buffer state, dramatically ruptures the status quo; that the chaos in Iran has created a dangerous power vacuum; that the United States has lost its ability to cooperate with its allies and contend with its adversaries; and that a reassessment of the premises and capabilities of the Western alliance is needed.

We are in Germany, land of fairy tales; so it is fitting that the dominant faction at Bilderberg says the emperor's clothes are in tolerably good shape, while a rump group cries that the sky is falling. The business-as-usual crowd includes such personalities as Denis Healey, British Labor Party leader, former defence minister and chancellor of the exchequer, one of the original Bilderbergers; Greek shipowner Costa Carras; McGeorge Bundy, formerly national security adviser, now a professor of history; and Douglas Hurd, number three in the British foreign office.

Its big gun is George W. Ball, 71, America's best-known "former under secretary of state".

Ball's most prepossessing quality is the sharpness of his wit. It is not Ball's ideas that are so decisively influential here, but his ability to ridicule the ideas of others. "I don't think he knows where Somalia *is,*" he says of a fellow Bilderberger, loud enough for others to hear. The Chicken Little contingent does not want for acute minds. There are Germany's Kohl and Kiep; New York oil consultant Walter J. Levy; former Kissinger aide Helmut Sonnenfeldt, now with the Brookings Institute in Florence; Hedley Donovan, who quit as editor-in-chief of *Time* and joined the White House staff to try to keep the Carter presidency he'd help float from sinking. But Ball is able to shoot down every proposal they make.

At the Saturday morning session, Kiep expresses dismay at the way America's economic excesses are dragging Europe down with her. "The European observer cannot fail to be irritated by the fact that by comparison with European prices, the price of gasoline, taxes included . . . represents . . . less than half the selling price in the Federal Republic of Germany, France, and Italy . . . Stabilisation of the dollar is only . . . conceivable in the long run to the extent that the US restores equilibrium to its balance of payments. To do this, it must begin by substantially reducing dependence on energy imports, by persuading the consumer to conserve energy, and by imposing on its energy sector a free-market price system."

West Germany Chancellor Helmut Schmidt arrives just after lunch. Schmidt shrugs his topcoat into the hands of an aide and strides momentously into the Brussels Hall. It turns out that no one has told Schmidt that he is expected to address the group. The Chancellor asks for a summary of the proceedings. He is told that the consensus is that the Atlantic community has known difficult times before, and that no extraordinary action is necessary. One of those who view Iran and Afghanistan as chunks of falling sky cannot contain himself. "That doesn't sound like the meeting I've been attending," he complains.

Schmidt says he will go along with Carter's call for sanctions, but he thinks they will have little effect. In no event will they be permitted to interfere with the Federal Republic's diplomatic opening to the Soviets. US unreliability requires that Europeans take no steps that would compromise security or economic interests. "There's trouble in the family," he says.

Demonstrators gather across the street. It's probably my fault. I took the liberty of tipping off the local newspaper to what Bilderberg was, and that it was being held in Aachen. The result was a front-page photo in the *Aachener Nachrichten,* showing four men at the pinnacle of planetary power — Lord Home, former British Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary, the meetings' chairman; Otto Wolff von Amerongen, Cologne industrialist, president of DIHT; William P. Bundy; and an unidentified individual bearing an uncanny resemblance to the author of this article. The story has brought out the masses — more precisely, eight representatives of the masses, carrying placards that read in German, "BILDERBERG = ARMS TRADE + COLD WAR," "MONEY DOESN'T SMELL BUT THE MONEYBAGS SMELL," and similar sentiments. During a break many of the Bilderbergers walk outside to see what the excitement is about. The masses are outnumbered by the elite.

"I feel uncomfortable being on this side of a picket line," Murray H. Finley, president of the Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers Union, says to me, apparently under the impression that I am a malefactor of great wealth.

"Don't let it get to you, Murray," I say. "Happens to me all the time."

No wonder the predominant view at the sessions is that, given America's lack of resolve, its allies are best advised to shift toward a neutralist stance.

Saturday, eight o'clock. Dinner is served. The symbolism that attends Bilderberg continues to tease the imagination. A main topic of discussion among the diners is the divisive effect on the Atlantic alliance of oil. Therefore the power that keeps the stars in their courses has thoughtfully contrived to name the conference's dining room the *Schwarz Gold Sall*: the Black Gold Room.

> Their search for stability over the past quarter-century has helped plunge us into a dizzying whorl of instability.

At the final session, the following morning, Kissinger has been asked to sum up. The secretary is not in sympathy with the complacency of the Bilderberg inner circle. It is the incoherence of Carter's economic and foreign policies, he says, that has precipitated the current crisis of confidence in Europe. If this administration is not turned out of office, it must be made to see that its policy of encouraging revolts against authoritarian governments results in the seizure of power by regimes that are even more repressive of human rights. Both American deprecation of the use of power and cancellation of defence programs embolden the Soviet Union. The United States and Europe together must delineate limits of acceptable conduct to the USSR. The Russian offensive must be halted. The hour is late. The Western world is drifting out of control.

The discovery of Bilderberg is the discovery that there is an extent to which private power is institutionalised and centralised, that the drama takes place at particular times on particular stages, and that the players have names. That this is not well known is due to the fact that the public government plies the press with leaks and releases, while the private government does its best to maintain media silence. There is nothing reprehensible about the privacy of Bilderberg. If we wish to have a society with a private sector, we cannot begrudge the leading actors of that sector the right to meet in privacy, even in secrecy. That a private group should do its best to exercise its share of power is not a scandal, but the essence of our system.

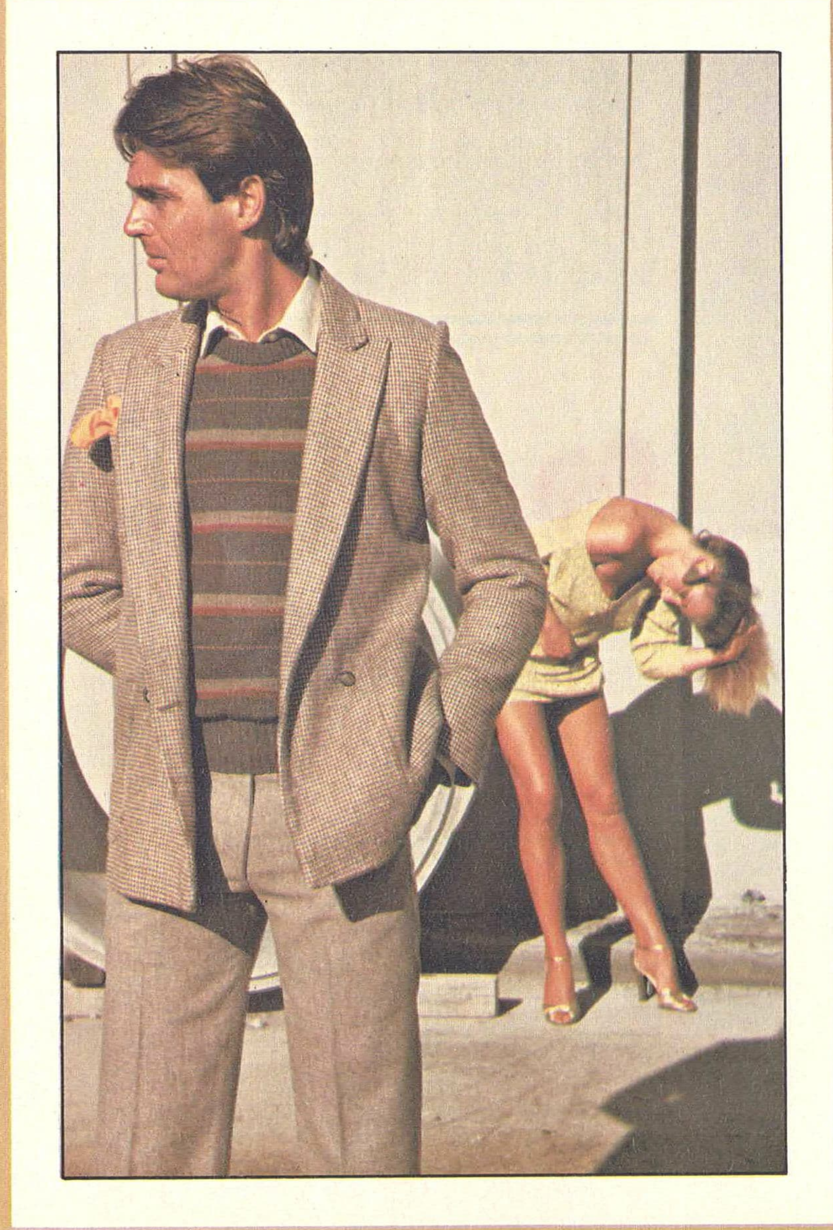
The problem with Bilderberg is that it is in the truest sense, reactionary. It reacts. Reviewing the agendas of recent meetings, one sees that there is no reluctance to confront troublesome issues, but it always seems to be last year's troublesome issues that are being confronted. One might imagine that the goal of Bilderberg must secretly be to attempt to shape future events and seek to profit from them. But in practice the purpose of the meetings is to assess what has already happened and to figure out how best to respond to it, with a view toward hanging on to past gains.

But what if we find ourselves in a world where great vision is required merely to conduct one's affairs? The men of Bilderberg are not leaders but managers. Their search for stability over the past quarter-century has helped plunge us into a dizzying whorl of instability. In 1980 they met, not to formulate a plan, but to reassure each other that their world would somehow survive without one." Their agenda was broad but did not consider the question: Can a civilisation preserve itself if the main concern of its managers is self-preservation?

It is not inherently sinister to convene an assembly of wise men, led by those whom the wise believe to be the wisest. But one feels a certain queasiness when, like Dorothy's little dog, Toto, one pulls aside the curtain and discovers that wise men haven't the slightest idea what to do. To insinuate oneself into such, and to return then to the realm of roller disco and headphone radios, is like slipping up the spiral stairway of a transoceanic 747 and into the cockpit only to discover that there is no one there. The night is dark. A howling storm lies ahead. You descend to the main cabin. The dinner service has been concluded. A number of passengers are noisily airing petty complaints. The lights dim. The movie is about to begin . . .

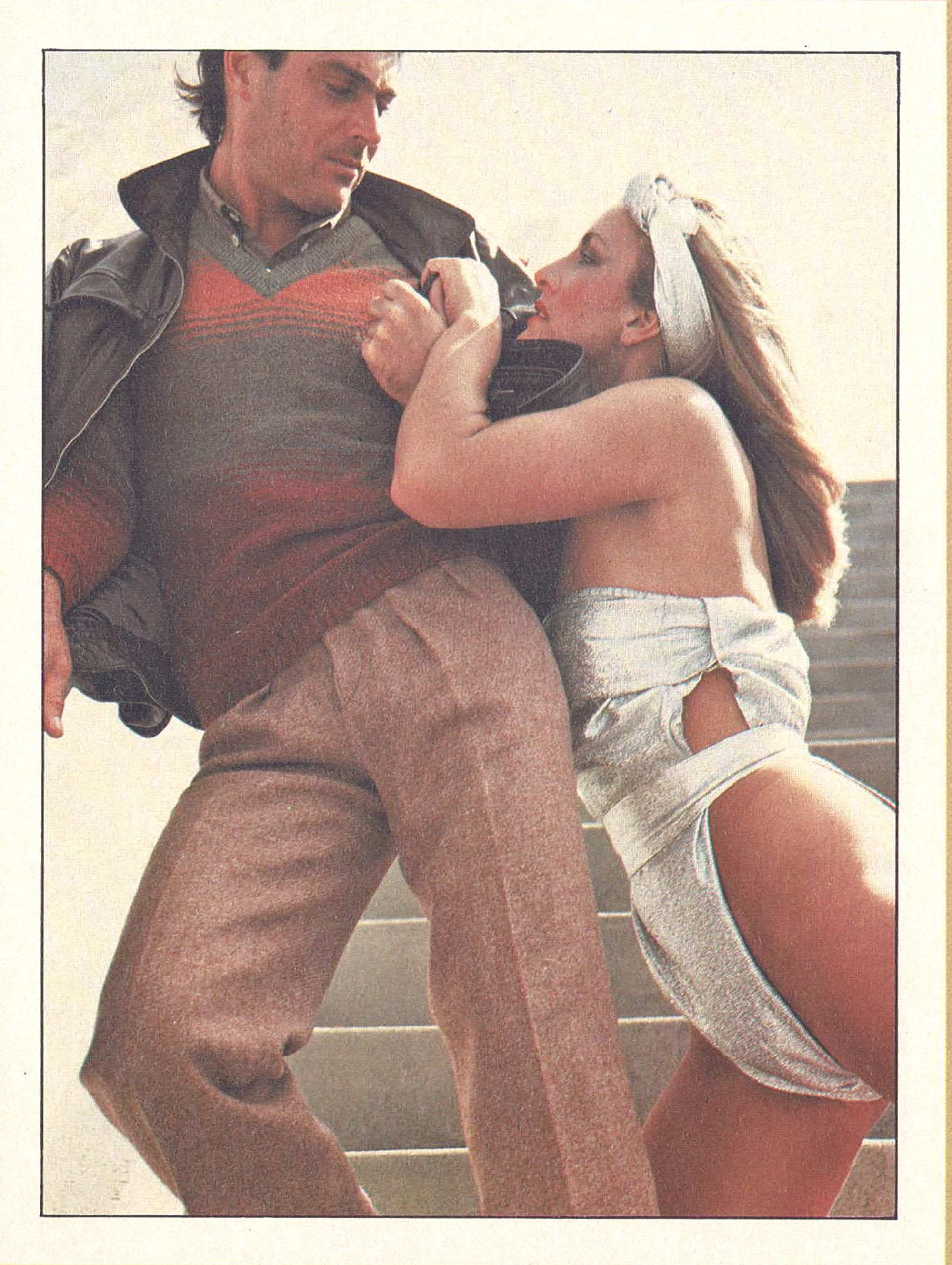
And so the secret, the hideous grisly secret of Bilderberg is revealed. There's nobody at the controls, folks. We're flying blind. Let's hope there's foam on the runway, friends and neighbors, 'cause we're coming in on a wing and a prayer.

WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING



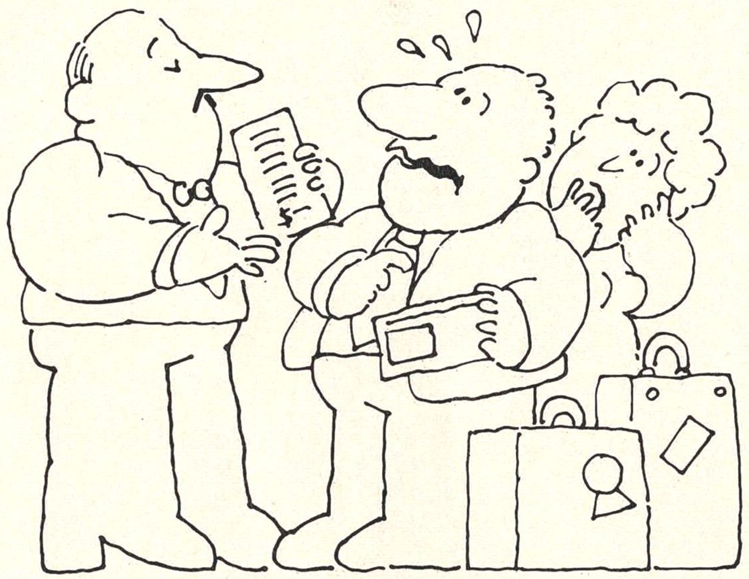
For style and class that will last for more than one season, it's wool, naturally. Above: His pure wool double-breasted jacket, $200, from Medwin, Melbourne; wool sweater, $32, and wool blend shirt, $40, both by Ponti. Her gold dress from Saba, Melbourne. Right: His grey pure wool jacket, $200, from Medwin; long sleeved striped shirt, $32 by Ponti; wool blend trousers, $50, by Saba. Her outfit by Saba.

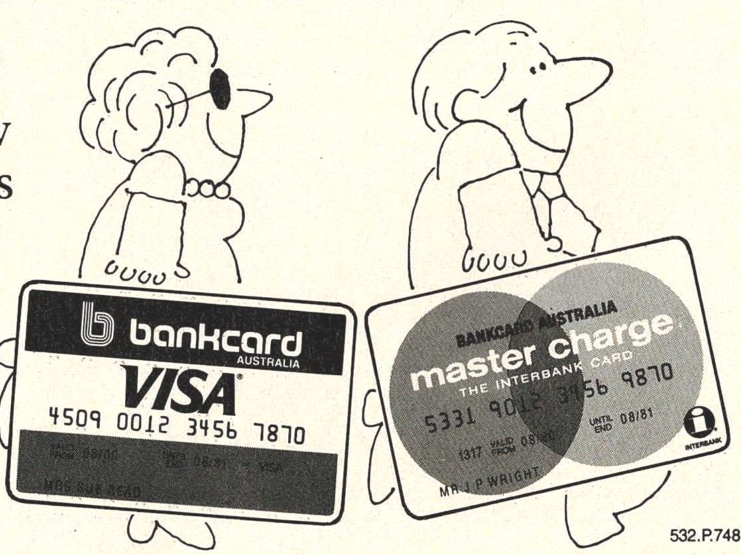
FASHION BY WENDY ADNAM



Left: His short jacket, $150, checked shirt, $60, and trousers, $60, all in pure wool, by Ryko, Melbourne. Her gold top from Saba. Above: His striped autumn colored wool blend sweater, $98, button-down collar shirt, $55, wool blend slacks, $50, all by Saba.

Left: His striped V-neck pure wool pullover, $32, and wool blend slacks, $50, by Ponti; zip-front wool blend jacket, $175, by Saba. Her bronze dress from Clarence Chai, Melbourne. Above: His double-breasted wool blend suit, $230, white pure wool shirt, $55, striped pure wool tie, $20, all from Ryko. Her gold dress from Clarence Chai. All prices are approximate.





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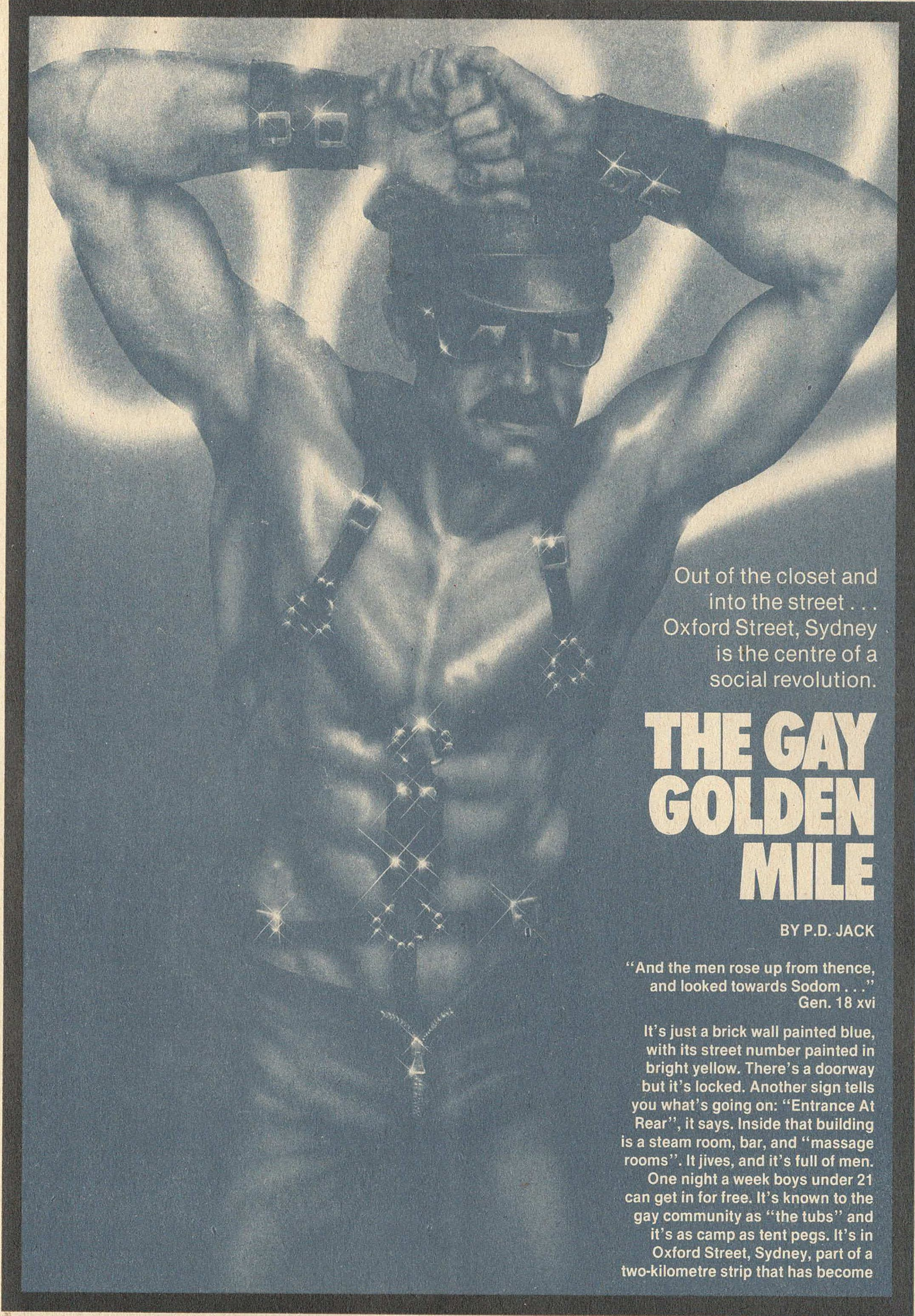


Illustration by Mark Salwowski

Out of the closet and into the street . . . Oxford Street, Sydney is the centre of a social revolution.

THE GAY GOLDEN MILE

BY P.D. JACK

"And the men rose up from thence, and looked towards Sodom . . ."
Gen. 18 xvi

It's just a brick wall painted blue, with its street number painted in bright yellow. There's a doorway but it's locked. Another sign tells you what's going on: "Entrance At Rear", it says. Inside that building is a steam room, bar, and "massage rooms". It jives, and it's full of men. One night a week boys under 21 can get in for free. It's known to the gay community as "the tubs" and it's as camp as tent pegs. It's in Oxford Street, Sydney, part of a two-kilometre strip that has become *"the"* place for gays. Sex being sex, and everyone wanting it, homosexuals included, it didn't take long for the entrepreneurs to move in on all those thousands of blokes coming out of the closet. By 1981 the so-called "Golden Mile" had attracted four discos, four "bars", five pubs, a steam bath and two clubs, all catering to gays, selling grog, and many providing private rooms out the back. Further along Oxford Street are other bars, and elsewhere in Sydney, there are other bars, and steam baths, catering for a gay clientele.

It's an explosion, and although, to this writer anyway, it may not always seem particularly savory, the homosexual industry would have had one of the biggest growth rates of any industry from 1979 to 1981.

The sexual investigators have estimated some five percent of any western society is bent. That means there's about 700,000 gays in Australia. Many of them are in Sydney, because Sydney offers them the facilities to practise their homosexuality in a way nowhere else — in the whole southern hemisphere — does. They come from Bourke, Adelaide, Darwin, Townsville and, of course, from New Zealand, to stand in a bar, music at three notches above pain level, drinking, chatting, making appointments, or maybe teaming up to go to the backroom.

During the day, that strip of Oxford Street, is one of Sydney's best shopping areas. Ironically, I've always found it one of the best places to buy meat in town. At night, the people who throng the streets are shopping for a different kind of meat.

One enters the area, from the city, through the veritable portals of the two police headquarters, after which the high-rise towers of Sydney are left and you're into two or three storey 19th Century shops. Above some of these shops, and others, in the streets and lanes running off Oxford Street, are the gay joints.

The street doesn't really begin to jive until after 10, but it peaks around midnight, the preferred trysting time, it seems to me, for the gay community. There are about seven hotels around the Oxford Street/Taylor Square area catering to almost exclusive homosexual clienteles, and when they close many of the patrons join others at the late-closing haunts.

The proliferation of bar-keepers, and their patrons, has resulted in what advertising people call market segmentation, with differing joints catering to different perversions.

Apart from your basic drag show clubs, which attract straight custom — Patches, Caps, and Les Girls — you have girls' bars, macho-men bars, leather bars, even now a cowboy bar. In some places the segmentation is so severe as to be positively restrictive. For example, I really had to drop a few names to gain admittance to Ruby Red's a small ladies bar and grill round in Crown Street. "Okay, you can have one drink and a look around," the lady bouncer said, "but don't touch the girls!" Some of the more trissy men about town have said they are considering taking another bar-keeper before the Anti-Discrimination Board because he bars entry to any obvious queens. Blokes in drag are banned from many of the places.

The development of the macho bar is one of the surprising elements in the burgeoning homosexual industry. Perhaps the most famous is the Midnight Shift, which bars entry to females and queens, but is not exactly old public bar: it is definitely homosexual, but the homosexuals have got to look manly.

> The leather set is a special sub-group, and they are provided with a number of places.

The most popular guise is Gold Coast real estate man: shirt open to the waist, and gold gee-gaw nestling in hairy chest. Brush-back blond is popular — in the wanted ads it's described as "spunky surfie type" — and the sports image — tracksuits, silk running shorts, tight singlets — is also popular.

The disco group, Village People, can be held responsible for many things, gay men's fashions for one: there's usually a couple of hard-hats in every crowd at the Midnight Shift. Cowboys, and leather-clad bikies can also be seen.

The leather set is a special subgroup, and they are provided with a number of places catering to their fetish.

The Signal Bar is one of the more popular. Down Crown Street next to the ill-fated Jools' restaurant, and above a gay gymnasium (The Fitness Exchange, Entrance At Rear), the "Signal Sports and Entertainment Centre" is up two flights of bare concrete stairs. At the top the wary venturer is met by a set of iron bars, as in a suburban police lock-up.

The ads for this place feature a muscle-bound gorilla manacled to the floor and ceiling with another muscle-bound gorilla moving in close behind him. The copy reads: "Come alone, or bring him with you. You can keep him to yourself, or share him around, in total security." It's a real life fantasy joint for those with sado-masochist tendencies. There's private rooms, and even "initiation nights". I've never seen it in action. I left when some drawling bloke in singlet and leather cap told me to remove my coat and tie or leave. Like some of the joints, there appears to be no trace of it with the liquor license issuing authority.

Despite the almost flagrant exodus from the closets during the Seventies, the homosexual scene is still basically underground. The bar-owners, for example, aren't exactly cracking their necks to get their names in the papers, and customers are shy of cameras.

Some hangouts still run on the closed door routine, such as Club 80, in a back lane off Taylor Square, behind Spanos' butchery. The three floors are said to cater for increasingly outrageous desires as one gets higher. On the ground floor a coffee shop, on the top the masters wear masks and the slaves wear, well . . . some men have themselves lashed to a triangle at the mercy of whoever passes by. You've got to know somebody to get in, and somebody else to ascend the various stages.

The Barracks is in another lane nearby, in the old Monte de Piete at Taylor Square, although there's not too much piety goes on there these days. It opens at midnight, a tiny bar, a tiny room, with a couple of tinier rooms upstairs. An illuminated poster of a naked man above the pool table clears up any doubts the unwitting visitor may have, and the stench of sweat, as the male patrons shuffle through the dark room upstairs, confirms the place as not your regulation boy meets girl joint. It, too, is not on record at the liquor licensing board.

Although these bars have been operating for more than a year, it is only after a special licensing detail began operations around the Cross at the beginning of this year that the district licensing boys have been reporting breaches of some of these bars.

Old hands have seen these blitzes come and go, usually preceded by a new appointment to the local squad, or some special campaign to appease some politician or vocal wowser group. The action on the Cross joints seems part of some low-key campaign by some politicians to "clean up" the place, and up until late February had not extended to the Oxford Street joints.

The pressure on the Cross bars to keep to their licensed hours is just one part of the whole decline of the place as the night centre of Sydney. Certainly the crowds of tourists still flock there on Friday and Saturday nights in tens of thousands to gawk and move on, but that's it, they move on. The action has moved elsewhere; much of it to Oxford Street.

The queens call the Cross "degro", as in degradation, and the new Kings Cross, minus its funny old eccentrics, bohemians and proles, and with its neon American-style bars, live sex shows and muscle-bound spruikers, the male and female prostitutes nodding off into heroin bliss in every second doorway, and even the occasional importunate genuine drug pusher, is certainly not classy.

Mention the term "gay bar" to your ordinary Australian and he'll probably think of Les Girls. But this most famous of drag show nightclubs is not really a gay bar, more a late night hangout for local entrepreneurs and tourists from the suburbs.

For years Les Girls shared the market with Ivy's Birdcage. Ivy's was right at Taylor Square, in a building owned by Kings Cross property holder Theo Morris. It was burned out twice, and moved to the suburbs, with some of the acts moving down the street to what has become known as Caps, a still-thriving theatre-restaurant-gay bar.

Registered initially in 1963 by Reg Boom, who then had the famous Latin Quarter nightclub in Pitt Street (itself these days a gay sauna), Les Girls shifted to Oxford Street in the early Seventies. The business bombed over there, but the business that took over the old room at 2 Roslyn Street in the heart of the Cross didn't fare too well, either. That was Abe Saffron's Carousel, which suffered some bad PR following the disappearance of Juanita Neilsen. It was at the Carousel that Ms Neilsen kept her fateful appointment.

So Les Girls came back to the Cross to start again, with a new backer, Eric Dare. According to company returns at Corporate Affairs, the business has not really boomed. In the six years' trading 1974 to 1979, the operating company had only one profitable year, when something less than two grand profit was recorded. The other five years saw $153,000 go down the tube.

No wonder the action has moved to Oxford Street.

There is however, still some action for gays in the Cross. Where Joe Taylor once operated a small gambling club, in Kellett Lane, Johnny McLean has Trick's Disco, known in the scene as a "chicken shop", because much of its patronage is young boys.

Down past the Chevron Hotel is another gay bar, The Barrel Inn, which used to be Vadims, where many a Bohemian tucked away some spag bol and red wine.

Sydney PR man Les Bass and ex-Philadelphian David Beschi took over the management and tried to buy the Barrel Inn business in 1979. According to Bass on one Sunday afternoon's trading they took two and a half thousand dollars, an indication of the sort of money a popular gay bar can make. Before Bass and Beschi could finally seal the deal the business, and the building, were purchased by a company owned by Abe Saffron. Since then Saffron's manager has attempted to change the place from a leather-boy hangout to a more refined restaurant/bar.

The Barrel Inn is not Saffron's only interest in the gay scene, but it is his most direct.

> The new Kings Cross, minus its funny old eccentrics and bohemians is certainly not classy.

The Queen of the Queens, is Dawn O'Donnell, a gruff-voiced grey-haired woman who, with French restaurateur Roger-Claude Tesseydre run about half the gay business on Oxford Street.

Dawn got her start when she and another woman bought four of the old houses Joe Borg had used as brothels in Darlinghurst's famous "Doors" district. Borg was blown up in his car in 1968. Dawn had also been involved in social clubs, which was how homosexuals met in the less liberated Sixties. In 1969 she started a drag show theatre restaurant in Oxford Street, Capriccio's, or Caps. She sold out her interest in Caps in 1971.

In 1974 Dawn and Roger took over that casino-that-never-was, Jools, in Crown Street. Surely you've seen the place if you've ever been to Sydney — it's surrounded by naked lady statues. It had been a disaster area, associated with all manner of bad luck: one of the former owners even had the misfortune to do a hit-and-run on the harbor bridge; others went broke. Dawn and Roger got the business for about $50,000, and turned it into *the* place for transvestites and gays. It was burned out in late 1977.

Around this time another big room became vacant: the old 33 Club at the start of Oxford Street. After proprietor Mick Moylan died the casino did, too, and the bookmaker and partners who took over the joint couldn't get it to work as a disco. In May 1976 it took the name Patches and began to put on drag cabaret acts. Under the management of Dawn and Roger the place is now one of the best businesses on the strip.

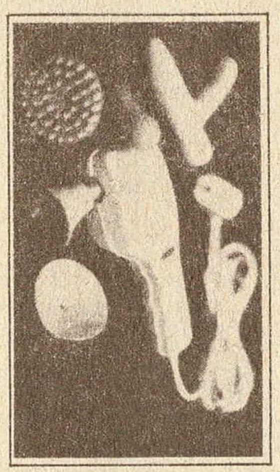
The name Patches was registered in July 1979 as belonging to a trustee company owned by a firm of city accountants. I am informed title to the name Patches has recently been transferred to a company called Educe Pty Ltd, the directors of which, according to most recent information filed with Corporate Affairs, were Dawn, Roger, and Abe Saffron; the shareholders were Dawn, Roger, and Abe's Arcadia Finance Corporation. I am informed there has been a recent change in directors, but confirmation was not available at time of writing.

The Arcadia Finance Corporation, which appears to have been a key entity in Saffron's sophisticated corporate structure, during at least 1978-79 had an interest in another of Dawn and Roger's gay bars, Flo's Palace, an upmarket disco a few doors up the road from Patches.

Whereas Patches attracts a large straight audience for its shows, Flo's is purer camp. It is named after Dennis Fuller (known as Flo), who registered the name in 1978. According to the liquor licensing people, Flo's was then a restaurant owned by Roger and two other Frenchmen, Alain and Alexander Savoy. During its first year of operation Arcadia Finance entered into its books a thousand dollars as its share in the losses incurred by Flo's. Arcadia appears to act as a conduit for money from one group of Saffron companies to other Saffron companies. It moves a lot of money (almost a million in 1979), and the losses on Flo's would hardly be missed.

Dawn and Roger also own a lesbian bar, Ruby Red's, just off Oxford Street in Crown Street. And examination of the books of the operating company, indicate it was doing a gross trade of about two grand *a week* two years ago. It is situated above Crown Street Liquor Supplies, a joint venture between Saffron and the Farrugia brothers (known as Peter and Vinny Farr). The building is owned by Martha Rhodes Pty Ltd, operator of the Laramie restaurant in the Cross. Martha Rhodes is split 50-50 between Saffron and Peter Farr, and it collects around $20,000 a year, perhaps more in rent, from Ruby Red's.

The Signal Bar, originally started by



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David Beschi up in Oxford Street, has since moved to a room in the Jools building. Dawn owns the business name. Dawn and Roger also have a one-third interest in the Exchange Hotel, in Oxford Street, which was recently converted into a gay hotel. Roger, without Dawn, is a co-operator of Kings Steam, a city gym catering for homosexuals.

David Beschi, who began the Signal Bar, is one of a group of bar-owners in competition with Dawn and Roger. However their joints are not usually licensed. The Signal wasn't, and nor was it at time of writing, although the beer it does sell could well be sold under part of the Jools licence.

This group is sometimes called the "steamies", because of the association of its members with various gymnasia, including the American Health and Silhouette studios. American Health is now listed in the camp press as a gay haunt. A leading figure among the steamies is an Australian Morman, Neil Taylor.

Taylor was overseas and could not be contacted for this story. According to company records he is an accountant, and in the early Seventies was owner of Whale Car Wash (International) Pty Ltd, a franchise-selling operation that went out of business owing almost a million dollars.

Mr Tim Bristow has been appointed by Taylor to look after his gay bar interests during his trip overseas.

Taylor's gay bar interests are the late night grope shop, The Barracks, and the "tubs" at 253 Oxford Street. He also had an interest in The Pits, a leather bar and sauna (unlicensed) that was burned out in September last year.

Others involved in the Pits were Beschi and Bass. Beschi now runs The Link, a little shop down the road from Signal selling huge realistic phalluses, magazines and leather gear. He declined to give details of the sale of the Signal bar.

"I don't have any problems and I prefer to keep it that way," he said.

Obviously, as many of the joints are unlicensed, those involved do not like talking about their businesses. Years of poofter-bashing are also hard to forget. A source within the steamies, in a reluctant interview, said there was "overseas money" behind the group.

When pressed to elucidate, he said: "I kept my mouth shut when the Pits went up, and I'm saying nothing now."

One of the most popular of the gay discoes on the strip, and certainly a fairly successful place, is the Midnight Shift. A big room, painted black, lit with strobe spots and well-supplied with nooks and crannies for private conversation, the Shift is owned by businessman David Ross. He had a faltering start in the gay bar business.

Nicely situated between Patches and Caps in the main strip, the Shift was originally opened by Ross in 1977 as The Stalk Room. In its first six weeks of operation, Ross says, the place suffered two fires, one quite serious, although no one was injured. At one stage it was called The Tropicana, and last year, after extensive renovations, it changed its name to the Midnight Shift. It again suffered a serious fire in October last year.

David Ross also owns a gay sauna which was a model for the luxury-style gyms catering to Sydney's gays. Previously, many of the gyms were little better than toilets — all tiles and smells. Ross' Roman Bath has carpets, lounges, video tapes, hot and cold pools, a jacuzzi, steam and sauna baths, and of course the "massage rooms".

A pleasure dome indeed, but set in a cellar — that was once a gangster hangout: the old Latin Quarter, where Rats O'Connor was shot dead.

Ross runs his business interests, which include property investment, from offices in the Methodist Church's Wesley Arcade. His associate is an ex-solicitor, Nick Lorschy. Ross has other interests in Brisbane and Sydney.

One of the most famous of Sydney's drag queens, "Candy" Johnston, who took the Purple Onion out to suburban Kensington a few years before Oxford Street took off, is now out of the cabaret business. He runs Ken's Karate Klub these days.

Probably the biggest thing on the strip is Capriccio's, which recently underwent extensive renovations, worth upwards of a million dollars according to the licensing records. Co-owner, with Tommy Brown, Allyn Miller, insists on both his independence from any of his main competitors, and on the fact the gay bar business is not as lucrative as people suggest.

Certainly some of the figures on record bear out his last claim. For despite mark-ups on beer of a dollar or more per can, wages, rent, license fees (if any) and so on diminish profits. Dawn and Roger's Ruby Red's — basically a bar and snack bar — on grosses of about two grand a week, posted a loss of $11,000 in 1978/79, the latest available record.

Another bar-owner — his place has two bars and a restaurant — showed me grosses of about seven grand a week, which yielded a profit last year of just 15 grand. Bars are a cash business, although tax authorities can work out the proper income by examining liquor purchases, which are recorded. Of course an unscrupulous bar-owner could also purchase from a friendly retailer, upon which excise has already been paid, and still make a profit, tax-free, because of the high margins. There is no evidence to suggest that any of the gay bars do this.

> *"Then the Lord rained upon Sodom and Gomorrah brimstone and fire out of heaven"* — Gen. 20, xxiv.

Nineteen-eighty was an exciting year for the gay bars. Many were redecorated following Department of Services requirements which were policed quite vigorously on the licensed premises, which gave the proprietors the chance to make other alterations.

Also, many of the bars participated in the "Mr Leather" contest, which attracted large crowds. The final was held at the trendy (straight) disco Stranded, with the finalists showing muscles, and sometimes their bums, while parading in leather costumes. The Australian winner also took out the international prize in Chicago. (Another reason for Australians to be proud of their country.)

There were
24 serious fires
along Oxford Street
last year. Three
of them were
gay bars.

Perhaps even more exciting were the fires.

Nightclubs, often operating in old buildings, often with ageing wiring, full of drunks smoking cigarettes, can be prone to fire. That's one reason the Department of Services has been so strict of late.

There were 24 serious fires along the whole of Oxford Street last year. Three of them were gay bars.

The first was at a relatively new lesbian bar a couple of miles up from the strip at Bondi Junction, Yvonne Oakey's The Peak. Above a McDonalds, a disposal store and a pinball dealer, the Peak lost a grand piano, sound equipment, and a few weeks' business. Although strongly independent of existing gay bar interests, Ms Oakey paid rent to Abe Saffron, whose associate, Mr Todor "Tosha" Maksimovich, would personally pick it up — $750 a week.

The business was closed on the night it went up. New South Wales police are investigating.

Since the fire, Ms Oakey has employed a Wormalds Security man full-time to guard her premises. Before, and after the fire, she was approached by a different security outfit to supply both security and management services.

Two months after The Peak went up, Neil Taylor's leather bar and sauna a couple of doors down the road went up, at 4.45am. Recently renovated — including new wiring — the place was thoroughly burned out. The official cause was an electrical fault.

Six weeks later David Ross' Midnight Shift, then doing great business, was burned out. An angry Ross went to the press making accusations, none of which have been substantiated. Police are investigating.

Then, the week before Christmas, a fire bomb was thrown through the door of Dawn O'Donnell and Roger Claude Tesseydre's Patches, at 4.15am. For the first time someone was present on the premises (the manager counting the takings), but the bomb was thrown under a fire sprinkler, and little damage was caused. An 18-year-old youth has been charged with this offence.

This was not the only fire during 1980 associated with Abe Saffron. The Special Breaking Squad, which investigates arson in New South Wales, is examining four of them.

The first happened at 2am on May 24, when firemen from five brigades were called to an unoccupied house in Bondi. The owner, Tosha Maksimovich, was overseas at the time, and he had just bought the house. That was on the Saturday.

The following Sunday night, business premises distinguished by red neon lights outside it in Victoria Street, Kings Cross, and managed by Mr Maksimovich, were burned out. Loss assessors noted considerable losses incurred by the business. The property is owned by Campsie Freeholds Pty Ltd, in which Abe Saffron's companies are involved.

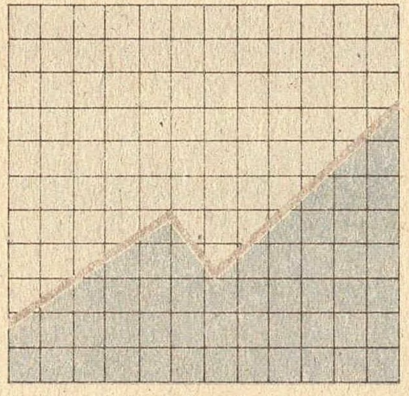
Five weeks later Yvonne Oakey's The Peak, leased to her by Saffron, and owned by Eastern Suburbs solicitors, was burned out. Three months later the Creole Disco at Bondi, in which Saffron companies and Tosha were involved, was burned out on a Sunday evening.

The Festival of Light's Reverend Fred Nile is on record calling for the closure of businesses he considers "sinful". It appears God's wrath, in the form of hell-fire, is doing its best, with a disproportionate attention being paid to gay bars, and properties associated with businessman Abe Saffron — even innocent properties. Hell-fire, it seems, does not discriminate between the wicked and the just.

PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

Twenty-five questions to find out whether you're a gentleman of the old school.

DO YOU HAVE CLASS?



Upper-class taste and behavior have reasserted themselves as traits to be emulated rather than scorned. The trend has been apparent for some time now. Men who spent the late Sixties in jeans and sneakers have long since traded them in for business suits.

If you've been to a wedding lately, you may also have noticed the trend. Men who would have been married in baby-blue tuxes and frilly shirts are beginning to show up at the altar in cutaways and cravats. And how do you fit into all this? The following psychograph can give you an idea how you'll be judged now that it's high class to be high class. Answer the questions honestly and you'll see whether you have the skills to survive in a world whose favorite color is banker's grey.

1. You are sitting around on a Sunday afternoon when friends drop in unexpectedly. Which are you likely to have on hand to feed them?
   (a) wine and cheese
   (b) potato chips and beer

2. If you were offered a two-week holiday in any of the following locations, which one would you choose?
   (a) Tahiti
   (b) Gold Coast
   (c) Tibet

3. You're in Sydney for just one evening and want a top-notch meal. Which of the following restaurants would you choose?
   (a) San Francisco Grill
   (b) Le Trianon
   (c) The Summit

4. Do you have a second home — a place at the beach or in the mountains — where you spend a substantial amount of time each year?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

5. If you answered yes to the preceding question, answer this: Do you own this second home or lease it by the season? (If you answered *no* to the preceding question, skip this one.)
   (a) own
   (b) lease

6. Do your suits look as if they're left over from *Saturday Night Fever*?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

7. Do you still go to discos?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

8. Which champagne is the driest?
   (a) brut
   (b) extra dry
   (c) sec

9. You are having beef; she is having fish. Which wine do you order?
   (a) a half-bottle of red for me, a half-bottle of white for her
   (b) I compromise and order a full bottle of rose

10. At a formal French dinner, the salad is served:
    (a) before the main course
    (b) after the main course

11. At a formal dinner cheese should be served:
    (a) before the meal
    (b) after the meal

12. When do you normally sit down to your evening meal?
    (a) before 5.30 pm
    (b) 5.30 to 6.30
    (c) 6.30 to 7.30
    (d) after 7.30

13. Does your car have any of the following accessories?
    (a) a vinyl roof
    (b) a religious statue on the dashboard
    (c) dice or baby shoes hanging from the rearview mirror

14. If you had a boat, which would you prefer to have?
    (a) a powerboat
    (b) a sailboat

15. You have a chance to taste one of the great Bordeaux wines (such as Chateau Lafite or Chateau Latour). You can select one bottle, and it must be from one of these vintages. Which would you choose?
    (a) 1959
    (b) 1960
    (c) 1961

16. Do you know how to play squash?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

17. Do you own a dinner jacket?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

18. Is your raincoat
    (a) black
    (b) tan
    (c) blue
    (d) none of the above

19. Is your middle name
    (a) an old family name (such as John *Wentworth* Smith)
    (b) an ordinary name (such as John *Robert* Smith)

20. Would you buy a new car every year if you could afford to?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

21. When you're wearing a suit or a jacket, do the cuffs of your shirt
    (a) show just a bit below the jacket sleeve
    (b) extend quite far (more than an inch) below the jacket sleeve
    (c) not extend below the jacket sleeve at all

22. Do you own any "designer" or "name" athletic clothes?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

23. Do you take both summer and winter holidays?.
    (a) yes
    (b) no

24. Check your bar. Which of the following do you have on hand?
    (a) single malt Scotch (blended Scotch won't do)
    (b) 12-year-old Irish whiskey
    (c) cognac (plain brandy doesn't count)
    (d) vintage port
    (e) Madeira

25. You're opening a bottle of champagne. To accomplish the task correctly, you should:
    (a) twist the cork out of the bottle
    (b) hold the cork still and twist the bottle away from the cork

ANSWERS AND EXPLANATIONS

Each possible answer on this questionnaire has been awarded a point value (which you'll find listed below). Add up the points of the answers you chose to get your score.

1. **a-5, b-1** Wine should be part of your life, not something reserved for special occasions. And nothing makes wine taste better than cheese. Develop a taste for them early, and you'll be rewarded with years of pleasure. Chips get you points only if you own the firm that makes them.

2. **a-2, b-1, c-5** Exotic locations are always chic. Tahiti used to be in, but it's flooded with tourists now and doesn't have the aura it once had. The Gold Coast is for grandmothers.

3. **a-1, b-5, c-1** Le Trianon is one of Sydney's great restaurants. The other two places might be fine if you're trying to impress clients from Tamworth, but not if you're looking for *haute cuisine*.

4. **a-7, b-1** Doesn't *everyone* have a holiday home?

5. **a-6, b-2** Remember: a little ramshackle place that looks as if it has been in the family for years rates higher than a mansion people assume is leased or has a heavy mortgage on it.

6. **a-minus 5, b-2** The well-dressed man never bought those John Travolta outfits in the first place. And if you've still got a closetful of them, you should be ashamed of yourself.

7. **a-1, b-3** You have to beware of fads. Even if they're in style to begin with, they become passe mighty fast.

8. **a-5, b-0, c-0** *Brut* is the dry champagne most folks prefer nowadays. Extra dry and sec (which really does mean "dry" in French) are sweeter wines.

9. **a-6, b-1** Roses are usually mediocre wines. Better to select two correct wines than one inferior wine.

10. **a-0, b-5** Salad acts as a light bridge between the middle and end of a meal. It's not something to gorge yourself on before the main course arrives.

11. **a-0, b-5** The cheese course precedes dessert. In fact, if you have something like a great Stilton and a vintage port, you can forget dessert.

12. **a-0, b-1, c-2, d-4** You can never eat *too* late. After all, the evening meal is something to be savored.

13. **a-minus 2, b-minus 3, c-minus 5** Unequivocal no-nos.

14. **a-1, b-5** Sailing has always been the sport of the upper crust.

15. **a-4, b-0, c-7** You've got to get your vintages straight: 1961 is one of the great years of the century, and 1959 was damned good, too, but you would not normally choose it over a 1961; 1960s were light and pleasant in their day, but most have faded by now.

16. **a-5, b-1** Squash is the quintessential upper-class game. You may not learn anything else at uni, but you are expected to graduate with at least an acceptable squash game.

17. **a-8, b-1** Owning your own dinner jacket is a nice touch. If you have to rent one, it implies that you never get invited to anything fashionable on the spur of the moment.

18. **a-1, b-5, c-1, d-0** Natural tan raincoats are worn by men of affairs. Other colors should be left to ASIO agents and fashion designers.

19. **a-4 b-1** Old family names always earn you extra points. Of course, if your old family name is Brczyowckorski, you may want to stick with "Robert".

20. **a-1, b-3** New things are always suspect among the upper crust. Better an old Mercedes than a flashy new car.

21. **a-4, c-1** Class is composed of lots of little things like this. Be subtle.

22. **a-0, b-4** Athletic clothes should be simple and well worn. Only the socially insecure rely on labels to improve their game.

23. **a-5, b-2** Taking many holidays can make you seem frivolous. A week in Gstaad never hurt a reputation.

24. **a-3, b-3, c-3, d-3, e-3** These products are hallmarks of the discerning drinker. You get points for each one you checked.

25. **a-1, b-7** Opening champagne correctly seems to be a lost art. Jiggling and twisting the cork disturb the wine. Your hot hands warm up the bottle's neck and cause the wine to foam.

SCORING

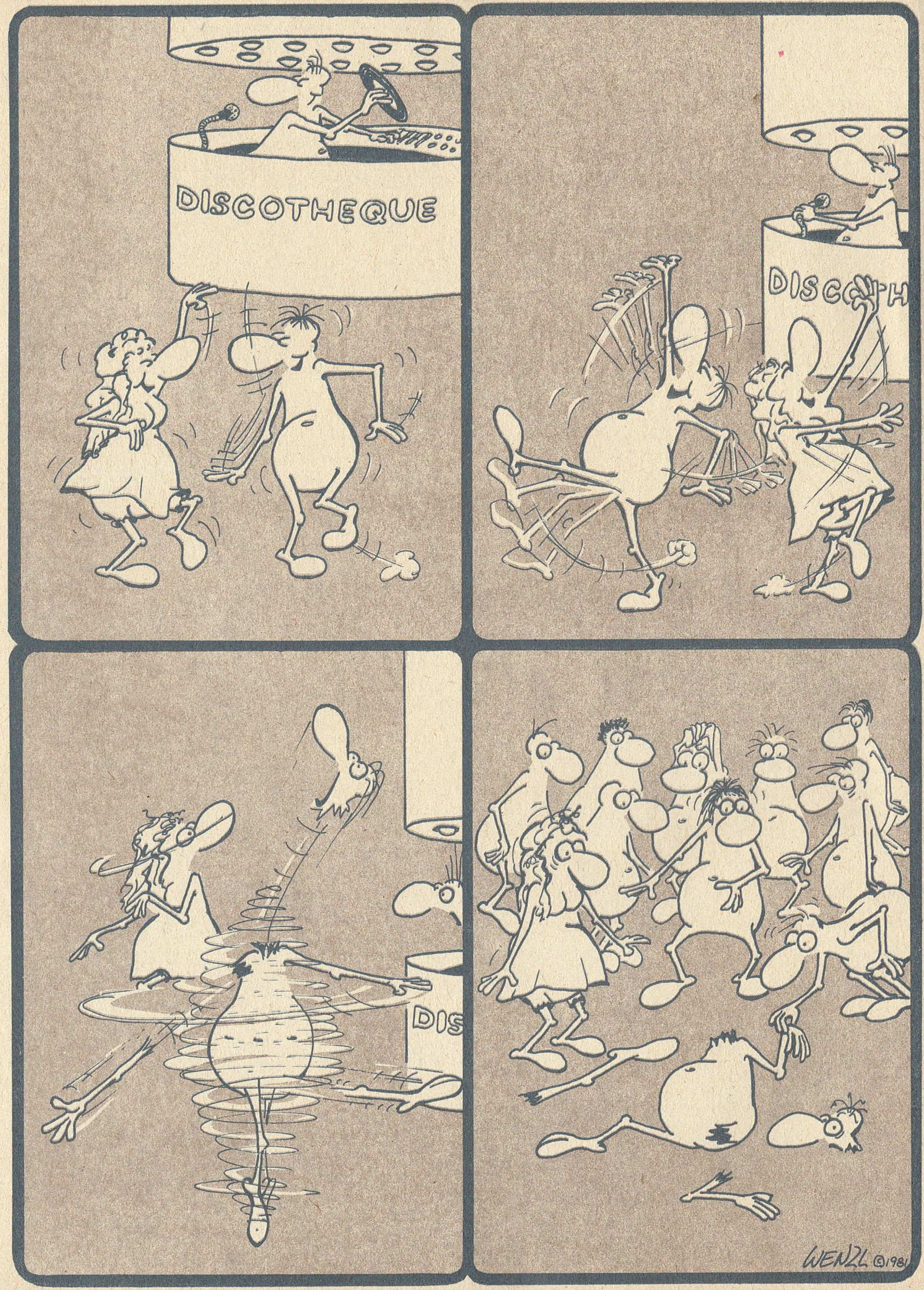
The highest possible score is 130 points; the lowest is zero.

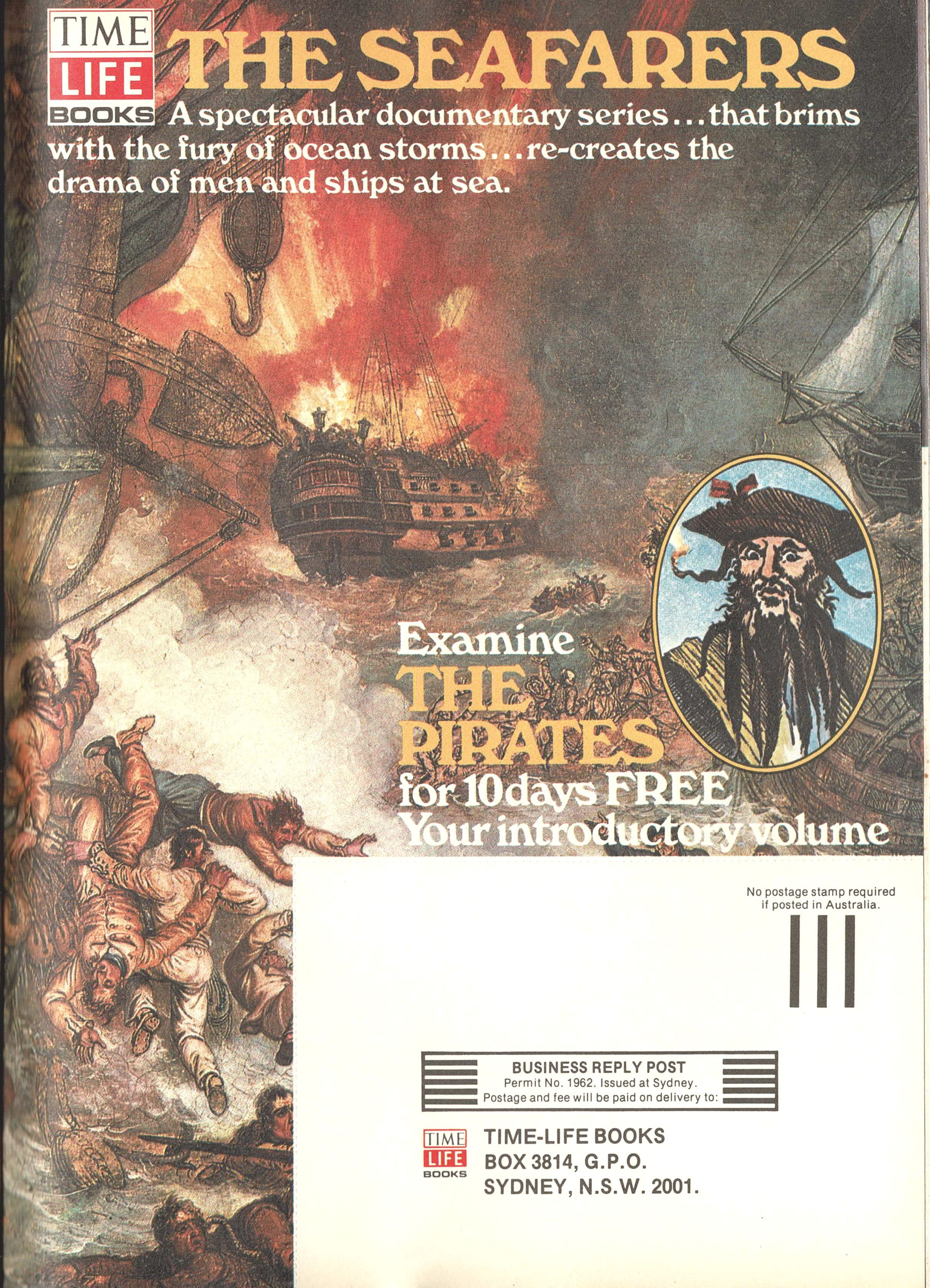
If you scored 100-130 points:
You are definitely a gentleman of the old school. However, if the upper-crust traits measured here are not fleshed out with gentility and a mature ability to deal with people, your apparent breeding is only a veneer.

65-99 points:
You may be a social climber. Anybody who knows as much about the upper-class as you but who also exhibits such lapses may not be the genuine article. You've still got a ways to go, and you'll get there if you stop trying so hard.

30-64 points:
You, like most of us, are a member of the middle class. You tend to be intimidated when the social atmosphere becomes rarefied. Relax a little. Quiet confidence and self-assured politeness can cover a horde of social sins.

0-29 points:
You exude about as much social grace as a gorilla. You may have an active dislike of the upper classes and probably consider them effete and sissified. You are, of course, correct in realising that no social class is inherently *better* than another. But you seem to be so virulently neanderthal that you may be trying to cover up a sense of your own social inferiority.

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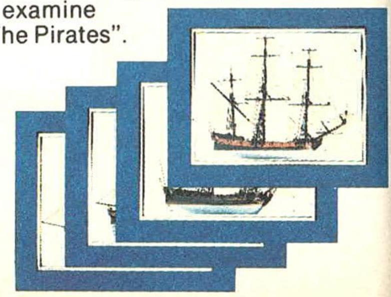

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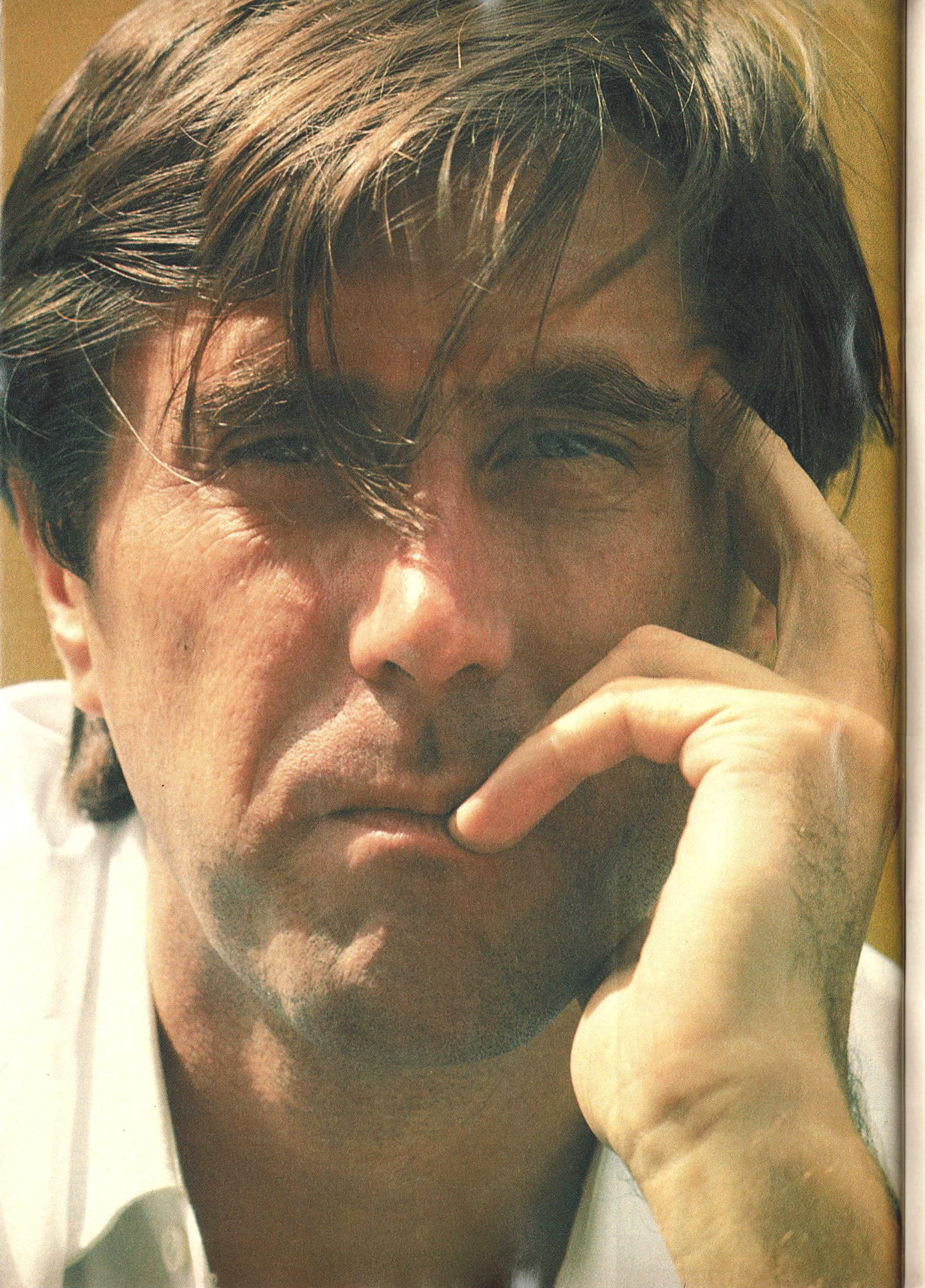

Photograph by Wendy Adnam

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

BRYAN FERRY

> ‘
>
> I think I'm very
> underpaid for what I do . . . in
> the sense that I know many people
> with a lot more money than myself
> who have not worked anything
> like as hard for it.
>
> ’

Bryan Ferry puts down the phone from a radio interview and sighs: "What they really wanted to know was which white should one drink with the fish course, and what champagne does one recommend and who's my tailor?" It's the penalty of being the one rock star constantly acclaimed as a figure of taste and elegance, of being the *only* rock star anyone can think of who regularly wears a suit and tie. Such items of personal taste have also caused Ferry to be branded a jaded sophiticate — an artistic dilettante. And it's all quite bemusing for a man who prefers a crisp, dry, light white at mealtimes, who isn't an authority on champagnes, who really does believe the quaint notion that wearing a tie helps stave off throat colds, and whose tailor is Anthony Price in London.

Although some of his favorite clothes are battered windcheaters and faded jeans, Ferry is very obsessed with quality, with maintaining and improving standards. But he's not a sophisticate in any sense of the word. He prefers his private world, which has left him childlike and naive about many of the workings of the real world. And his darkly handsome looks and flashing smile explain only part of his sex appeal. Women sense a vulnerability, a quality that many then set out to comfort.

The one thing that infuriates Ferry is the dilettante description, for he attends his work with painstaking detail. "I am the hardest working person I know," he states firmly. He has to be. Ferry's talents are very individual — he doesn't fit comfortably into any of the mainstream music markets and the considerable success he has achieved, both as leader of Roxy Music and in his solo career, has been the result of almost single-handedly creating a market outside the mainstream.

That market is now big enough for Roxy and Ferry to be hailed as superstars throughout England and Europe. And although America has never really latched on to the magic, they've got the rest of the world covered. In Australia the Roxy/Ferry combination has sold more than 750,000 albums and made three highly successful tours — the 1975 Roxy tour, the 1977 Ferry solo tour, and the recently completed Flesh and Blood Tour.

Ferry was born in Newcastle England 35 years ago, the son of a miner who attended the pit ponies. He grew up a highly sensitive, intelligent, bohemian schoolboy — with a strong interest in art. He sang rhythm and blues in a few local bands, studied Fine Art at a university in Newcastle, and ended up in London teaching art at a girls' school.

He formed Roxy Music in 1971 with Phil Manzanera on guitar, Andy Mackay on oboe, Brian Eno on synthesiser and Paul Thompson on drums. These days, only Ferry, Manzanera and Mackay remain from the band's original line-up.

A romantic figure, Ferry has been photographed or associated with a series of beautiful and/or famous women including author Edna O'Brien, actress Linda Kerridge, and model Gerry Hall. The Hall/Ferry affair made gossip column headlines after a celebrated break-up in 1978, that ended with Hall moving in with Rolling Stone Mick Jagger. Hall has since vividly detailed her lovelife activities in print, rating both Ferry and Jagger as top of her "sexy men" list, while Ferry has preferred to maintain a dignified silence. But as rock writer Anthony O'Grady found out in this interview, that is what you'd expect of him — self dignity is an essential part of the private world Ferry's built around himself.

Penthouse: I've never heard you talk very much about your childhood, yet there must be some significant clues there to your character. Were your childhood and early teenage years a difficult time for you — something from which you wanted to escape?

Ferry: It varied enormously, actually. I can remember my family life being very difficult until I was in my late teens. I was always a problem child to my parents. But all that changed in my late teens and I started to get on very well indeed with them. To the extent now where my dad is my most trusted friend.

The usual pattern seems to be for teenagers to go through a rejection stage with parents and family in their late teens, or early twenties. But I was quite over mine by the time I was 18, I think. And by the time I was in my early twenties I was quite prepared to be friends again.

Penthouse: Mark Twain once said that he thought his father was an awful fool when he, Mark, was 13. But as the years rolled by, he was amazed at how much smarter that dumb father of his seemed to be getting.

Ferry: That's always part of it of course. But cultural differences played a big part with me as well. When I was 14 or 15, I became very interested in art and so on — things I couldn't really discuss with my parents because, although they were good honest folk, their working class background hadn't prepared them to be interested in such things.

My father, for instance, was and still is very interested in racing pigeons, which is probably *the* working class sport in Northern England. Meanwhile, I was interested in the theories and schools of art. In a way, I felt cheated that my parents weren't intellectual . . . that they couldn't discuss art and literature with me and guide me to the right references. There was a resentment there about that — a feeling almost that I had been lumbered with the wrong sort of parents.

Penthouse: What's your current feeling?

Ferry: Oh . . . I now know that my father is a very wise man, and an incredibly intelligent man. Things I didn't realise at the time. In fact I didn't realise it fully until I'd been around the world several times and met . . . oh, millions of people.

But as you get older and gain more in experience you obviously revise ideas about people you've known for a long time. In my own case I realised my father in particular did have the best advice about most people and most of the workings of the world. It's strange how things like that eventually work out — because I've seen so much of the world and he's seen so little, in comparison.

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Don Orehek

"One of your enemies had it in for you."

Penthouse: Was there anyone you could look to for advice and guidance during those early teenage years when you'd rejected your own family?

Ferry: Not as such. I preferred to be isolated really. But there was one art teacher who was something of an ally during those years. Quite a pal really. We used to go drinking together. He was a combination of things to me — very brotherly often, sometimes fatherly, but mostly just a great pal. He was quite bohemian and eccentric and I looked up to him for that. When I was in 6th Form he had — that is, my parents and the other teachers thought he had — a bad influence on me. By that time they thought I was trying to undermine the whole school with my long hair and general bohemian behavior.

I can remember being told: "You know now, if you mend your ways, we'll make you head boy." But I thought they were trying to bribe me into conforming, and I was very stubborn and rejected the option. I was very stubborn then, and I still am.

Penthouse: And you have two sisters . . .

Ferry: That's right, two sisters — both older then me, both married. One with two children — both boys — and one just now with child. My nephews are both frantic sports followers and music fans. I'm forever collecting T-shirts and other tour paraphernalia for them.

Penthouse: Was being the only male child an extra pressure?

Ferry: Having two sisters but no brother made me, I think, more insular and isolated than if I'd had a brother — I'd probably have turned out very differently if I'd had a brother, especially an older brother. But being the youngest child and the only boy meant I was very spoiled for instance. And being the only male child meant I was very much seen as the main chance — the great white hope.

That sort of thing is part of an English upbringing I think. The eldest male child is very much the inheritor and bearer of the family standard. It's the reason why titled families have been able to survive, sometimes with their estates and inheritances almost intact throughout the generations . . . the idea that possessions and culture are to be amassed, then passed along an unbroken chain of oldest male descendants . . . while younger brothers and sisters get shunted off with stipends, or left to find their own way. I've seen how essential that idea is to the titled families with whom I've spent time in England, and on the Continent. And it spreads through the whole fabric of society of course.

Penthouse: Were you granted deferential treatment as the family's only male descendant?

Ferry: Oh no, not as such . . . but then, we're very reserved in our family. I and my sisters and my parents are the most undemonstrative family in terms of affection I've *ever* seen. It's very much there, but very understated, very cool. On the other

"How long 'til lunch?"

hand, the schools I went to were very good, very committed to *communicating.* And they were all co-educational schools — State schools and grammar schools. I never attended a private school like Eton or Harrow where the pupils were all male and the traditions were centuries old.

Penthouse: Would you have liked to have been a product of, say, Eton — to have grown up a member of the so-called English Ruling Class?

Ferry: Not at all. Because then I would have missed so much. I would have been trained to observe a traditional class structure. Whereas my greatest joy has been to move freely through all structures of society.

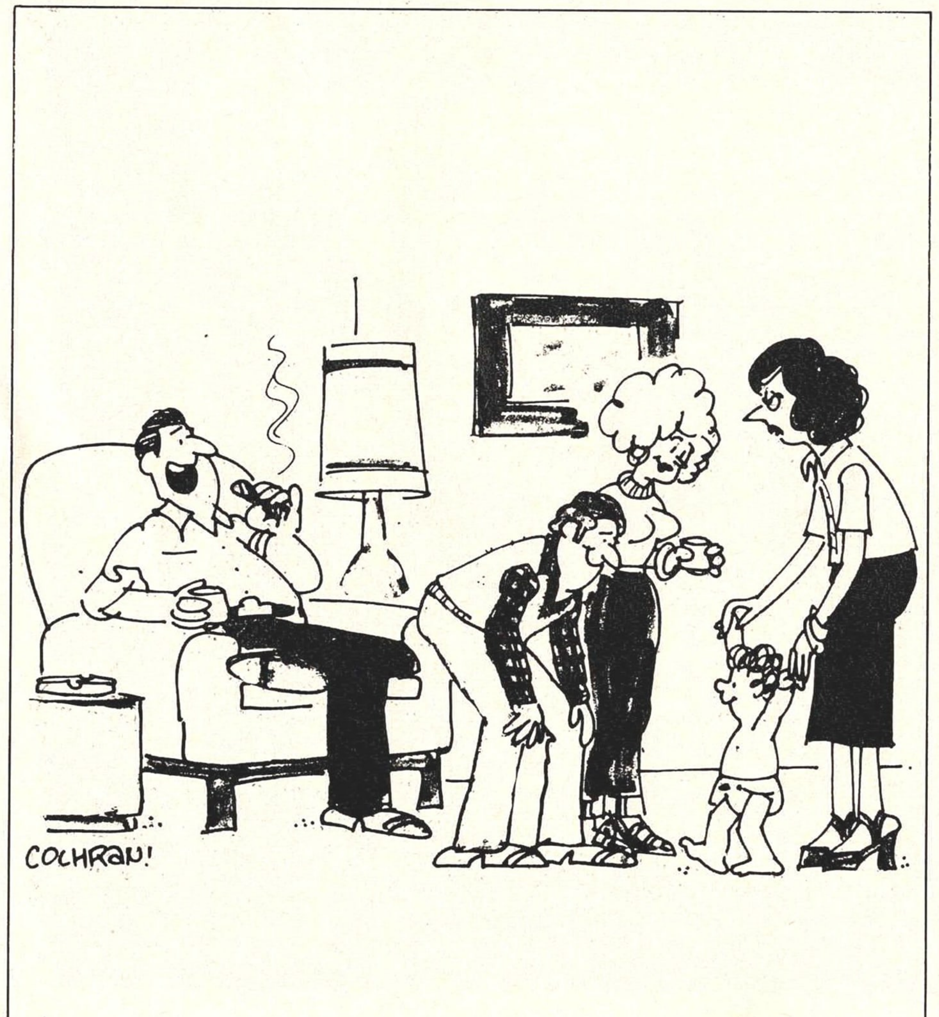
And besides, I was incredibly lucky that my school years coincided with the advent of perhaps the brightest and most committed teaching graduates I think England has ever produced. There was this feeling amongst most of my teachers that intellectual ability was to be stimulated, not fed by rote. That education was an ongoing adventure. Those good quality teachers were the product of the post-war boom in education, and they just don't seem to exist anymore, not in the English grammar school system anyway. Oh, maybe there are one or two excellent teachers in every region, but that sense of educational adventure seems to have faltered . . . the system seems to have reverted to being a sausage machine. It's very sad I think. My schooldays were fine by me. I maintained a very high academic record, I was good at sports, I edited the school magazine, I played a leading role in the school production of Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night.* So even in those days I was doing and being encouraged to do things that put one in the spotlight — that gave one a certain celebrity status. It was just luck I guess, that my parents and teachers always managed to give of their own character.

Penthouse: So, by the time you'd finished Bryan Ferry's Schooldays, you felt ready to make your mark upon the world at large?

Ferry: Yes . . . well, as soon as I found my right medium, which actually took some time. It may sound a strange thing to say, but I always felt very special. I always felt very different from everybody else all the time.

On the other hand, I don't know why I felt like this, because I was very unsure of myself at the same time.

I was certainly never one of those confident, mature children who seem to have everything sussed at an early age. I always felt very private, very isolated and self-sufficient. But again, at the same time, very able to move in any direction I fancied . . . very capable of doing anything I thought might be interesting.



"She's got her mother's tits."

Later, after Roxy Music had been formed and the albums were in the charts, I was able to promote and in some ways intensify this image of being different . . . just by following normal instincts and going to art shows and the theatre, by relaxing at Ascot — basically by refusing to be limited by the culture of the rock world, which insists it is a self-sufficient world even though it is actually very narrow and insular. It's a place where you can atrophy very quickly unless you keep some lines of communication open to things outside its confines.

Penthouse: You don't follow the ups and downs of rock world charts?

Ferry: No . . . never. I don't play rock records at home and I only occasionally listen to the radio. I play classical music at home. Even at school I would be more interested in reading different things to those that were prescribed. I was interested in developing a different code of behavior, although I was always very quiet and polite about it.

Penthouse: That feeling of being different and aloof . . . would you describe that as a sense of destiny?

Ferry: I don't know really. I just wanted to do something really *good.* At various stages of my life I thought — oh I want to be an explorer, or, I want to be a great art critic, or a great artist. At one point I wanted to be a great sportsman. I did quite well at athletics when I was at school, but I had visions of myself winning a major cycling race like the Tour de France. I used to go riding for miles on my school bike thinking and dreaming of winning the big race . . . ah, but it was not to be.

Penthouse: Music eventually saved you from thick thighs and skinny arms?

Ferry: Yes, cycling does proportion one's body in selective fashion, it's true.

Penthouse: What are your current relations with your parents?

Ferry: I see them constantly whenever I'm in England. My parents actually live with me. That is, they live in a cottage next door to my house. So I'm with them whenever I'm home, and I like that very much.

My mother often disapproves of the girls I bring home and that's quite funny, because as I've said, we are a very undemonstrative family and the girls have no idea my mother is mentally pursing her lips and being very disapproving, because she is perfectly polite and pleasant outwardly. But I can read her well of course.

Penthouse: What is the main area of disapproval?

Ferry: Oh, age mostly. Whenever I bring home someone who's 18 or in their early twenties, she just feels I should make more of an effort to settle down with someone more my own age. Well, I'm 35 now . . . but I think she'd settle for someone in their late twenties.

Penthouse: What are your feelings?

Ferry: Well, the main problem about looking towards my own age group for a mate is, of course, the pick of the bunch are already married and settled. Or else they tend to be very suspicious about relationships because they've been through an intense affair that didn't work out, or a divorce. There are some very beautiful women over the age of 30, but then again, many of them are battle-scarred mentally. Also, younger women are just easier to train, I guess.

Penthouse: That word "train" would raise hackles on many women.

Ferry: It probably sounds strange to come out with something as strong as that. But it's the way I feel, in the abstract that is. In an ideal world you'd find an ideal mate simply by looking into her eyes and experiencing the strength of the chemistry between you. But in reality of course, just as you have to train yourself to accept another person into your life, they must be trained to fit into yours. And mine is a strange world to try to fit into. There are times when I simply must be alone . . . many times when I can be in the same house as another person and not even acknowledge their presence because my mind is on other things. And there are long periods when I am locked away in studios, or touring the world. It would take a very special kind of mate to share my world, because I am very dedicated to working, at all hours.

Penthouse: But do you feel the urge to be married, to have children?

Ferry: Children? I met a Greek guy last night who kept going on and on . . . he was actually hassling me about having sons. He kept saying: "I must have sons . . . when you are coming on to 40 years old, it is very important that you have lots of sons." So there's this idea that, as you're growing older, it's important to be surrounded by all these pals you've made yourself. But so far I have no desire to propogate at all . . . to reproduce.

Penthouse: You'd feel uncomfortable in the role? You'd feel it would take too much away from yourself?

Ferry: That's certainly part of it. But avoiding responsibility is the major part. I hate responsibility, always have. One reason for that is, I hate the idea of being bad at anything. And that in itself is a big number to take on, a big responsibility.

Also, I haven't found the right mate to do it with, and that would be very important in shaping my role as a parent. If I did meet that right mate though, I could easily change my attitude.

Penthouse: When it comes to making children though, it's hard to know what qualities make the right mate.

Ferry: It's a very important point. A baby is very much pot luck and I hate the idea of anything being beyond my control. I love to control everything I'm involved in, and it's that lack of determining the results that makes me tentative about reproduction. If my child didn't look right or behave or think right, I'd think I'd failed.

That may sound callous, but it's the way I feel — at this point anyway — thinking of it in the abstract again. Taking chances and encountering the unexpected is what makes life so interesting. It's just that I don't think I'd like to take that chance . . . not at all. On the other hand, I'm sure I will someday.

I have often thought that the idea of having illegitimate children is probably quite interesting. A series of illegitimate children around the world . . . and you could be an occasional dad and watch them from afar. But anyway, I've never had children, even though I'd be very curious to find out what they'd be like.

Penthouse: And illegitimate children, of course, are the ideal solution to the problem of being curious about something, but not wanting to live permanently with the results.

Ferry: Yes, it's all abstract thinking really, it's tour thinking. There's something, well, many things about touring that bring out a very basic male sexual code. It's understandable of course. You're constantly in the company of males, and you're travelling from city to city, through a series of hotel rooms.

It's probably very akin to being head of a guerilla army advancing upon a city, and laying seige to it for a few days, then moving on to the next opportunity for conquest. And female companionship tends to be crammed into the three or four hours after a show, or at dinner after a day of interviews.

And there's something innate in males that comes very much to the fore under such circumstances. A male lion sort of thing, with his pride of lionesses. You have an incredible need to be with a girl for the night, because she is a girl — and a relief from the constant male company.

As well, playing the music on stage, moving and dancing on stage, is a very sexual thing too . . . very physical. And whereas the music is both physical and mental and, hopefully, soulful, it's the physical — the sexual — that is broadcast most unmistakably from the stage. And of course, while you're broadcasting those feelings there are people in whom you are

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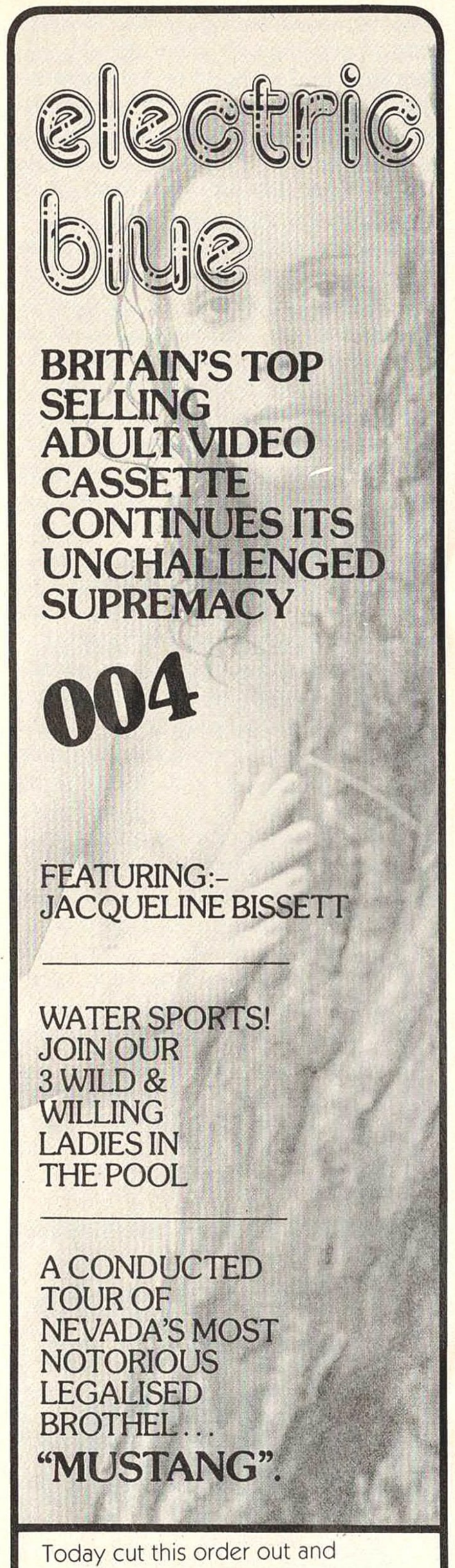
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arousing similar feelings — the sexual, the mental, and, hopefully, the soulful.

Penthouse: Touring in a rock band is a long way away from being settled. The feeling is entirely different from most ordinary lives.

Ferry: Yes. But at the same time, whenever I've had someone waiting for me at home, I've always had a strong feeling of guilt about such liaisons I think it's the feeling that if you do have a mate somewhere, you're falling short of the feelings you should have . . . you shouldn't even feel like wanting other company.

Penthouse: Do you have a mate waiting for you somewhere at the moment?

Ferry: No, not as such. But then again, while the Flesh and Blood tour was doing several dates in England just prior to coming to New Zealand and Australia, I became quite taken with someone I'd met some months before, someone who doesn't subscribe to any of my senses of ideal notions of behavior or appearance, and that intrigued me incredibly. It's just very interesting how you can have an idea in your mind and then someone comes along and tears it up — completely blows it away — and all the thinking you've put into it becomes totally meaningless, totally eclipsed by a feeling thing that comes unbidden and unexpectedly, just a chemistry you haven't felt before. But as to what will come of it all — ah, well — watch this space is all I can say. Because for all my talk about demanding complete control over what will be, I'm completely mystified as to the outcome myself.

Penthouse: Who is this special person?

Ferry: Well, no one outside a very few people in Roxy Music knows that. I just think that, having been through far too much public talk about some of my other affairs, I would rather be extremely secretive about what is happening in my life.

Penthouse: Are you referring to the publicity that ensued after your affair with Gerry Hall? Did that leave you vulnerable?

Ferry: I would describe myself as a vulnerable person anyway. Anyone whose job is to expose their thoughts and feelings in their work, like I do in music, must become aware of their own vulnerability, and must learn to come to grips with it. On the other hand, if an affair does come to an end and only one participant talks about it publicly afterwards, it's somehow assumed the other person is too hurt to even mention it. But obviously this need not to be the case at all. There could be many reasons why one would not want to talk to the gossip columns about something in one's life, natural reticence . . . politeness.

Penthouse: Or maybe just the idealistic notion that love is best left to lovers?

Ferry: I suppose I do idealise things. I'm very capable of having romantic notions of things. But then, often when you have a romantic ideal of what love could or should be, the reality falls short of the ideal. Being a bit of an idealist, I can say this. But then, I often fall short of my own ideals anyway, so it's not surprising other people fall short of my expectations.

Penthouse: Were you ever consumed by the thought that you had to make it by a certain age?

Ferry: I'm not sure I really was. I was always aware the traditional idea was you had to make it by the time you were 30, or you'd never make it at all. But at the same time, I've always been fully aware of various people I admire who didn't start doing their thing until they were in their thirties. So I was never totally seduced by the idea that youth conquers all. Various painters, say, didn't start till they were well into their thirties — they were lawyers or doctors before they became artists. I'm thinking here of . . . well, Paul Klee in particular . . . Jasper Johns. So it is possible to come into something later in life and do well at it — sometimes simply because you have put it off for so long. That's what happened to me in a sense. I was 25 before I positively decided I wanted to do something definite in music. I was 27 before I made my first record, that was eight years ago.

I was never unhappy that I didn't race out at 16 and make a do or die effort for fame and achievement, because youth is also a time you can use for thinking, for exploring ideas.

When I started making music, I was making it for a youth-based culture, but I didn't feel too old then, and eight years later I still don't. It's weird I know . . . it's something not even I expected. But there you go, I don't feel too old, certainly not in my mind. Even though I often feel about 99 years old when I come off stage.

Penthouse: Is that a result of the kidney infection you came down with last year while you were touring France?

Ferry: Yes. That was the first time. I have always enjoyed rude health you see, and that was the first time I can remember feeling real pain — agonising, paralysing, completely physical pain. And I must admit it scared me deeply. It was so . . . inexorable.

And then the French doctors wanted to operate upon me. But Mark [Mark Fenwick, manager of Roxy Music and Bryan Ferry] wouldn't allow that without consulting my own physician in England. So I was put on a stretcher and wheeled out of the French hospital, into a plane and flown to England. In the end my physician diagnosed an operation wasn't essential, which is what we'd suspected, but in France they've got the reputation for putting just about any ailment you might like to name under the knife.

The aftermath of it all is that I have to be careful to maintain a balanced diet and must never allow my system to become dehydrated. Otherwise the symptoms could re-occur.

Penthouse: Is the infection likely to hamper touring?

Ferry: It hasn't so far. But sometimes I wish I could stop touring. The one and a half hours on stage are fine . . . they're wonderful. It's the other 22½ hours of travelling, of hotel rooms, of just sitting around and building up to the show. But then again, it would be very hard to imagine not doing it. I mean, having done it for some years now, the idea of just stopping is very weird. I guess that's why Sinatra must find it impossible to stop. He does it so incredibly well. Why *should* he stop? Or people who are, say, good photographers, why should they *ever* stop doing what they're good at.

I think someone is required to go on stage and be a central figure there, and I seem to fall into the thing of being one of the people who do that. It's funny how people come from different directions, from different orbits, and end up doing essentially the same things, for almost the same sort of reasons.

Penthouse: But have you ever reached the point where you've thought — that's it, I don't want to work in music anymore?

Ferry: I don't think I've ever got, or will ever get, tired of recording. I love working in the studio. And there's only been one time really when I've seriously thought of giving the whole thing away — of never working in music again.

That was after the 1977 solo tour that finished in Australia. I was living in Los Angeles, working with American musicians getting material together for what would turn out to be *The Bride Stripped Bare*. I found Los Angeles very unsatisfying, very plastic and shallow and I was very depressed about my work . . . about the usefulness of it . . . of my reasons for doing it. And I did really think I might as well just forget about music altogether and do something else with my life. That feeling and mustering of strength to fight it is what the song Can't Let Go from the *Bride* album is all about — it's a kind of keystone song in my life really, so it's a pity that particular album was my least commercially successful.

Penthouse: If you did retire tomorrow, do you have enough money to keep you going for the rest of your life?

Ferry: Very possibly. It's hard to estimate such things. It would depend, to some extent, on the back catalog sales. But money is another weird thing you know. I think I'm very underpaid for what I do . . . in the sense that I know many people with a lot more money than myself who have not worked anything like as hard for it. I'm not fond of boasting, so it's actually a statement of fact that I work harder than anyone else I know.

And for the effort I put in never to repeat myself . . . to find new expressions for my feelings and themes . . . I don't think the quality of those standards are reflected by the financial rewards.

Penthouse: Does this lead to a feeling of resentment?

Ferry: Sometimes. I mean money is not my sole aim, nothing like it. But it is a factor, and it does become an important factor when I am tired or depressed and I am desperately searching for some reason to keep on putting myself through the grind of a long tour, or yet another press conference, or a series of all night sessions to get an album out on time. At times like that, it would be a comfort to think to oneself, "the reason I keep on pushing myself is because the money's worth it". But when you feel you are not being well paid, there are no easy answers . . . you have to dig deeper into your stock of personal determination.

Penthouse: Can you name someone who's making maximum money for a minimum of effort?

Ferry: Sometimes I think George Harrison, for example, is the luckiest person alive because he is so incredibly rich — almost entirely due to the fortunate accident of him being a Beatle. Yet, I never did begrudge John Lennon his wealth, or Paul McCartney his, because it seemed to me, their talents were abundant.

Penthouse: Roxy Music have recorded Lennon's Jealous Guy, and you've recorded Lennon songs on earlier solo albums. Did you ever meet Lennon?

Ferry: Once only. We were in Tokyo for a show, and as we were rushing back through the hotel foyer a thin, grinning person leapt across the room and shook me warmly by the hand, saying he's always looked forward to meeting me. It was John Lennon, in fact, and I'd certainly always looked forward to meeting him. We made plans to have dinner later that night but the arrangements went awry, sadly. I only wish I could have spent more time with him.

Penthouse: If you could choose any other time period for a second life, what would it be?

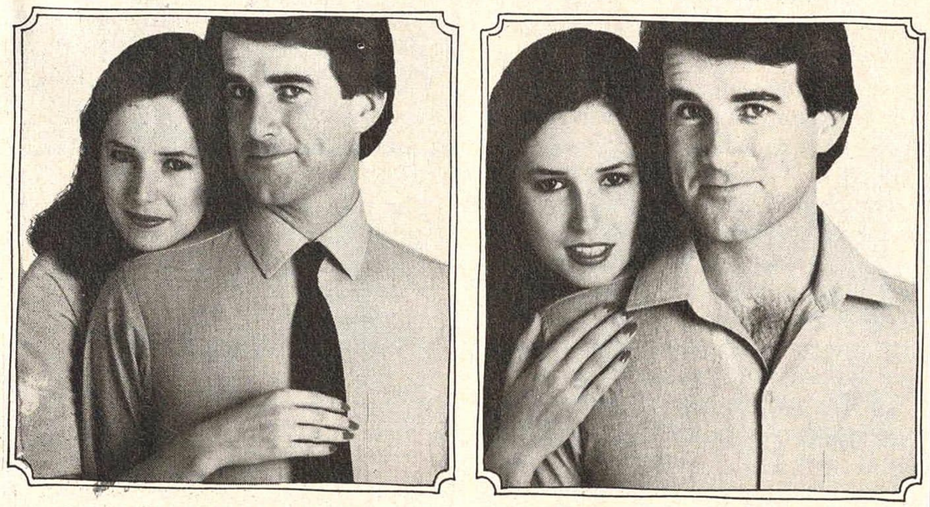
Ferry: I've always been drawn to The Bloomsbury Group because, well, for one reason, it was so English it could never have happened anywhere else. That's the best part of being born English I think, the fact that you are automatically part of so much great tradition in just about every branch of literature and art.

So it would definitely be the Bloomsbury Group for me — Virginia Woolfe, her sister Vanessa Belle — I actually collect Vanessa Belle pictures — Duncan Grant, the Omega Movement, that whole propogating of the post-impressionist movement and that whole group of people. It seems very fey to some people, my liking of that particular group, but there's something that attracts me to them. I like their *separateness* from what was going on in the mainstream . . . their withdrawal to their own private world . . . or series of private worlds actually. I'm very much like that myself, conversely though, when I was writing the *Manifesto* album, the title track was very much inspired by the work and theories of Wyndham Lewis who was very much an adversary of the Bloomsbury Group, their opposite in a sense. And I also collect Lewis. But that's all part of being a Libra — being full of contradictions.

Penthouse: Do you ever want to return to your childhood home, back to Geordie land?

Ferry: I'd love to live up on the Geordie landscape, but it's too far away from London. By English standards it's as far away from London as you can get. I live South of London — about one and half hours' drive away. And I have a small flat in Chelsea . . . when late night revels make the drive back home a risky proposition.

One thing about the Geordies, though. Once you leave, it's hard to go back. You're like an animal that's been tainted by human contact or something, and the rest of the herd shies away from it. But I still feel very much akin to the Geordie sense of humor, to the hard work ethic, to that Geordie stubbornness. Things like that you never lose.



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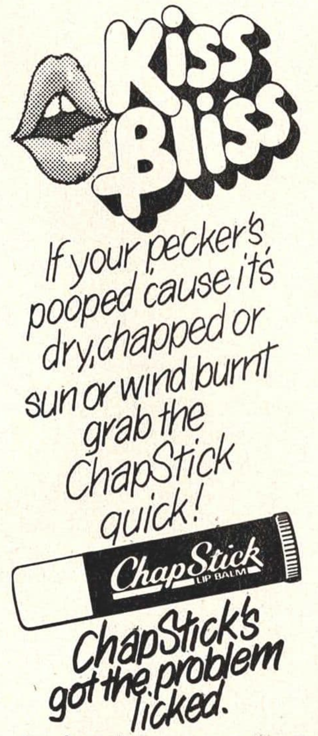

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True hedonists know there's
only one place to go for a sensual binge.

A GREEK AFFAIR

WORDS AND PICTURES BY RENNIE ELLIS

I had flown to Mykonos from Athens. It takes about half an hour and it seemed worth the extra money to be able to forego the unpredictable six-hour ferry trip. Try Mykonos first, my friends had said. It's the party island! One soon discovers that Mykonos, during the summer season, has very little to do with the real world. It is a place given over to the pursuit of pleasure. Self indulgence is considered the norm. If you're into eating, drinking, dancing, sunbaking, and fornication then you would find it very difficult not to have a good time on Mykonos.

There are other Greek Islands which also glow with the infectious aura of hedonism, but perhaps without the cultish determination so prevalent on Mykonos. Hydra, Lesbos, Aegina, Skiathos and several others all offer the facilities and the atmosphere that encourage those heady, holiday liaisons of intense togetherness and limited duration.

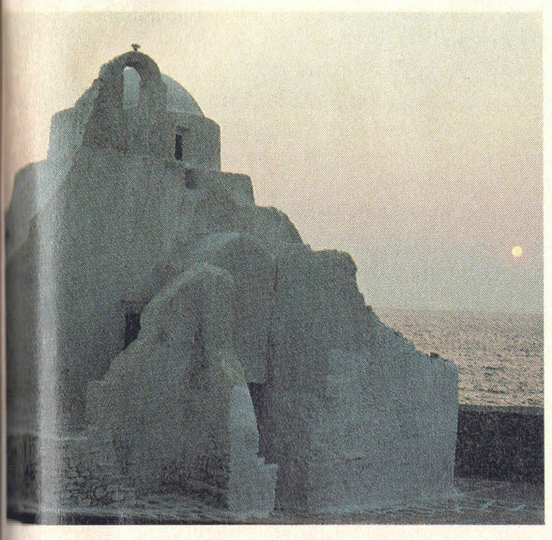
Veronique ran a health studio in Paris. For reasons I have never been able to ascertain, she and her gay friend Jean took me under their wing and introduced me to the ins and outs of Mykonos. We met at an outdoor cafe on the port three hours after I arrived on the island. Most of that time I had spent hunched over a succession of ouzos, transfixed by the passing parade of stunning women and handsome, gift-wrapped gay men who promenaded from cafe to cafe with such an obvious desire to be noticed.

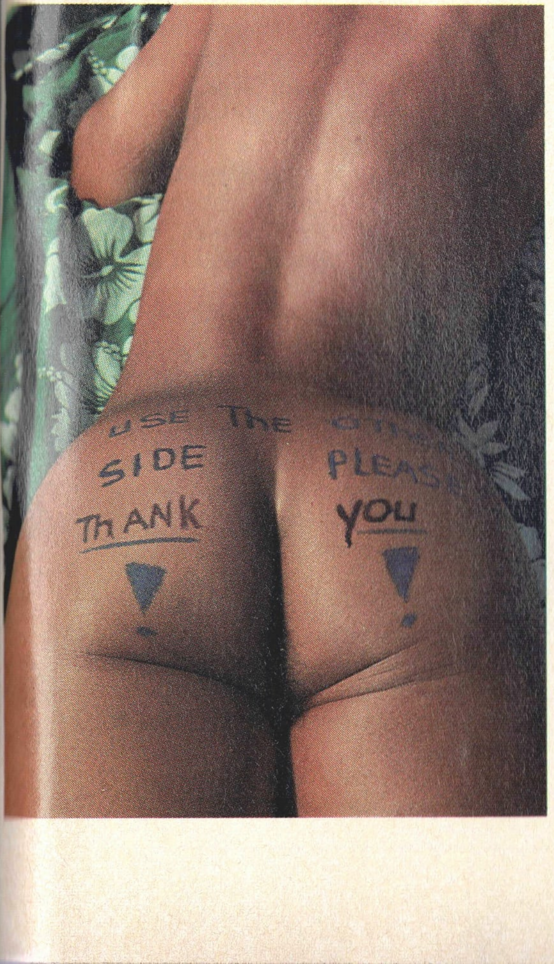
Veronique explained how the system worked. In the morning you woke late, breakfasted on the port, recounting the night's adventures over honey yoghurt and coffee. Then by bus to the boats, and by boat to your favorite beach according to your sexual predilections, homo or hetero, although none were mutually exclusive. Here you removed your clothes and joined the smorgasbord of bodies, sunbaked, swam, discovered new friends, late lunched on wine and fresh fish, returned to town, tarted yourself up for the evening, watched the sun leak into the horizon, dined in the restaurants that spilled into the labyrinth of the streets in the curious white-washed town, rocked on to the bars and the discos where you proceeded to damage your eardrums and brain cells while you engineered a meaningful sexual encounter prior to a few hours sleep from whence you returned to Start, ready to throw the dice to set you in motion for another 24 hour game. Whew!

It doesn't really have much to do with Greek culture. The trappings are there, of course: the environment, the local folk, the food. But the cosmopolitan ambience and the air of licence that prevails is artificially introduced by the visitors.

The dolce vita of May through August is not populated by Fellini's idle rich bitch of the Fifties but a more egalitarian and youthful manifestation of the permissive Seventies woman. An antique dealer from Milan, the manageress of a funky New York boutique, an English model or a barmaid from a ritzy club, a production assistant from a Melbourne film company, an air hostess from Paris. They journey to the islands with libido cocked and ready to fire. The right finger on the trigger is all that is needed.

Most people get to Mykonos because of persuasive word of mouth eulogies. Stories of isolated beaches where the naked sunbathers enjoy an easy going intimacy. Where your boat noses into the shallows of the clean, clear water and you step off the bow, down a plank and on to the sand.





Couples of like or unlike sex lie close together, bodies linked. Two beautiful women unconsciously fondle one another. Others play ball games or sit around chatting. Large urns of wine lie cooling at the water's edge.

There are the beautiful people upmarket and the beautiful people downmarket — the back-packers, who are also catered for with camping areas on both Paradise and Super Paradise beaches. Here naked nymphs from Sweden, Denmark and Germany and their bearded companions tend to their tents or queue up for the very public showers where they nonchalantly soap themselves while chatting amiably with their fellow travellers.

It takes a day or two to tune into the rhythm of Mykonos and then it's easy. You're absorbed by the collective consciousness, the island ethos, and then you just cruise along with everyone else.

If something should occur, as it did with me, to throw you out of step, your newfound friends will quickly rally to your rescue. Temporary setbacks, it seems, only inspire potentially more gratifying experiences.

Due to an unfortunate misunderstanding with my elderly landlord — I had inadvertently sprung his wife in her underwear — I suddenly found myself without accommodation.

"Zis is nert a problem," the resourceful Veronique informed me. "Bert of course you will share za room wiss me and mes amies."

And thus began an intimacy of association with three comely French girls that encompassed the whole lover/brother/confidant spectrum.

A large room with three beds, three girls and a determined-to-be-cool-at-all-costs Aussie traveller does not offer much in the way of privacy, especially if the girls are not much given to being private in the first place.

Veronique was not averse to sharing her body, but she also favored the art of self-pleasuring, and if it was a case of practice makes perfect, then she was pretty close to perfect and I was wisely instructed in the needs of women.

Francoise kept pretty much to herself. Mikki, however, had no such reservations. She had screen-tested for a Polanski movie and had breasts of the size and firmness of ripe melons.

Each morning this nubile, young amazon, whose smile is as innocent as her body provocative, would wake me with a kiss to the forehead, or stomach, or whatever. She was quite naked when she did this and her breasts would brush across my body. I can think of worse ways to be wakened.

I tell you this story of cameraderie not only because I like to savor the memory, but also because it is indicative of the larger than life situations that you can fall into during a sojourn in the Greek Islands.

It is my experience that there is a peculiar atmosphere which attaches itself to islands that bask in the sun. I'm sure it has something to do with the fact that an island is detached from the mainland and as such is seen by visitors as a location somehow outside the structure of the normal social conventions by which we are expected to conduct our lives. There is a sense of freedom, of the potential for adventure and surprises and romantic trysts.

Islands, especially the Greek Islands with their radiant light, clusters of organic harborside villages and history steeped in mythology, attract free spirits and unusual individuals. People whose idiosyncrasies seem less threatening and more appealing in such exotic locales.

Under these influences ordinary vacationers like you and me are more inclined to loosen up and march to the beat of a different drummer.

Your anonymity allows you to operate outside the borders and restrictions imposed by your social conditioning. And this in turn can enable your fantasies to materialise into a temporary reality.

While there is a palpaple vitality to these islands, there is also a hypnotic spell that entrances you and dissipates any resolve you may have to leave.

Last year my friend Neil had a two-day stopover in Athens on his way to London. On Day One he sipped coffee on Syntagma Square, stumbled with appropriate awe around the Acropolis, and spirited the night away with some serious drinking at the Plaka, that catacomb of tavernas and tourists where you can "go Greek" and kick up your heels Zorba style while quite drastically diminishing your supply of drachmas.

On Day Two, under instructions from the helpful receptionist at his middle-of-the-road hotel, he took the half-hour train ride to the port of Piraeus and caught the hydrofoil to Hydra, one of the closest islands to the mainland.

After one hour and 15 minutes the hydrofoil drops back into the water and motors into the port. If, as with Neil, this is your first face-to-face communication with a Greek Island, you will see that even the postcards and brochures have not fully captured the peculiar Aegean flavor and beauty of the waterfront — the cluster of shops and cafes, chairs and tables sprinkled under striped awnings, donkeys being loaded with produce from blue and yellow caiques that sit on the still water and rub shoulders with cruising yachts of aristocratic bearing.

For Neil, a self-confessed incurable romantic, it is enough to make his heart skip a beat. He finds a long-legged Australian girl who buys him a beer, takes him swimming off the rocks and cooks him an omelette at a friend's restaurant. The last hydrofoil to Pireaus goes without him.

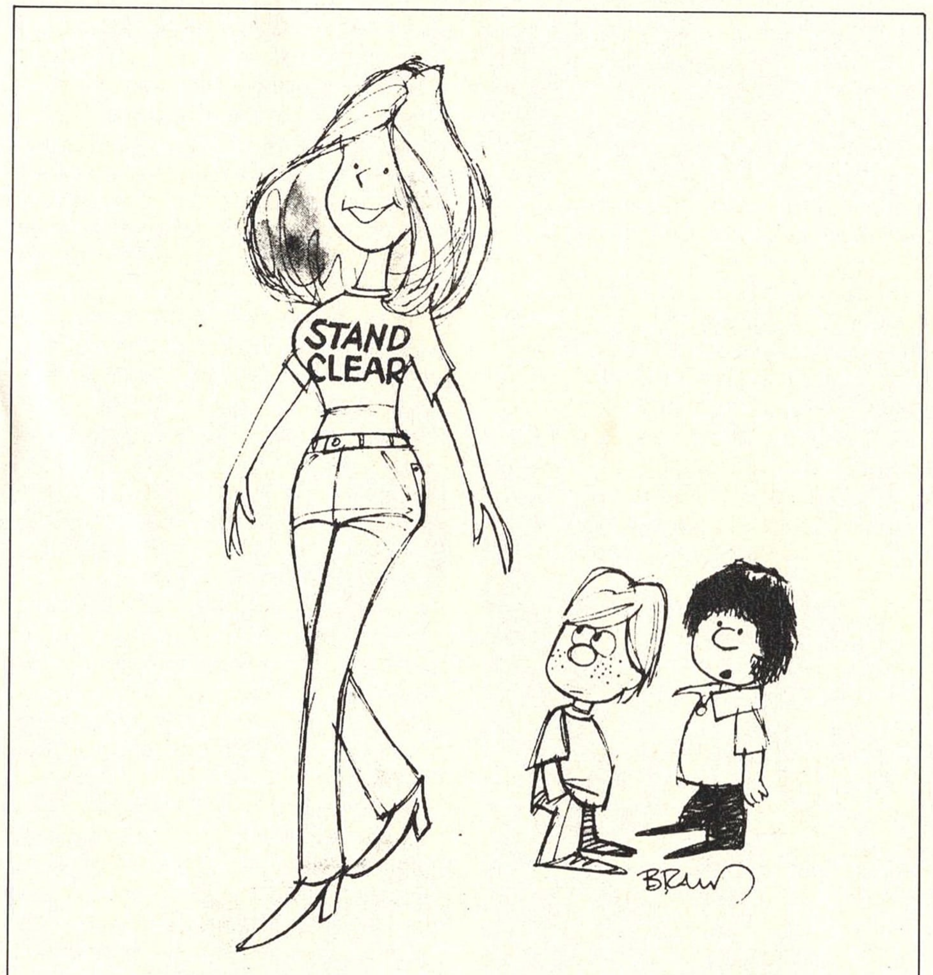
That evening, at a disco club high on the cliffs by the harbor entrance, he meets Suzanne of the Leonard Cohen song and feels the Meltemi blow on his face.

And then as the next day drifts into the next, and the next, Neil's overt curiosity aided and abetted by his gregarious nature and a certain naive charm ensure he is not without friends.

He seems to rebound from one extraordinary woman to another.

Zephyr, the moody painter from New York, entertains him in the little stone house she rents in the hilly streets behind the port.

She cooks peasant food and showers in the backyard where the peachy glow of the evening sun illuminates the droplets of water that adhere to her small breasts.



"I think it's a trick to get us to read."

Tomorrow he says, he must leave. But Neil has picked up a condition endemic to the Greek islands, a bad case of diminishing purpose.

Neil has a cheap room overlooking the harbor. His day trip is a week old and the rest of the world seems far away. Each morning he sits with a lady companion by the sea wall of a tiny fishing village, a 20-minute walk along the cliff top from the port.

He drinks ouzo with his tzartziki and chilled domestica wine with his grilled fish. He swims, makes love, dines with friends in the tavernas and dances all night.

Neil will never be the same again. After nine days he has run out of money and is forced to return to Athens to the hotel room he had intended to vacate for one day only. He has not contacted the hotel since he entered his Hydra trance. Consequently he has been officially declared missing. The police have been called to break open his cupboard and take away his belongings.

The management are not very amused, yet on hearing his story neither are they unsympathetic. The Greeks are well aware of the bewitching powers of their islands.

There are many others — jewels of the Aegean linked by ferries — 2000 islands loitering with intent. Lesbos, home of the Lesbians, immortalised by the poet Sappho who some said was the earth representative of Aphrodite, the goddess of love.

Molinos, the capital looks across to the ancient site of Troy, nudist beaches abound and there is even a colony of eccentric Australians.

Aegina, close to Athens, is the weekend retreat for Athenians of aristocratic bent. Some are loaded, others somewhat impoverished, but all conduct themselves with great style. Charming Skiathos, to the north, has recently lost some of its early innocence, and now its bars and tavernas host adventurers and unusual ladies of fortune from the Continent and Australia. The beach at Koukounaries, known as "Pinecones" is said to be the finest in all of Greece.

Ios, Milos, Ithaki, Kefalonia, Lemnos, Paros, Samos, Santorini et al — a journey through the islands can be an odyssey of Homeric proportions. You play out your own epic trip. Who is to say that you, too, cannot discover the tropical isle of the Lotus Eaters, the mountain realm of the sorcerer Circe, or the wave-washed lair of the Sirens, or even the hollow caverns of the nymph Calypso.

The people of Greece embrace you with their hospitality, and the islands cry out to the adventurous traveller, explore us for we are full of surprises. We will gratify your five senses and steal part of your soul.

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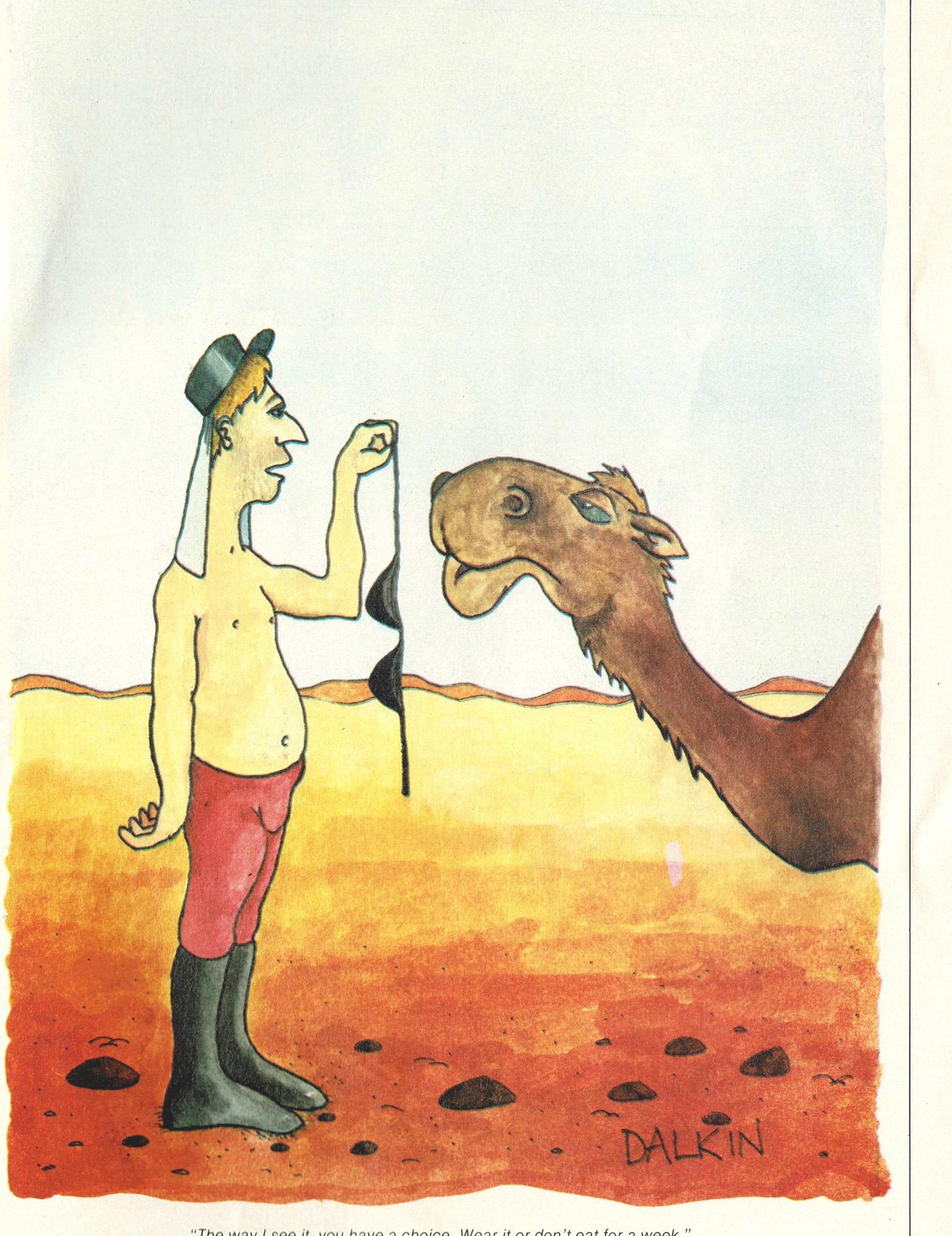
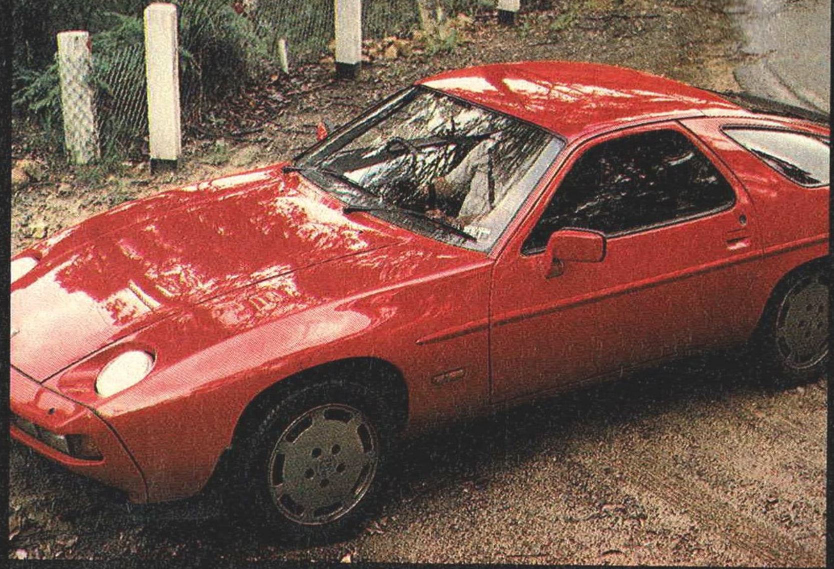


"The way I see it, you have a choice. Wear it or don't eat for a week."



Porsche may have moved their engines from the back to the front, but the new cars have all the gut-wrenching qualities of their famous ancestors.

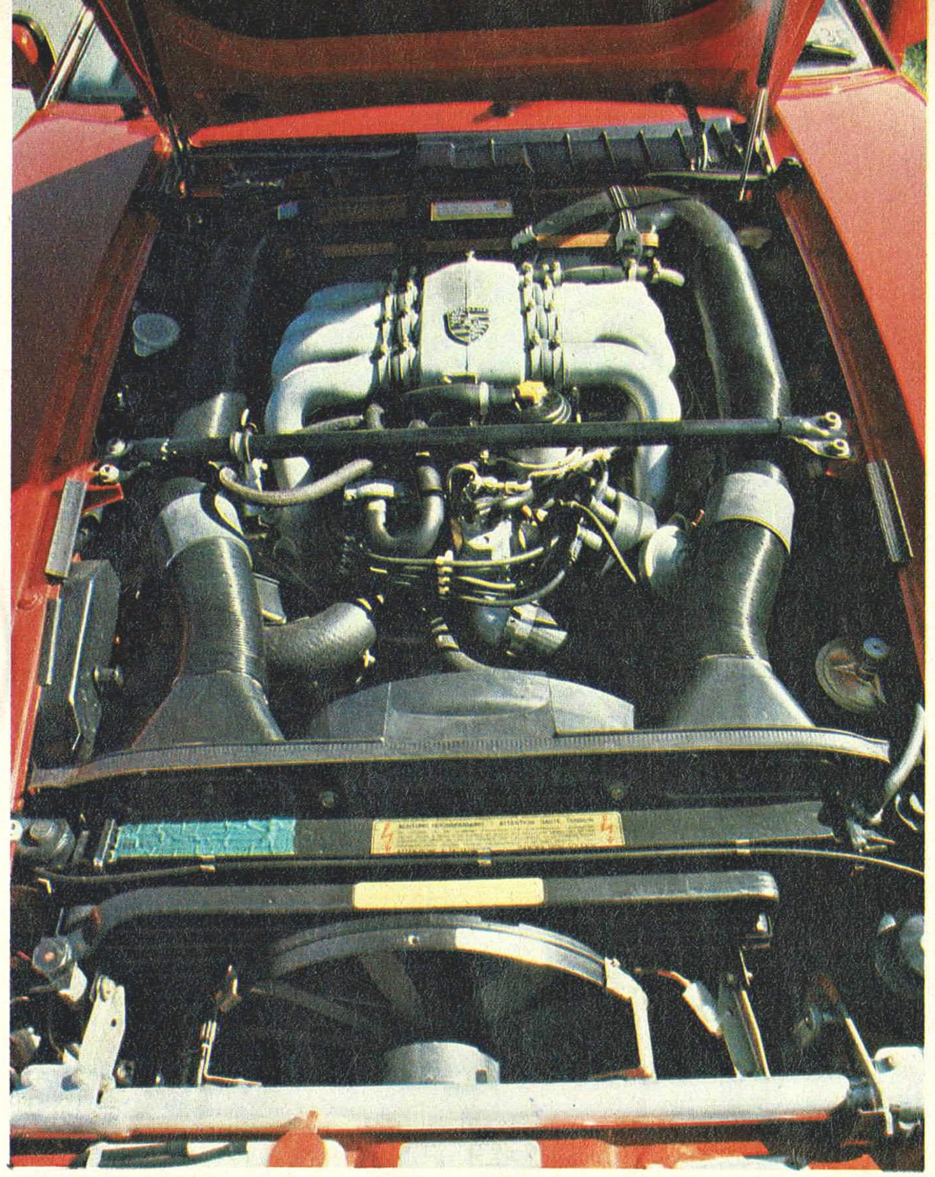
PORSCHE PULLS IT OFF

Porsche. The name reeks of a charisma shared by few marques in this era of the "world car". It's a name which instantly and almost universally evokes images of sleek, gutsy road machines and track-scorching race cars. Yet it's hard to think of any other example of high-tech motoring with such unpromising beginnings.

Dr Ferdinand Porsche, as many will be aware, was the Austrian-born engineer who developed the "people's car" — Volkswagen — for another and somewhat more notorious Austrian, Adolf Hitler. His association with Hitler and his role — rivalled only by Henry Ford — as the man who did more than any other to put the world on wheels, ensure his presence in more than just the automotive history books. In spite of his involvement with one of the most basic forms of transport known to modern man, Porsche was also committed to the view that the racetrack was the ultimate testing ground for any car maker's product.

He designed a successful Auto-Union racer and kept trying, in the face of official disapproval, to get the go-ahead for a more streamlined and

BY JOHN HAMPSHIRE



mechanically-improved version of the Volkswagen. Unfortunately, World War II put an end to further development. After the war the Porsche people moved everything to Gmund in Austria, where they survived by taking on the sort of work which wouldn't tax today's average garage.

Even then, in 1946 while Dr Porsche was in a French jail, his workers were thinking all the time of sports and racing cars — again based on Volkswagen mechanicals. Porsche's son, Ferry, arranged backing and in March 1948, Porsche Number One rolled out to take on the world.

A tubular frame open two-seater cylinder head modifications boosted the 1131cc VW power plant to a mighty 40bhp. Still, that output would take Number One to 135km/h, and it marked the start of a concentrated era of air-cooled, horizontally-opposed engine design which culminated 25 years later in the 1100bhp 5.4 litre turbocharged flat-12 of the 917 racing series.

Probably Number One's most immediate impact was to bring home the message that tubular frame was not the way to go for "mass" production. I quote "mass" simply because the alloy-bodied Type 356 was then put into production using body panels laboriously hand-beaten over wooden forms. Small wonder that in the 2½ years before the Gmund plant was closed and everything shifted to Stuttgart, only 46 of these cars were built.

Yet the 356 — in the steel-bodied version emanating from Stuttgart — formed the lynchpin of Porsche's success, not ending its production run until 1965.

In fact, 1951 was an important year for Porsche. Dr Ferdinand Porsche died, and the company's first official race entry won its class in the Le Mans 24 Hour race. So it was that 1951 saw the Porsche sports car start to develop from its more rudimentary form into the classic shape which is still with us today, and the start of Porsche's immensely successful involvement with the world's racetracks.

On the racing side, apart from a brief excursion into F1 and F2, the cars have been developed through such types as 550, 904, 908, 907, 917 into the potent twin-turbocharged 935s and the 936s.

Famous models on the production side include the 356, 912, the very popular 911 range, Carrera 3.0, 930 Turbo and, finally, 924 and 928.

Even the most unschooled motorist is probably aware that the 924 and 928 marked one of the most radical shifts in Porsche thinking. They are water-cooled and front-engined — in other words, reasonably conventional — as against the traditional Porsche approach of air-cooled, rear-engined cars.

Preceding spread: Porsche 928S. Above left: Engine bay of the 928S, with the 4.5 litre all-alloy V8 motor. Left: Porsche 924.

One reason you often hear for this break with tradition is that Porsche had reached the development limits of the air-cooled, horizontally-opposed motor and needed new machinery to stay at the top end of a very sophisticated market. Like many generalisations, this is partly true but by no means the full story.

The 924 was, in fact, a development project commissioned by Volkswagen to succeed that company's successful liaison with Porsche on the 914. When VW decided not to go ahead, Porsche took the whole shooting match over and turned out what by 1977 was the best-selling sports car in the world.

The oldest rule in the book is not to mess around with success, and in many ways the 1981 924 reflects that by having plenty in common with the first of its ilk to roll out of the factory in 1975.

It still uses a 2litre, single overhead camshaft motor derived from the Audi 100 engine, still uses the Bosch K-Jetronic fuel injection system and still puts out about 125bhp at 5800rpm. The five-speed transaxle gearbox is standard now, but obviously the level of power available isn't going to turn a 1130kg refined sports machine into a tar burner.

To compensate for any disappointment on the part of buyers expecting a little more of that traditional Porsche punch, the company produced a Turbo version of the 924. It is a very useful machine indeed, supplying 177bhp or 42 percent more power to the back wheels from an engine with a compression ratio lowered from the standard 9.3:1 to 8.5:1.

But for many people the $28,730 price tag on the standard five-speed 924 — or $29,966 for the three-speed automatic — is a much more attractive and reachable proposition than the Turbo's $39,925. You have to remember we're arguing the toss between two different types of Porsche. The relative power argument is a little like saying we can always use another case of champagne, but we never drink more than one bottle at a sitting: in other words, how much can you use?

The answer to that, of course, depends on the individual, but driving the standard 924 is a distinctly pleasurable and unfussed experience. It is certainly one of the most well-behaved cars on the road, and I don't think 0-100km/h in under 10 seconds, and a 200km/h top speed, can exactly be considered slouching around.

Again, if costs are considered, the 924 Porsche does very well. My fuel consumption figure of 12.57litres/100km (22.47 mpg) compared very closely with Porsche's own urban cycle result, and long service intervals are another important aspect of cost-saving.

Not that one has much of a chance to work the car very hard in town. After all, first gear will set you past the 60km/h limit. Yet because the 924 is so nimble, it is easy to get it working in the sense that you are far better equipped to take advantage of breaks in the traffic than the next fellow.

In this respect the car is well served by the accurate rack and pinion steering and the balanced and predictable handling flowing from the 924's near-ideal weight distribution between the front and rear axles. Possibly the only criticism might lie with direct rearward vision, but it is by no means hard to learn how to compensate with the door-mounted mirrors.

Some people turn up their nose when they learn the 924 has drum brakes on the rear wheels, rather than four-wheel discs as fitted to the 924 Turbo. All I can say is they could not be faulted in the testing I was able to carry out for efficiency, feel and brake pedal pressure.

In the nature of how the concept was reached, the 928 had a completely different genesis to the 924. It was always a Porsche, and Porsche alone, response to the demands the company felt it would be called upon to face following the 1973-74 energy crisis.

As one can imagine, the decision to move away from the rear-engine format for the Porsche flagship was not taken lightly. However, aside from developmental problems it was felt the increasing variety of safety and emission regulations around the world worked particularly heavily against rear-engined cars.

So the front-engine design was chosen, again with the transaxle gearbox to make possible the optimum weight distribution. The all-alloy 90 degree 4.5litre V8 was designed with weight-saving principles in mind, as well as efficiency through optimum combustion chamber size.

One comes to these intellectual appreciations more or less as an afterthought, because the initial introduction to the 928 submerges the driver in a warm, rosy glow where the deepest thought possible seems to be: "Now, this is a car. Yes sir, this is a car!"

I was lucky enough to be lent John Newell's own 928S. John runs the Porsche Centre in Sydney and the car was in peak condition.

The S version of the 928 turns out 300bhp against the standard 928's 240bhp, with a small rise in torque from 380 to 385Nm, thanks to a slightly bigger bore. The power surge as the revs build up toward the red line of 6000rpm is both stunning and awesome, the awe coming in as you realise how tractable the whole package is, that everything shows not the slightest inclination to come unstuck and make things awkward for the driver.

Porsche needed an answer to one of the big problem aeas, that of getting the power down on to the ground, and produced a remarkably effective double-plate clutch which seemed capable of taking any sort of treatment without complaint and without once showing signs of stress.

The company has also provided an automatic which is so well wedded to either the 928 or 928S that it gives better urban fuel figures than the manual versions, a difference roughly between 20litre/100km (14+mpg) and 16 litres/100km (17.7mpg).

Or course, driving the manual 928S one quickly learns that second and fourth gears are often superfluous, that there is so much torque on tap that a standard shifting routine of first, third and top will get you around very comfortably.

At about 45km/h per 1000rpm in top the 928S is quietly cruising at all legal maximum speeds, and has a theoretical top speed on those figures of 270km/h — a figure not so removed from the claimed maximum of 250km/h and therefore a good guide to just how much torque there is under the right foot.

If the 924 is nimble, the 928 is unstoppable. I don't mean, of course, that it doesn't have the brakes to do the job. Nothing could be further from the truth. What I mean is that the car will take anything in its stride bar the apocalypse and keep right on going.

Chances are you won't even have noticed anything amiss, because the car has done all the hard work for you.

And that, curiously, can be a source of disappointment for some drivers. The 928 is cocoon-like in its capabilities: it doesn't really place many demands on the nut behind the wheel which, in terms of public safety, is not a bad idea in a tonne-and-a-half vehicle capable of an old-fashioned ton-and-a-half.

But even if you don't feel like a boy racer as you sink back into the $5000 leather interior, turn up the air conditioning and dial in your cruise speed, you can bask in the fact that for about $68,000 you have reaped the benefits of all Porsche's vast racing and production experience.

On the basic three-function "how does it go" test — going, stopping and turning corners — the 928 scores an unqualified 100 percent on each count. There are certainly other cars which match or better the 928, and they may even be more exciting in that you have to stay on your toes when you play footsies with the firewall: but those cars are usually more expensive, and it wouldn't need all the fingers of one hand to tally them up.

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hailed as the Rolls-Royce of motorcycles.

TWO-WHEELED "ROLLS"

BY NOEL CHRISTENSEN

When Rolls-Royce decides to go off-road, it is unlikely the stampede for double Scotches precipitated by the event will be in the name of celebration. It is more likely to be for medical reasons — to avert cardiac arrest!

Yet beer halls the world over frothed in joyous delirium when BMW, the Bavarian makers of the "Rolls-Royce of motorcycles", announced that their first off-road number was in the pipeline. Different strokes for different "Rolls" folks, I suppose, and now that the bike has been released in Australia the festing has just begun for the bikies. They're stomping in their boots over the arrival of the lightest current superbike which also happens to be the most powerful off-road machine in terms of engine cubic capacity and torque development.

Suffice to say that the bike — the R80 G/S ($4950 plus on road) — is selling well here and is being hailed as the best BM ever, by more than just a few. Clearly, it is the most radical-looking bike to emanate from a factory which today produces touring mammoths which could be confused by an unskilled eye for a BMW of 45 years' vintage.

Not so the 800cc-powered dual purpose machine which BMW hopes will introduce new people to motorcycle ranks and enable their stable of six models to claim five percent of the over 500cc market, which this year is tipped at being round the 13,700 sales mark in Australia.

"Two bikes for the price of one" and "Range Rover of motorcycles" claims accompanied the Australian release at Amaroo Park raceway north-west of Sydney.

Both statements have a hollow ring. The R80 G/S does some things better than any of its BMW predecessors and some not as well, so it ain't two bikes in one.

Among the many attributes of BMW motorcycles, in war and peace, is its globe-trotting capability that endeared it to those nomads from five continents who liked touring the world on a two wheeler laden with pannier bags stuffed with tents, camping gear, water bottles and provisions. Because they chose the Khyber Pass, Sahara or some other godforsaken route to do it made not the slightest difference to either man or machine. A BMW is equally at home on the rhumb line between Timbuctoo and Casablanca as it is skirting the edge of the autobahn.

What this new BM does better than any other is handle unsealed roads and urban traffic log jams without greatly compromising ultra long range performance. With a top speed of 170km/h and an engine capacity of 800cc, it is the off road superbike — if such a thing is possible. It is not, however, to be regarded as a trail bike, nor an enduro — any fool could tell that those horizontally-opposed cylinders are not for following buzzing two-strokes and slogging four-stroke singles through horror stretches of sharp rock or fallen timber.

Just settle down on the orange vinyl seat for a day in the saddle with two aluminium pods purring away at your feet and your hands outstretched on the comfortable bars, flying low over the ground.

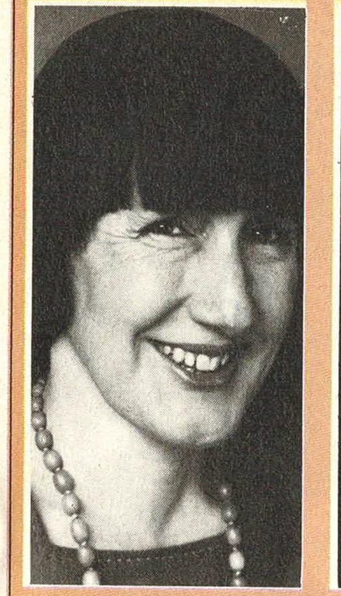
Technically the R80 G/S has some arousing features, the most stirring of which is the monolever rear suspension.

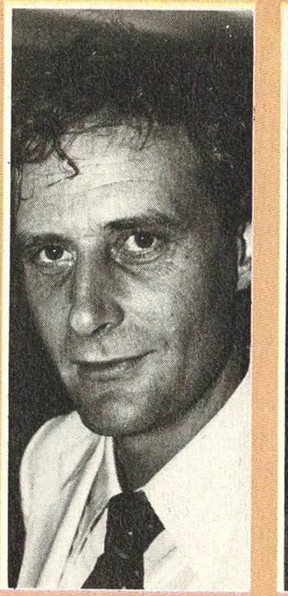
One arm of bionic strength connects the rear wheel to the frame, at the same time housing the drive shaft and also holding the diff and drum brake assembly. At first glance it appears the frame is incomplete, but this innovation allows a 50 percent increase in torsional control of the hard-working rear wheel and cuts back on weight.

A primary design consideration was weight reduction for better off-road performance, and the dry weight of 167kg — a figure which makes a laughing stock of some 250s — was achieved through use of plastic, light aluminium alloys and engineering guile. Siamese exhausts rids the bike of one heavy muffler,

Photos by Graham Long

COMING IN JUNE AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE


Beatrice Faust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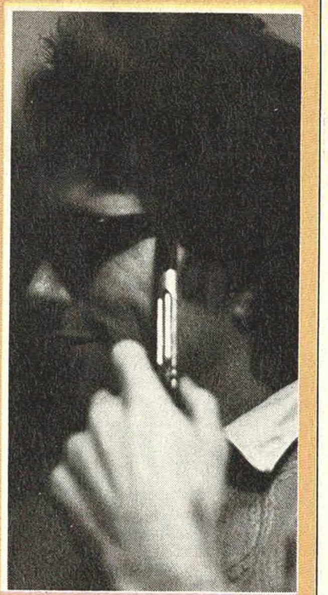

Colin Talbot

Our Father, Who Art In Hell — Forget the docudramas and the television mini-series. James Reston Jr details for the first time the last days of Jim Jones, starting with Congressman Leo Ryan's ill-fated trip to Jonestown and ending with the fatal drinks of poisoned Kool-Aid. Reston gained exclusive access to Jim Jones' tape recordings and interviewed survivors and relatives of the Jonestown dead. Through his meticulous investigation he has made understandable for the first time one of the most horrifying and bizarre events of our times.

The Feminist View Of Sex — "The trouble with the sex war is that no one wins. What we need is conciliation — not confrontation." So writes Beatrice Faust, one of our most distinguished sociologists and a small "f" feminist. Faust, whose most recent book explores female attitudes to sex and pornography, speaks out honestly and openly about equal rights in bed as well as everywhere else.

For Whom The Poll Tells — Market research and opinion polls are growth industries. Just ask the people whose job it is to sell statistics to people who don't need them and didn't know they wanted them until they saw how many other people had them. There are lies, damned lies and statistics, and there are opinion polls that tell you what you want to know and opinion polls that tell you the opposite. In industry terms these latter polls are known as "bullshit". Senior Editor P.D. Jack, who once fell on hard times and worked in the industry, tells all next month.

Encore Julie Jones — The voluptuous young star of *The Restless Years, The Young Doctors, Timeless Land* and numerous stage plays made such a hit when she appeared in *Penthouse* last year that we invited her back. A hectic schedule on the boards and late nights learning her lines has done nothing to weary Julie. We're sure you'll agree that our 36-24-34 Pet is looking better than ever.

The Side Effects of Woody Allen — Laughter being the most common. An exclusive extract from the funniest man alive's third collection of comic writings, which tackles such weighty matter as the nature of relativity, the UFO menace, the predicament of modern man, and naturally enough Woody's favorite topics; sex, death and religion.

To Hell and Back — (or how Colin Talbot overcame the most severe case of writer's block known to man and learnt to live within his geographical limitations). Talbot, one of the best writers in the country, had written barely a word in three years and was living in abject poverty. "Things were so bad that the only thing left for the rats to eat was me," he writes. He what? Yes, HE WRITES. Talbot is back. Read all about it next month.

compact attachments such as lights, blinkers and instruments are contained in plastic, and the bike generally is trimmed of any excess material.

While very much a pioneer in off-roading as far as BMW is concerned, the R80 G/S is also a pathfinder for several technical modifications due to find themselves on to the other bikes this year. The single point electrical system has been superceded by a new, fully-electronic, breakerless system with micro-regulator guaranteeing constant control of the battery-charging current.

More than half a century of experience with motorcycles and almost twice that with internal combustion engines for cars and planes has enabled BMW to settle on a formula they think best and, in this instance, the pattern is one of low stress on engine parts.

On good off-road surfaces the bike behaves much the same as it does on bitumen thanks to specially designed Metzeler tyres rated safe to 180km/h. With the exception of slippery mud, which is not the fun place for motorbike riding anyway, these tyres are surefooted and well up to the task of covering the diversified roles they may be called upon to play.

The enormity of the engine and its low down power is never so stunningly obvious than when asked to hump loads up seemingly impossible inclines. I have not yet met the bike that can match this one's low down pulling power and it's simply done by gentle operation of the twist grip.

With long travel suspension at both ends, rider and pillion remain seated and let the 21'' front wheel find its own way across rough patches.

Because of the bike's bulk and engine configuration it is not a slider, nor wheelspinner, nor mono-wheeler, but if the urge to aviate the front wheel is there, then just dial up the torque with the right hand.

That same pick up on the highway enables swift, safe overtaking in the very flexible top gear.

You won't see this bike at the local brick pit with raw-boned kids doing doughnuts on it, but it will bob up in the most unusual places, and don't be surprised if someone gets it into his head to have a crack at the round Australia record on a R80 G/S.

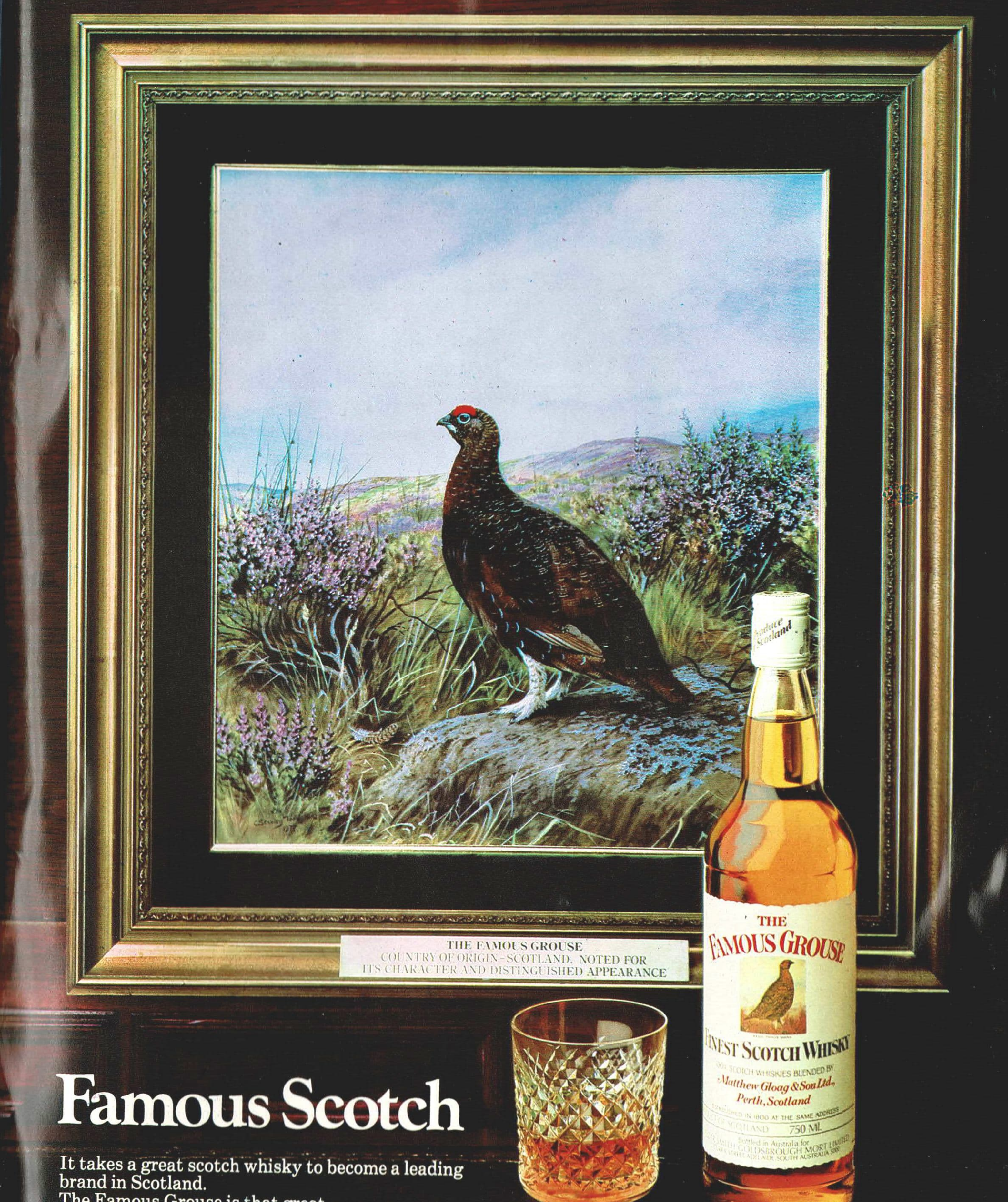
Technical details: Price: $4950. Two seater, road/off-road bike.

Insurance: GIO $687.15. Engine: Horizontally opposed four stroke, air cooled twin, with light alloy barrels (galnikal coated) and electronic, breakerless ignition. Bore 84.8mm, stroke 70.6mm, giving 797.5cc. Compression ratio 8.2:1.

Transmission: Five speeds and shaft drive.

Suspension: Telescopic front forks, 20cm travel. Single rear swing arm, incorporating driveshaft. Three position spring pre-load with 17cm travel.

Brakes: Single 26.4cm front disc, 20cm rear drum.



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